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Sam: Johnson.

Eng^d by J. Sartain.

Full length Portrait of Dr. Johnson in the dress worn by him in his Journey to the Hebrides

L I V E S
OF
G R E A T A N D C E L E B R A T E D
C H A R A C T E R S ,
OF
A L L A G E S A N D C O U N T R I E S :

C O M P R I S I N G
H E R O E S , C O N Q U E R O R S , S T A T E S M E N , A U T H O R S , A R T I S T S ,
E X T R A O R D I N A R Y H U M O R I S T S , M I S E R S , M O U N T E -
B A N K S , K I N G S A N D Q U E E N S , J U G G L E R S ,

A N D O T H E R
C U R I O S I T I E S O F H U M A N N A T U R E .

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C O M P I L E D F R O M A U T H E N T I C M A T E R I A L S .  
I L L U S T R A T E D B Y S E V E R A L H U N D R E D E N G R A V I N G S .  
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C I T Y O F B O S T O N

W O R L D P U B L I S H I N G H O U S E ,
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N E W Y O R K .

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LIVES

GREAT AND CELEBRATED

CHARACTERS,

ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES:

Nathan S Kelly

May 6, 1936

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN NATURE

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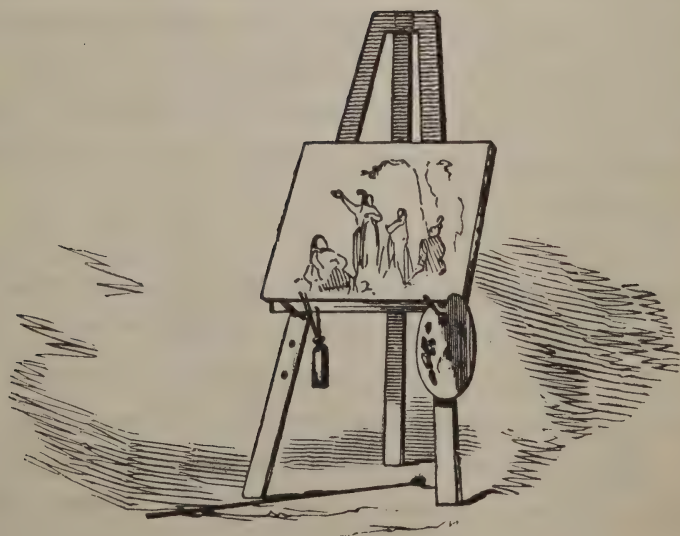
1877



THE biography of remarkable and eccentric men has long been considered one of the most entertaining kinds of reading. But it is more than this: It is a very useful exercise, and one which is worthy the attention of all who seek for general information. By examining the particulars of the career of a great man, one is often enabled to detect the elements of his success, and to derive from the study very useful lessons for the conduct of life. The biography of men who have rendered themselves remarkable only by their great eccentricity, is also not only curious but useful, as it prepares us to meet in real life similar characters, and to govern our conduct wisely in our necessary intercourse with them.

The characters brought to view in this volume are among the most remarkable, and many of them the most eccentric which have ever appeared on the great theatre of human action. Their virtues and failings are described with impartiality; and they are made to pass in succession before the reader like the figures in a long procession. The portraits of nearly all of

them are given by way of embellishment, and many of the scenes of their eventful lives are presented by the skill of the artist. The Editor cannot but hope that the volume will prove an acceptable addition to the libraries of all who are fond of the curiosities of Human Nature.





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REMARKABLE AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.



FREDERICK II., surnamed the GREAT, King of Prussia, one of the greatest warriors the last century has produced, was the son of Frederick William, then hereditary Prince of Brandenburg, and Princess Sophia Dorothea, daughter of King George I. He was born in 1712, the year before his father mounted the throne, who was so far from being a patron of literature, that he regarded nothing but what related to the military art; and most of his generals scarce knew how to sign their names. His son was of a disposition the very reverse. Being put from his birth

under the care of Val de Recoule, a French lady of great merit and understanding, he early acquired a taste for literature and a predilection for the French language, which were never obliterated. At seven years of age, young Frederick was put under the military tuition of General Count de Finkestein, and Colonel De Kalkstein, officers renowned for courage and experience. He was taught mathematics and fortification by Major Senning; Han de Jendun, a Frenchman, instructed him in other branches of knowledge; and a cadet, of the name of Kenzel, taught him his exercise. At eight, he was furnished with a small arsenal, stored with all sorts of arms proportioned to his age and strength, of which his father left him absolute master. Soon after he was named captain and chief of the corps of cadets; and he performed every day, in miniature, with his little soldiers, all the evolutions with which his father exercised his giants. At last he received the command of a company in his father's famous gigantic regiment, composed of men of whom scarce one was short of seven French feet.

Endued, however, with a taste for the arts, he devoted to their cultivation every moment he could escape the vigilance of his guardians. He was particularly fond of poetry and music, and when he could find a moment's leisure, read French authors, or played on the flute; but his father, as often as he surprised him playing or reading, broke his flute, and threw his books into the fire. The prince, chagrined at this treatment, and having a great desire to visit Germany, England, France, and Italy, desired permission to travel. This, however, his father refused, but permitted him to accompany himself occasionally into Germany; and in 1728, took him to Dresden to see the King of Poland. By these little expeditions, the prince's desire to travel was only the more inflamed; so that, at last, he resolved to set out without his father's knowledge. The design was intrusted to two of his young friends, named Katte and Keith; money was borrowed, and the day of departure fixed, when, unluckily, the whole project was discovered and the party arrested.

The old king, implacable in his resentment, and considering his son as a deserter, determined to put him to death. He was shut up in the fortress of Custrin; and it was with difficulty, that the Count de Seckendorf, sent purposely by the Emperor Charles VI., was able to alter the king's resolution. Certain vengeance, however, was determined on both his intended associates. Keith escaped the danger by flying into Holland; but Katte had not that good fortune. The king first directed that he should be tried by a court-martial; but, as they only sentenced Katte to perpetual imprisonment, the revengeful monarch, by an unheard-of exercise of his prerogative, caused him to be beheaded. The execution was performed under the windows of the prince, whose face being held towards the scaffold by four grenadiers, he fainted away at the shocking



ARREST OF FREDERICK.

sight ; and, during the remainder of his life, he considered capital punishments with so great a degree of horror, that they were rare throughout his dominions while he reigned.

When the emperor had succeeded in preventing the execution of Frederick, the old king remarked, that "Austria would one day see what a serpent she had nourished." The prince remained prisoner a year at Custrin ; during which time his father wished that he should learn the maxims of government and finance. For this purpose, M. de Munchow, president of the chamber of domains and finances, was ordered to make him assist at all their assemblies, to consider him as a simple counsellor, and to treat him as such. But though Frederick assisted at their meetings, he did not trouble himself with reading acts or copying decrees.



FREDERICK RECONCILED TO HIS FATHER.

Instead of this, he amused himself sometimes with reading French pamphlets, and at others with drawing caricatures of the president or members of the assembly. Munchow was also very favourable to the prince at this time, by furnishing him with books and other articles of amusement, notwithstanding the express prohibition of his father; though in this he certainly ran a great risk of his life.

Frederick, after this, was reconciled to his father and recalled to Berlin, on pretence of being present at the celebration of his eldest sister's marriage with the hereditary Prince of Bareith; but the true reason was, that the king had now prepared a match for the prince himself. This was the Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick, niece to the empress. Frederick, who was not only totally indifferent to the fair sex in general, but particularly prejudiced against this princess, made some objections; his father, however, overcame all obstacles with "his usual arguments, (says the author of the life of Frederick,) viz. his cane and a few kicks." But the coldness which Frederick at this time showed for the fair sex was not natural; for as early as 1723, though then only in his eleventh year, he fell in love with the Princess Anne, daughter of King George II.

Even at this early period he vowed to refuse every other but her for his consort; nor was his vow ever broken, as far as depended on himself. This marriage might have taken place, had it not been for some differences which arose between the courts of Prussia and Hanover about *a few*

acres of meadow land, and two or three Hanoverians enlisted by the Prussian recruiters. The princess whom he espoused had a large share of beauty, and, what was still better, an excellent heart; but Frederick is said to have suffered so much in his former amours, that certain insurmountable impediments remained to the completing of his marriage with any woman. Scarcely, therefore, was he in bed with his young spouse, when a cry of *Fire!* was raised by his friends. Frederick got up to see where the conflagration was, but finding it a false alarm, he sent messengers to compose the princess; but neither that night nor any other did he ever disturb her rest. On this occasion, Frederick received from his father the county of Rupin. He resided in Rupin, the capital, for some time; but afterwards preferred Rheinsberg, which then contained only 1000 inhabitants.

Having inscribed over the great gate of the castle, *FREDERICO TRANQUILLITATEM COLENTI*, his father was displeased with it, and, therefore, hurried him into the noise and tumult of war. The succession to the crown of Poland had kindled a general war throughout Europe, and the King of Prussia was to send 10,000 auxiliaries to the imperial army, then commanded by Prince Eugene. The king conducted his troops in person, and took this opportunity of giving his son an idea of war. At this time, however, he learnt but little, and only saw, as he expressed it, the shadow of the great Eugene. That consummate general, however, predicted that he would one day be a great captain. Frederick, having gone to reconnoitre the lines at Phillipsburg, in his return through a very open wood was exposed to the cannon of the lines, which thundered incessantly. The balls broke a number of branches on every side of him: notwithstanding which, he never caused his horse to move quicker, nor altered the motion of his hand which held the bridle; but continued to converse calmly with the generals who attended him. During this campaign, the health of the old king was so much impaired, that Frederick was for some time intrusted with signing all the orders in his name.

On his recovery, the prince was sent to Stettin, under the Prince of Dessau, to see the fortifications. He was afterwards sent to Königsberg to see King Stanislaus, who was no less remarkable for his philosophy and constancy, than for his misfortunes. With him Frederick remained for some weeks, and contracted a friendship which was not dissolved but by death. At last he was allowed to return to his peaceful mansion at Rheinsberg, where he remained till the death of his father. In this place his time was occupied alternately by the study of the arts and sciences, and the pleasures of friendship. Philosophy, history, politics, the military art, poetry, and music, agreeably succeeded each other, and had each its stated period.

The prince passed the greatest part of the day in his library, and the

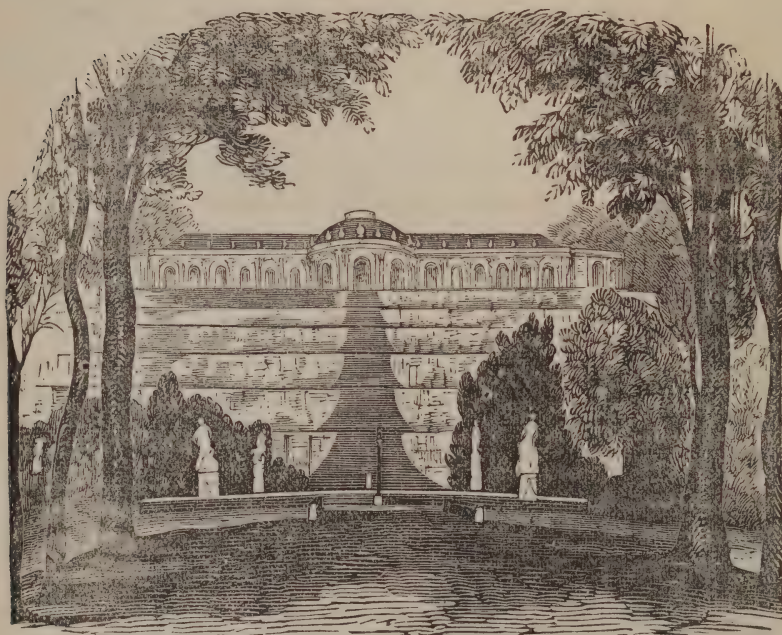
remainder in the society of a select company of learned men. In these meetings gayety generally presided; there were generals to speak of war, musicians to charm the ear, and excellent painters to decorate the apartments. The morning was usually dedicated to study, agreeable conversation prevailed at each repast, and every evening there was a little concert. In this retreat, Frederick conceived that ardent passion for military glory for which he became at last so remarkable; and here he formed the most sublime and daring projects. He was fired with a desire of imitating the celebrated heroes of antiquity, of whom he read in the ancient authors. He never spoke but with enthusiasm of the great warriors of Greece and Rome; and when seated on the throne, thought he could not distinguish an able soldier in a more honourable manner, than by conferring on him a Roman surname. Hence, he distinguished by the name of *Quintus Iulius* M. Guichard, who had written some treatises on the military art of the ancients; giving him at the same time a free battalion. In his pursuit of glory, Frederick cultivated the friendship of celebrated poets, philosophers, and other men; and commended, complimented, and even flattered all the most celebrated literati of Europe at that time. "The philosophers (says the author of his life) answered him as a mad lover writes to his mistress. They wrote to him that he was a great poet, a great philosopher, the *Solomon* of the North. All these hyperboles were printed, and *Solomon* was not sorry for it, though he had too much understanding to believe in them. Wolff, Rollin, Gravesande, Maupertius, Algarotti, Voltaire, were honoured with his correspondence. The last especially, accustomed to offer up incense to the idol of the day, were it transported from the dunghill to the altar, did not fail to exalt as the first man of the universe a prince who was in expectancy of the throne, and who assured him that he was the greatest philosopher of the age, and the first poet in the world."

That Frederick might keep up his character with the literati, or perhaps from a real predilection for his principles, he patronised the *Apology of Wolf*, (a philosopher whom his father had banished for writing a work on pre-established harmony,) and had his principal treatises translated into French. He even prevailed upon his father to relax a little in favour of that philosopher. In 1736, a letter was sent to Wolf at Marpourg, inviting him to return; but he did not venture to make his appearance till 1740, when his protector was seated on the throne. During his residence at Rheinsberg, Frederick composed his refutation of the principles of Machiavel, under the title of *Anti-Machiavel*; of which he sent the MS. to Voltaire to correct, and to get printed. The old king, now worn out with infirmity, saw with regret the predilection his son entertained for men of letters; and, in his peevish fits, often threatened the whole society with confinement in the fortress of Spandau. These threats frequently occa-

sioned a violent alarm among the joyous company at Rheinsberg, which it required all the eloquence of Frederick to quiet. Their apprehensions, however, were removed in 1740, when the old monarch died on the 31st of May, and left the throne to his son.

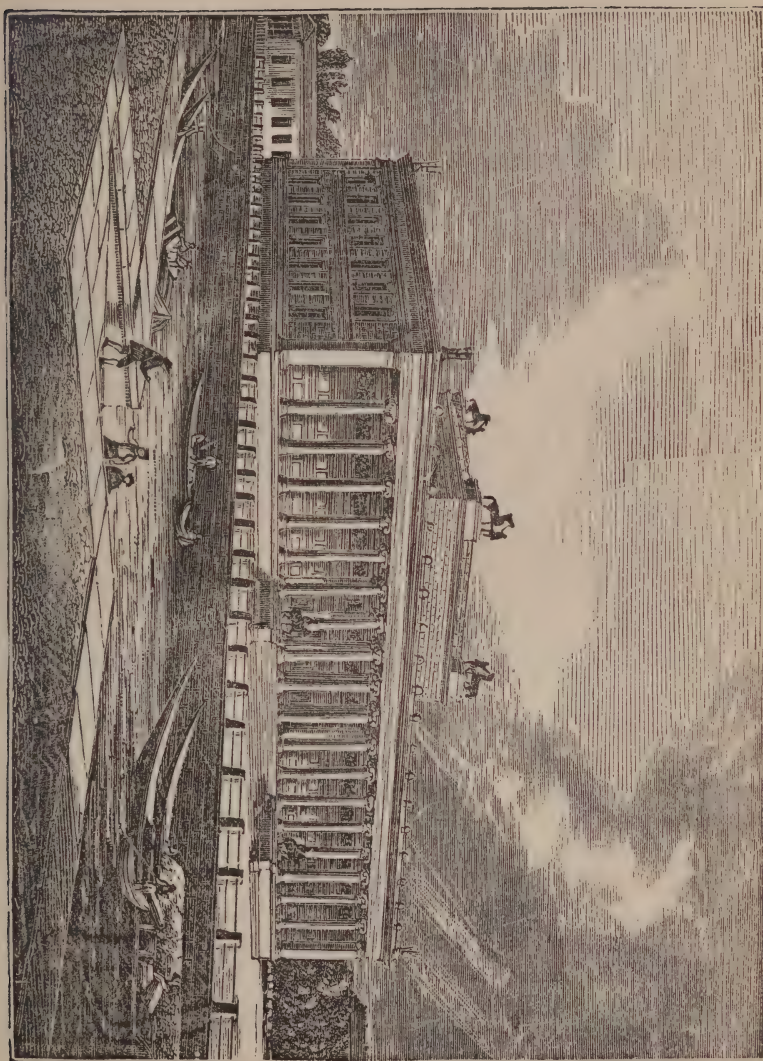
The possession of a kingdom did not abate Frederick's passion for literature, though to this he was now obliged to superadd the qualities and labours of a great king. His transactions in this character will be found in general history; and, therefore, little more remains to be said here, than to relate some anecdotes by which we may be able to trace the character of this great and singular monarch. Having, soon after his accession, gone into Prussia and Westphalia, to receive the homage of the inhabitants, he formed a resolution of proceeding *incognito* as far as Paris. Being discovered at Strasbourg, however, he laid aside his design, and went to see his states in Lower Germany. Here he wrote the celebrated Voltaire, that he should come *incognito* to visit him at Brussels; but being seized with an indisposition in the little palace of Meuse, two leagues from Cleves, he wrote again to that philosopher, requesting him to make the first advances.

The following curious account is given by him of his reception, &c. :—
“The only guard I found at the gate was one soldier. The privy counsellor, Bambonet, was cooling his heels in the court; he had large ruffles of dirty linen, a hat full of holes, and an old magisterial peruke, one end of which descended as low as his pockets, and the other scarcely reached his shoulder. I was conducted into his majesty's apartment, where there was nothing but bare walls. I perceived, in a cabinet, by the glimmering of a taper, a truckle-bed, two feet and a half wide, on which lay a little man muffled up in a night-gown of coarse blue cloth. This was the king, in a strong perspiration, and even trembling under a wretched blanket, in a violent fit of ague. I bowed to him, and began, by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his first physician. The fit over, he dressed himself and sat down to table. Algarotti, Kayserling, Maupertuis, the king's minister to the States-general, and myself, were of the party; where we conversed profoundly on the immortality of the soul, on liberty, and the androgynes of Plato.” This rigid economy, and contempt of every luxury, was maintained by Frederick as long as he lived. The following account, likewise from Voltaire, will give an idea of his manner of living. “He arose at 5 A. M. in summer, and 6 in winter. A lackey came to light his fire, and dress and shave him; though, indeed, he almost wholly dressed himself. His room was not inelegant. A rich balustrade of silver, ornamented with little cupids, seemed to enclose an alcove bed, the curtains of which were visible; but behind them, instead of a bed, there was a library; the king slept on a truckle-bed with a slight mattress concealed behind a screen. Marcus Aurelius and Julian, those apostles of Stoicism,



PALACE OF SANS SOUCI.

did not sleep in a more homely manner. At seven, his prime-minister arrived with a great bundle of papers under his arm. This prime-minister was no other than a clerk, who had formerly been a soldier and valet-de-chambre. To him the secretaries sent all their despatches, and he brought extracts of them, to which the king wrote answers in two words on the margin: and thus the affairs of the whole kingdom were expedited in an hour. At eleven, the king put on his boots, reviewed his regiment of guards in the garden, and at the same hour the colonels were following his example in their respective provinces. The princes, his brothers, the general officers, and one or two chamberlains, dined at his table, which was as good as it could be in a country where there is neither game, tolerable butchers' meat, nor a pullet, and where the very wheat is brought from Magdebourg. After the repast, he retired alone into his cabinet, where he made verses till five or six o'clock. Then came a young man named D'Arget, who read to him. A little concert began at seven, in which the king played on the flute with as much skill as the first performer; and pieces of his composition were frequently executed. Supper was served in a little hall, the most singular and striking ornament of which was a fine picture of Priapus. These repasts were not, in general



BERLIN ROYAL MUSEUM.

the less philosophic on that account. Never did men converse in any part of the world with so much liberty respecting all the superstitions of mankind, and never were they treated with more pleasantry and contempt. God was respected; but none of those who had deceived men in his name were spared. Neither women nor priests ever entered the palace. In a word, Frederick lived without a court, without counsel, and without religious worship." Such was Frederick's mode of life at his delightful palace at Sans Souci.

As Frederick had espoused his princess contrary to his inclination, it was imagined that, on his accession, he would set himself free from engagements so disagreeable to himself. The queen, impressed with suspicions of this kind, was on the point of fainting away when he made his first visit to her. To the surprise of all parties, however, he made her a very affectionate speech, apologizing for his indifference, and inviting her to participate with him the throne, of which she was so worthy. In the first year of his reign, he restored the academy of sciences at Berlin. His war with the Queen of Hungary, however, which took place almost immediately after his accession, for some time prevented him from taking such an active part in literary matters as he was inclined to do. After the peace, he gave full scope to his passion for literature, and in the interval betwixt the conclusion of the first war and the beginning of that of 1756, he composed most of his works; particularly his *History of my own Time*. Voltaire was his principal literary correspondent, whom he invited to reside with him. Afraid of losing his liberty, that philosopher hesitated, excused himself, and entered into pecuniary treaties. At last he was determined, by seeing a poem from Frederick to M. D'Arnaud, in which the latter was compared to the rising, and Voltaire to the setting sun. By this Voltaire was so much piqued, that he set out for Berlin without delay, and arrived there in June, 1750. He was received in the most magnificent and affectionate manner, and for some time his situation was very agreeable; but the disputes and rivalry which took place between him and Maupertuis soon threw every thing into confusion. In these the king interfered in such a manner as was certainly below his dignity; and he often exercised himself in making a jest of the other men of letters, in a way which induced many of them to leave him. The squabbles with Voltaire were sometimes very diverting. They ended at last in a final quarrel with that wit, and his departure from the kingdom. The restless disposition of Frederick showed itself after his departure, by his attempts to provoke the literati who remained at his court, to quarrel with him as Voltaire had done. But they were of too passive a disposition to gratify him in this respect, choosing rather to suffer the most mortifying strokes of raillery, or to leave the kingdom, than to contend with him. This proved so uneasy to the king, that he one day exclaimed, "Shall we



FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE AT SANS SOUCL

have no more quarrels, then?" The breaking out of the war, in 1756, however, put a stop to this diversion, and afforded him as many enemies as he could wish. The exploits he performed during the seven years which this unequal contest lasted, are almost incredible. At the battle of Chotusitz, he particularly distinguished himself. It is amazing how the fortitude and resolution of any man could enable him to sustain the difficulties which during this period he encountered. Once, however, even the resolution of Frederick was on the point of giving way. After the battle of Colin, when his affairs seemed altogether desperate, he wrote to his sister at Bareith, that he was on the point of putting an end to his own life. And as he wished to have it said that he made verses even on the brink of the grave, he wrote a long poetical epistle to the Marquis D'Argens, in



BATTLE OF CROTUSITZ.

which he communicated to him his design, and bade him farewell. His affairs, however, took a better turn, and such desperate thoughts were laid aside. But his constitution was irreparably injured by the excessive fatigues he had sustained. Soon after the peace, his body began to bend, and his head to incline to the right side: by degrees he became very infirm, he was tormented with the gout, and subject to frequent indigestions. All his distempers, however, were borne with invincible patience; and, till a very short time before his death, he never ceased to attend his reviews, or visit the provinces. He has been known to review his troops, and gallop through all the ranks as if he felt no pain, while an abscess, which approached to a suppuration, touched the saddle. In August, 1785, he impaired his health still farther by assisting at a review, where he was exposed, without a cloak, to a heavy rain, for four or five hours. On his return to Potsdam, he was seized with a fever; and, for the first time, became unable to assist at the military exercises. His malady, however, did not prevent him from dictating the disposition of these exercises during the three days they lasted. About the end of autumn, the fever left him, but was succeeded by a violent cough, by which he was greatly weakened and prevented from sleeping; but this did not interrupt either the execution of business, or the routine of his literary exertions; wherein he continued to employ himself till the day before he died. On the 17th and

18th of May, 1786, he was unable to assist at the ordinary reviews. At last, his disorder terminated in a dropsy. Being now no longer able to remain in bed, he sat day and night in an arm-chair with springs, which could be moved at pleasure. For near a month before his death, the swelling of his feet gave him violent pain, so that he wished an incision to be made; but the surgeon refused to perform the operation, suspecting that it might hasten his death. Nature, however, accomplished his desires; his right leg opened, and discharged such a quantity of matter that he was greatly relieved. But on the 16th of August, 1786, his throat began to rattle violently; and he soon after fell into a stupor; though from this he recovered so far as to be able to speak. His respiration and voice became gradually more feeble; and he expired on the morning of the 17th, at nineteen minutes after two, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and forty-seventh of his reign.

This great monarch was of the middle size, had large blue eyes, and a piercing look. He spoke German incorrectly, and in a very rough manner; but talked French very fluently and agreeably. His constitution was naturally feeble, but he had greatly improved it by his laborious life. He had the art of relieving every one from that embarrassment which is apt to occur in accosting a monarch. His universal knowledge enabled him to converse on all subjects. He talked of war with military men, of verses with the poet, of agriculture with the farmer, of jurisprudence with the lawyer, of commerce with the merchant, and politics with the Englishman. He had a very retentive memory; was fond of solitude and gardening; and took great pleasure in dogs, of which animals he constantly kept a number about him, giving them little balls to play with. In company, he was fond of asking questions and jesting; in which he at last proceeded such lengths as undoubtedly were unbecoming in a superior towards his inferiors. In military affairs he was excessively severe, not to say cruel; of which, the following anecdote may serve as an instance. In the first war of Silesia, wishing to make some alterations in his camp during the night, he forbade every person, under pain of death, to keep, after a certain hour, a fire or other light in his tent. He himself went the rounds; and in passing the tent of a Captain Zittern he perceived a light. Entering the tent, he found the captain sealing a letter to his wife, for whom he had a great affection. "What are you doing there? (says he;) Do you know the order?" The captain fell on his knees and asked pardon. "Sit down (says Frederick) and add a few words I am going to dictate to you." Zittern obeyed; and the king dictated, "To-morrow I shall die on a scaffold." The unfortunate man wrote them, and next day was executed. His cruel treatment of Baron Trenck is well known. In matters of domestic legislation, he was more arbitrary than just; of which we have a notable example in the famous case of Arnold

the miller. This man had refused to pay the rent of his mill, on pretence that the stream which turned it had been diverted into a fish-pond. But as the water which ran into the pond also ran out of it into the same channel as before, the miller evidently suffered no damage. The judges, therefore, gave sentence against him, but the king not only reversed their sentence but disgraced them. For this, he was celebrated through all the newspapers in Europe; and yet he was in the wrong, and afterwards even acknowledged himself to have been so: but, notwithstanding this, he not only made no reparation to the parties injured, but allowed them to lie in prison all his lifetime.

He entertained most unaccountable prejudices against certain places and persons, which neither conduct nor merit could eradicate. One of these unfortunate places was Westphalia, on which he never conferred any bounty: and one day a native of that country, a man of great merit, being proposed to him for a place, he refused, saying, "He is a Westphalian; he is good for nothing." Voltaire justly accuses him of ingratitude to the Count de Seckendorf, who saved his life, and against whom he conceived the most implacable hatred. His neglect of others who afforded him the most essential service, was shameful. When a robust butcher prevented him from falling, horse and all, over a precipice, where both would undoubtedly have been killed, the king only turned round, and saying *Thank you, friend*, rode off without ever inquiring farther about his preserver.

With regard to his literary merits, Voltaire boasts of having corrected his works, and others of having furnished him with materials for his history. He has been accused of stealing whole hemistichs of poetry from Voltaire, Boileau, Rousseau, and others; nor does the charge seem void of foundation. Such of his verses as have undergone no correction are very indifferent. But, while we thus mention the foibles of Frederick, it is but just to record his acts of virtue. Upon his accession, he treated his mother with great respect, ordered that she should bear the title of *Queen Mother*, and that instead of addressing him as *his majesty* she should call him *son*. As he was passing soon after between Berlin and Potsdam, a thousand boys, who had been marked out for military service by his father, surrounded his coach, and cried out, "Merciful king, deliver us from our slavery." He promised them their liberty, and next day ordered their badges to be taken off. He granted a general toleration of religion, and, among other concessions, allowed the profession of free masonry.

The reign of this monarch was illustrious, as well for the variety of characters he sustained as for the important vicissitudes he experienced. But the pacification of Dresden, in 1745, enabled him to appear in a character far more glorious than that of the conqueror of Silesia. He was now entitled to the noblest eulogy, as the wise legislator of his country. Exclusive of his general attention to agriculture, commerce, and manufac-

tures, he peopled, in particular, the deserts of Pomerania, by encouraging, with royal bounties, a great number of industrious emigrants to settle in that province; the face of which, in a very few years, underwent the most agreeable alteration. Above sixty new villages arose amidst a barren waste, and every part of the country exhibited marks of successful cultivation. Those desolate plains, where not a footstep had been seen for ages, were now converted into fields of corn; and the happy peasants under the protection of a patriot king, sowed their grounds in peace, and reaped their harvests in security.





MARGARET FINCH, QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES.



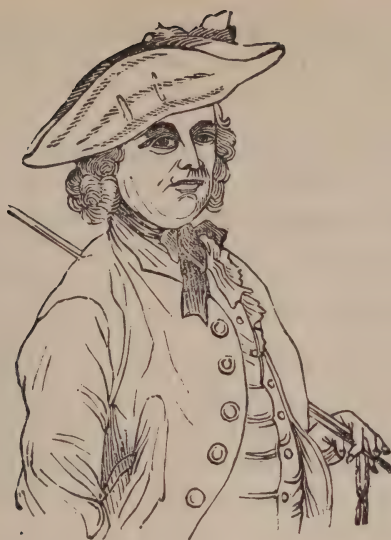
W HILE presenting the reader with a brief notice of this remarkable person, a few leading facts, relative to the extraordinary race of people to whom she belonged, may not, perhaps, prove unacceptable. The gipsies are called, in most parts of Europe, Cingari or Zingari; in Germany, Zigeuner; and by the Spaniards, Gitanos. It is uncertain when they first appeared in Europe, but mention is made of them in Hungary and Germany so early as the year 1417. Within the ten succeeding years, we find them in France, Switzerland, and Italy. The date of their arrival in England is still more uncertain; but, most probably, it was not till about a century later. In 1530, they are noticed in the penal statutes in these terms:—"Forasmuch as before this time, divers and many outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great company, and used great, subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people; bearing them in hand that they, by palmistry, could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so, many times by craft and subtlety, have deceived the people of their money; and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies, to the great hurt and deceit of the people they have come among," &c. This is the preamble to an act, by which the gipsies were ordered to quit the realm under heavy penalties. Two subsequent acts, passed in 1555 and 1563, made it death for them to remain in the kingdom; and to the disgrace of the legislature it remains upon record that thirteen were executed under these acts in the county of Suffolk, a few years before the restoration.

The gipsies were expelled France in 1560, and Spain in 1591; but it does not appear that they have been extirpated in any country. Their collective numbers in every quarter of the globe have been calculated at seven or eight hundred thousand. They are most numerous in Asia, and in the northern parts of Europe. Various opinions have been given relative to their origin. That they came from Egypt has been the most prevalent. This opinion, from which is derived their appellation of gipsies, arose from some of the first who arrived in Europe pretending that they came from that country; which they did, perhaps, to heighten their reputation for skill in palmistry and the occult sciences. It is now generally agreed that they originally came from Hindostan; since their language so far coincides with the Hindostanee, that even now, after a lapse of more than three centuries, during which they have been dispersed in various foreign countries, nearly one-half of their words are precisely those of Hindostan; and scarcely any variation is to be found in vocabularies procured from the gipsies in Turkey, Hungary, Germany, and England.

The manners of the gipsies, for the most part, coincide, as well as their language, in every quarter of the globe where they are found; being the same idle, wandering race, and seldom professing any ostensible mode of livelihood, except that of fortune-telling. Their religion is always that of the country in which they reside, and though no great frequenters of mosques or churches, they generally conform to rites and ceremonies as they find them established. Grellman, in his history of the gipsies, says, that in Germany they seldom think of any marriage ceremony; but their children are baptized and the mothers churched. In England their children are baptized and their dead buried according to the rites of the church. Perhaps, the marriage ceremony is not much more regarded than in Germany, but it is certain that they are sometimes married in churches.

Among this extraordinary people, Margaret Finch had the title of Queen. She was born at Sutton, in Kent, in the year 1631, and after travelling over various parts of the kingdom, for nearly a century, she settled at Norwood, whither her great age and the fame of her fortune-telling talents attracted numerous visitors.

From a constant habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, generally with a pipe in her mouth, and attended by her faithful dog, her sinews at length became so contracted, that she was unable to rise from that posture. Accordingly, after her death, it was found necessary to enclose her body in a deep square box. She died in October, 1740, at the great age of 109 years. Her remains were conveyed in a hearse, attended by two mourning coaches, to Beckenham in Kent, where a sermon was preached, on the occasion, to a great concourse of people, who assembled to witness the ceremony.



HANNAH SNELL.



HAT the weaker sex is endued with fortitude, courage, and resolution, in an equal degree with the stronger is a position which seems to be confirmed by numberless examples. The histories of Portia, daughter of the virtuous Cato, and wife of Brutus, and of Arria, the wife of Thræsea Pætus, must be impressed on the recollection of every classical reader. The instances that might be collected from modern writers would furnish materials for many volumes. Among these, we have accounts of women, who have been induced by circumstances or inclination to disguise their sex, and embracing the military profession, have not only become familiarized with hardships and perils of every kind, but with scenes of carnage and devastation. Truth, however, compels us to observe, that these heroines, in "overstepping the modesty of nature," almost invariably transgress those limits which are prescribed by virtue and morality; and that while they have the appearance of one sex with the reality of the other, they frequently unite in themselves the vices of both. These observations will be found to be verified in the history of the female to the particulars of whose life we now call the attention of the reader.

Hannah Snell was born in Fryer street, in the city of Worcester, on the 23d of April, 1723. Her grandfather, embracing the military profession,

served under William III. and Queen Anne, and terminated his career at the battle of Malplaquet. Her father was a hosier and dyer, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom our heroine was the youngest but one.

In the year 1740, having lost her father and mother, Hannah removed to London, where she for some time resided with one of her sisters, the wife of a Mr. Gray, carpenter, in Ship street, Wapping. Soon after her arrival in the metropolis, she became acquainted with a Dutch seaman, named James Summs, who paid his addresses to her, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1742. It was not long, however, before she found herself miserably deceived in the opinion she had formed of her husband. He abandoned her company for that of women of the lowest description, with whom he squandered the little property which his wife possessed, and having involved himself deeply in debt, he deserted her entirely, leaving her pregnant, to struggle with all the horrors of poverty. Two months after his departure, she was delivered of a girl, who died at the early age of seven months.

When her husband abandoned her, she again went to reside with her sister; but the death of her child releasing her from every tie, she resolved to set out in quest of the man, whom, notwithstanding his ill usage, she still continued to love. In order to execute this design with a better grace and more chance of success, she put on a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, assumed his name, James Gray, and set off on the 23d of November, 1743. Having travelled to Coventry, and being unable to procure any intelligence of her husband, she, on the 27th of the same month, enlisted into General Guise's regiment, in the company commanded by Captain Miller.

She remained at Coventry about three weeks, during which time she made many fruitless inquiries after her husband. The north was then the seat of war, and her regiment being at Carlisle, she, with seventeen other recruits, left Coventry and joined the regiment after a march of three weeks, which she performed with as much ease as any one of her comrades.

On her arrival at Carlisle, she was instructed in the military exercise, and was soon able to perform it with great skill and dexterity. She had not been long in that city, when her sergeant, whose name was Davis, having a criminal passion for a young woman in the town, and considering our adventurer as a proper person for promoting his design, applied to her to assist him in executing it. She appeared to acquiesce in his desire, but privately disclosed the whole affair to the intended victim, and warned her of her danger. By this conduct she gained the young woman's confidence and esteem, and being frequently in each other's company, the jealousy of Davis was excited, and he was inflamed with the desire of

revenge. He accordingly seized an early opportunity of charging his supposed rival before the commanding officer with neglect of duty ; and she was sentenced to receive six hundred lashes. Five hundred, we are told, were inflicted, but the remaining hundred were remitted in consequence of the intercession of some of the officers.

The resentment of the jealous Davis was not yet satisfied with this cruel punishment ; he omitted no opportunity to mortify her, and to put her on such duties as he knew to be difficult or disagreeable. For this treatment she, however, found some compensation in the increased affection of her female friend.

Not long after the above occurrence, another cause of uneasiness occurred. A fresh recruit, a native of Worcester, by trade a carpenter, and who had lodged in the house of her brother-in-law, having joined the regiment, she became justly apprehensive of a discovery of her sex, and her uneasiness increased to such a degree, that she at length resolved to desert. Having taken every possible precaution, she repaired to her female acquaintance, and informed her of her design. The latter endeavoured to dissuade her from such a dangerous enterprise ; but finding her resolution fixed, she furnished her with money ; and Hannah, having taken leave of her affectionate friend, immediately commenced her journey on foot for Portsmouth. About a mile from Carlisle, perceiving a number of people employed in picking pease, and their clothes lying at some distance, she exchanged her regimental coat for one of the old coats belonging to the men, and proceeded on her journey. She was about a month in travelling from Carlisle to Portsmouth, where she arrived safe, after running various risks of a discovery of her sex. Here she enlisted as a marine in Colonel Frazer's regiment. Three weeks afterwards, a draft was made from the regiment, for the East Indies, and Hannah, among the rest, was ordered to embark in the *Swallow* sloop of war, one of the ships of Admiral Boscawen's fleet. She soon made herself remarkable on board by her dexterity and address in washing, mending, and cooking for her messmates ; and these little good offices obtained her the particular notice of Mr. Wygate, one of the lieutenants of the marines, who, in a very friendly manner, requested her to become one of their mess. This offer she readily accepted, and soon became a great favourite with the crew of the sloop.

The *Swallow*, having sustained considerable damage in a storm, was obliged to put into the port of Lisbon to refit. A month having been occupied with the necessary repairs, the *Swallow* again put to sea, to rejoin the fleet ; but the night after her departure, another tempest, equally violent with the former, destroyed the greatest part of the rigging, so that she was reduced to a state very little better than a wreck. Hannah took her turn at the pump, which was kept constantly going, declined no office

however dangerous, and established her character for courage, skill, and intrepidity.

The ship was a second time repaired at Gibraltar, and having touched at Madeira, made the best of her way to the Cape of Good Hope, where, having joined the rest of the squadron, they proceeded to make an attack on the Mauritius, which, however, proved unsuccessful. The admiral then bore away for Fort St. David, on the coast of Coromandel, where the fleet soon afterwards arrived.

The marines, being disembarked, joined the English army; encamping before Areacopong, they laid siege to the place, which on the tenth day surrendered. This adventure gave our heroine fresh spirits, and afforded her an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity, which she omitted no opportunity of doing, so that her conduct acquired the commendation of all her officers.

The army then proceeded to the attack of Pondicherry, and after lying before that place eleven weeks, and suffering very great hardships, they were obliged, by the rainy season, to abandon the siege. Our heroine was in the first party of English foot who forded the river breast high, under an incessant fire from a French battery. She was likewise on the picket guard, continued on that duty seven nights successively, and laboured very hard about fourteen days at throwing up the trenches.

During this time, she maintained her usual firmness, and her conduct was perfectly consistent with the character of bravery which has ever distinguished the British soldier. In one of the attacks, however, her career was wellnigh terminated. She fired thirty-seven rounds during the engagement, and received, according to her account, six shots in her right leg, five in the left, and, what was still more painful, a dangerous wound in the abdomen. The latter gave her great uneasiness, as she feared lest it might lead to a discovery of her sex, which, even at the hazard of her life, she was determined not to reveal. It was, therefore, necessary that she should conceal the knowledge of her wound from the surgeons, and this she knew it would be in vain to attempt without assistance. Intrusting her secret to a black woman who attended her, and who had access to the surgeon's medicines, the latter procured lint, salve, and other necessities. The pain became extremely acute, and she endeavoured to extract the ball, which she at length accomplished with no other instrument than her finger and thumb. Notwithstanding this painful and dangerous operation, she soon made a perfect cure.

Being removed to the hospital of Cuddalore, during her residence there, the greater part of the fleet sailed. As soon as she was completely cured, she was sent on board the *Tartar Pink*, and continued to do the duty of a sailor till the return of the fleet from Madras. She was soon afterwards turned over to the *Eltham* man-of-war, commanded by Captain Lloyd, and

sailed with that ship to Bombay. Here the vessel, which had sprung a leak on the passage, was heaved down to have her bottom thoroughly cleaned and repaired.

This operation lasted five weeks; the captain remained on shore, while Hannah, in common with the rest of the crew, had her turn on the watch. On one of these occasions, she offended the lieutenant who commanded in the captain's absence, by peremptorily refusing to sing a song. She soon afterwards had occasion to regret her non-compliance, for being charged with making free with a shirt belonging to one of her comrades, though no proof could be adduced, the lieutenant ordered her to be put in irons. After remaining in this situation five days, she was ordered to the gangway, and received twelve lashes. The shirt was found in the chest of the man who complained that he had lost it.

After various adventures, Hannah returned with the fleet to Europe, and reached Lisbon in 1749. One day, being on shore with some of her shipmates, she chanced to enter a house of entertainment, where they met with an English sailor who had been at Genoa in a Dutch vessel. She took the opportunity of inquiring after her long-lost husband, and was informed that he had been confined at Genoa, for murdering a native of that place, a gentleman of some distinction, and that, to expiate his crime, he had been put into a bag with a quantity of stones, and thus thrown headlong into the sea. Distressing as this information must have been, Hannah had, however, sufficient command over herself to conceal her emotion.

Leaving Lisbon, our adventurer arrived in safety at Spithead, and proceeded to London to the house of her sister, who, notwithstanding her disguise and long absence, immediately recognised her, and gave her a hearty welcome.

Having, when her story became known, acquired a considerable degree of popularity, she was advised, as she had a good voice, to apply for an engagement to the managers of the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose square. As they closed with her offer, she appeared before the public in the character of Bill Bobstay, a sailor. She likewise represented Firelock, a military character, and, in a most masterly and correct manner, went through the manual and platoon exercises.

In this capacity she did not, however, continue many months, but quitted the stage; and as she preferred male attire, she resolved to continue to wear it during the remainder of her life. In consideration of the hardships she had endured in the service of her country, government granted her a pension of £20, with the assistance of which she took a public house in the neighbourhood of Wapping. On one side of the sign was painted the figure of a jolly British tar, and on the other the valiant Marine; underneath was inscribed, "The Widow in Masquerade; or, the Female Warrior."

These attractive signs produced the desired effect ; her house was well frequented, and she lived many years in the enjoyment of prosperity, which compensated, in some measure, for the distresses she had experienced in the early period of her life.

Such is the substance of the account given to the public, either by this extraordinary woman herself, or under her authority. We have weeded it of several inaccuracies with respect to names and other particulars ; but, after all, we cannot forbear observing, that there seems to be some reason to doubt the veracity of various circumstances recorded in it. To mention only one seeming inconsistency ; how is it possible that she could have been twice flogged without a discovery of her sex ? And though it is pretended that she had the art to keep her secret to the very last, yet it has been stated, upon good authority, that her wound led to its exposure. It is added, that on her recovery, an Irish officer took her under his protection, and that by this gentleman she had two sons, one of whom was still living in 1807.





EDWARD BRIGHT, THE FAT MAN OF MALDEN.



ENGLAND is said to be superior to all other countries in specimens of animal obesity, and more especially in those of the human species distinguished for that property. The subject of this notice was, perhaps, one of the finest specimens on record, as his extreme corpulency was combined with the utmost activity both of body and mind.

Mr. Bright was descended from families greatly inclined to corpulency, both on his father's and his mother's side. He was always fat from a child, and yet very strong and active, and used a great deal of exercise, both when a boy and after he became a man, which he continued to do till within the last two or three years of his life. He could walk very well, and nimbly too, having great strength of muscle; and could not only ride on horseback, but would sometimes gallop, after he was grown to between thirty and forty stones' weight. He used frequently to go to London, on his business, which was that of a grocer, till the journey of forty miles, and going about there, became too great a fatigue to him. But he was grown to such a size before he left it off, that he was the gazing-stock and admiration of all people as he walked along the streets.

He was so large and fat a boy, that at the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed ten stones and four pounds, horseman's weight, *i. e.* one

hundred and forty-four pounds. And he increased in bulk as he grew up, so that in seven years more, that is before he was twenty, he weighed twenty-four stones, or three hundred and thirty-six pounds. He went on increasing, and probably in pretty near the same proportion; for the last time he was weighed, which was about thirteen months before he died, his weight was forty-two stones and twelve pounds, with only his waist-coat, shirt, breeches, and stockings on, and these clothes being afterwards weighed, were found to be sixteen pounds; so that his net weight at that time was forty-one stones and ten pounds, or five hundred and eighty-four pounds. A short time before his death he had so greatly increased in bulk, that his weight was computed at forty-four stones, or six hundred and sixteen pounds.

As to his dimensions, he was five feet nine inches and a half high. His body, round the chest, just under the arms, measured five feet six inches, and round the belly six feet eleven inches. His arm, in the middle of it, was two feet two inches about, and his leg two feet eight inches.

He had always a good appetite, and, when a youth, used to eat somewhat remarkably; but of late years, though he continued to eat heartily, and with a good relish, yet he did not eat more in quantity than any other men who we say have good stomachs.

As to his drink, he seldom took any liquor to an intoxicating degree. When he was a very young man, he was fond of ale; but for some years in after-life, his chief liquor was small beer, of which he commonly drank about a gallon a day. In other liquors he was extremely moderate.

He enjoyed, for the most part of his life, as good health as any man, except that in the last three years, he was two or three times seized with an inflammation in his leg, attended with a little fever; and every time with such a tendency to mortification, as to make it necessary to scarify the part.

He married when he was between twenty-two and twenty-three years old, and lived a little more than seven years in that state: in which time he had five children born, and left his wife with child of the sixth, near her time.

There was an amiable mind in this extraordinary overgrown body. He was cheerful and good-natured, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, and a very fair, honest man. So that he was generally beloved and respected.

His last illness, which continued about fourteen days, was a miliary fever. He died November 10, 1750, in the 30th year of his age.

Great numbers of people came to see his coffin while it was making; and at the funeral, there was a vast concourse, not only of persons of the town, but from the country for several miles round, out of curiosity to see how such a corpse could be got to the ground. It was drawn to the church on a low-wheeled carriage by ten or twelve men, and was let down into the grave by an engine fixed up in the church for the purpose.



BELGRADE, A REMARKABLE CAMP-SUTLER.



HE peculiar vocation followed by this singular female has been graphically described by Smollett, while portraying his hero's mother, in the celebrated novel of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*. Though Belgrade's vocation was the same, her character, however, was very different. She did not follow the army for the sake of plunder, but for the joint object of obtaining a livelihood, and assisting soldiers in distress. She received the soubriquet of *Belgrade*, from the circumstance of commencing her career at the battle which took place at the city of that name in Hungary. Her own name has not been handed down to us. At Waesbaden, on the Rhine, she attached herself to the brigade of English horse-guards, and continued faithfully serving the soldiers with provisions during the whole of their campaigns, rendering herself famous alike for courage and humanity, by exposing her person in the very heat of action, and assisting the wounded and distressed.

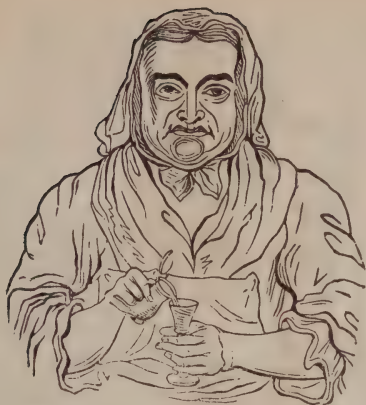
At the battle of Dettingen, Belgrade was following her vocation as usual, attended by a favourite dog which she called *Clumsey*. Just as the two armies were facing each other, before the battle began, a French dog rushed out from the enemy's ranks and attacked Clumsey, but the latter instantly fell upon him, and after a short combat compelled him to turn tail and seek shelter in his own lines. Clumsey then quietly returned to his mistress. The above sketch is a faithful representation of both, taken from the published portraits of the time.



JOHN BIGG, THE DINTON HERMIT.



HE motives which prompted this singular person, who lived during the great civil wars, to withdraw from the world and pass the latter portion of his life in solitude, have never been clearly explained. By some, his seclusion has been ascribed to disappointment at the turn which affairs took at the Restoration; by others, it is supposed that his brain had become slightly touched, and the following particulars regarding him, by Brown Willis, would seem to indicate as much :—"John Bigg, the Dinton Hermit, baptized 22d April, 1629, was buried 4th April, 1696. He was formerly clerk to Simon Mayne of Dinton, one of the judges who passed sentence on Charles the First. He had been a man of tolerable wealth, and was looked upon as a pretty good scholar. Upon the Restoration, he grew melancholy, and betook himself to a recluse life, in a cave at Dinton, county of Bucks. He lived by charity, but never asked for any thing but leather, which he would immediately nail to his clothes. He kept three bottles, that hung to his girdle, viz. for strong and small beer, and milk. His shoes are still preserved, (1712;) they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather; one of them is in the Bodleian Repository, the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhatten, of Dinton, who had the cave dug up, some years since, in hopes of discovering something relative to him, but without success."



DOLLY OF THE CHOP-HOUSE.



It is curious to observe the various means by which individuals acquire notoriety or fame. This woman earned it merely by keeping an excellent chop-house in Queen's-head Passage, Paternoster Row, and Newgate Street, London. From the superior accommodation originally afforded at her establishment, the house soon became celebrated, was designated by her own name, and received more extensive patronage than any other chop-house in the metropolis. It long retained its superiority; and is, perhaps, still as much known and frequented as it was at its commencement, when conducted by the renowned Dolly herself. Besides the excellent quality of the provisions and liquors, there were originally other attractions at this chop-house. Dolly's assistants were always selected with a view to draw custom. The bar-maid was chosen for her beauty and obliging disposition,—the other female servants were of a similar description, and the waiters were peculiarly smart and clever:—

“All well-bred emblems of the chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as white bread fair;
As small beer grateful, and as pepper strong;
As beef-steaks tender, and as pot-herbs young.”

It is accordingly said, that many customers, including wealthy aldermen and city knights, were often content to pay double for their chop or their soup, merely for the pleasure of being waited upon by Dolly's fascinating female servants. The reputation both of mistress and maids, however, remained untarnished; and when the former retired for life, it was after a most successful career of industry, and with the satisfaction of associating her name in perpetuity with her beloved chop-house.



THOMAS GUY, THE MISER AND PHILANTHROPIST.



HIS gentleman, who afforded such an extraordinary instance of parsimony and generosity, combined in one and the same individual, was the son of a lighterman and coal-dealer, in Horsleydown, Southwark. He was bred a bookseller, and began trade in the city of London, with no more than two hundred pounds. By his industry and uncommon frugality, but more particularly by purchasing seamen's tickets, during Queen Anne's wars, and by speculations in South Sea Stock, in the memorable year 1720, he amassed an immense fortune.

In proof of his penurious disposition it is recorded of him that he invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table-cloth. One winter evening as he was sitting in his room meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to inquire for him, was introduced; and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, characterized by Pope in his satires. "I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I, therefore, wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I

excelled, but I am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why, then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of Guy's superior thrift, and took his leave.

This failing, however, if in him it could be called by that appellation, seemed to have for its object the indulgence of a systematic benevolence.

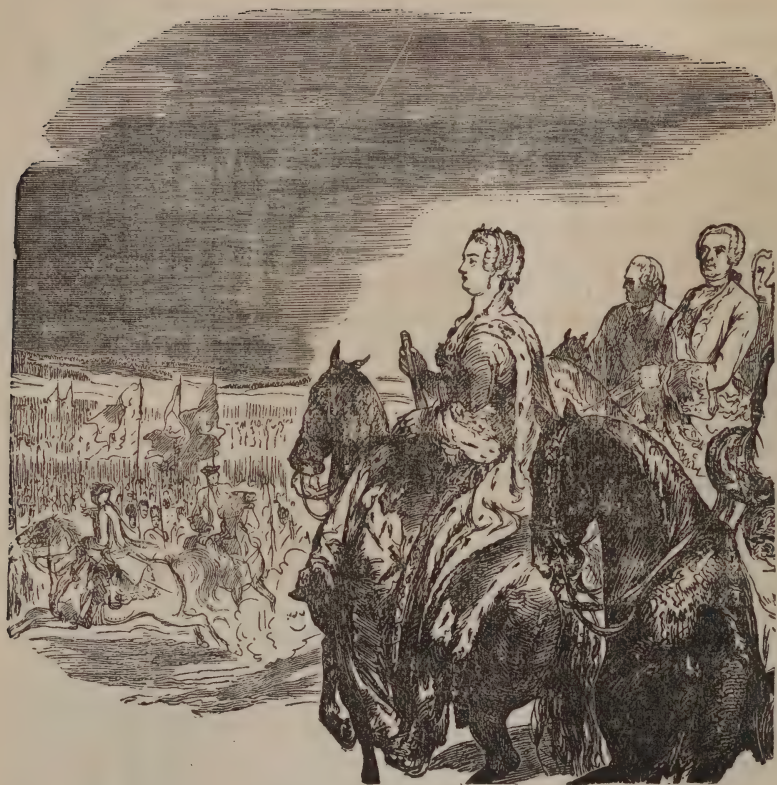
Mr. Guy was the founder of that excellent institution in the borough of Southwark, called after his name, Guy's Hospital. The expense of erecting and furnishing it, which he defrayed during his lifetime, amounted to £18,793 : 10s. ; and the sum he left at his death to endow it, was £219,499, making a total of £238,292 : 10s., a much larger sum than was ever left in this kingdom by any individual for charitable purposes.

Nor were the benefactions of Mr. Guy confined to this single institution. In 1701, he built and furnished, at his own expense, three wards on the north side of the outer court of St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark, and gave to them £100 per annum for eleven years, preceding the foundation of his hospital. He likewise founded a fine hospital at Tamworth, in the county of Stafford.

To many of his relations, he gave, while living, a settled allowance of ten or twenty pounds a year, and to others money to advance them in the world. At his death, he left to his poor aged relations the sum of £870 a year, during their lives, and to his younger relations and executors, he bequeathed £75,589. He left the governors of Christ's Hospital, a perpetual annuity of £400, for taking in four children annually, at the nomination of the governors, and bequeathed £1000 for discharging four prisoners in the city of London, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey.

Mr. Guy, whose application of his wealth will embalm his memory with blessings to the remotest posterity, died in 1724, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

The penurious way in which Mr. Guy lived, and his amassing so much wealth, did not escape the wits and caricaturists of his time, nor the spleen of some who were disappointed at being omitted in his will. A satirical print appeared after his decease, representing him in the act of making his last testament, and committing to paper the following bequests:—"Item, to my son, fifty pounds per annum; Item, to my daughter, fifty pounds per annum, while she remains single! Item, to building an hospital, and for my statue, one hundred thousand pounds." The intention, however, to blacken Mr. Guy's memory, was too apparent; and, accordingly, the satire failed to have effect. He was never married, nor—as he ever known to have any illegitimate children.



MARIA THERESA REVIEWING HER TROOPS.

MARIA THERESA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY.



MARIA THERESA, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and Empress of Germany, born in 1717, was the eldest daughter of Charles VI. of Austria, Emperor of Germany. In 1724, Charles by his will, known by the name of the Pragmatic Sanction, regulated the order of succession in the family of Austria, declaring that, in default of male issue, his eldest daughter should be heiress of all the Austrian dominions, and her children after her. The Pragmatic Sanction was guarantied by the diet of the empire, and by all the German princes individually, and also by several other powers of Europe, but not by the Bourbons.



MARIA THERESA PRESENTING HER SON TO THE NOBLES.

In 1736, Maria Theresa married Francis of Lorraine, who, by the peace of Vienna of the preceding year, had been recognised as the future Grand-duke of Tuscany, after the death of Gian Gastone, the last offspring of the house of Medici. Gian Gastone died in July, 1737, and Tuscany became subject to Francis, who, in January, 1739, repaired to Florence with his consort. Upon the death of Charles VI., in 1740, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Bavaria, the Elector of Saxony, France, Spain, and the King of Sardinia, agreed to dismember the Austrian monarchy, to parts of which each of those powers laid claim. Maria Theresa, however, with a spirit and decision remarkable for her age, lost no time in repairing to Vienna, and taking possession of Austria, Bohemia, and her other German states; she then proceeded to Presburg, took the oaths to the Constitution of Hungary, and was solemnly proclaimed queen of that kingdom, in 1741. Frederick of Prussia offered the young queen his friendship, on the condition of her surrendering Silesia to him, but she resolutely refused, and Frederick invaded that province. The Elector of Bavaria, on his part, assisted by French auxiliaries, invaded Austria and Bohemia, and pushed his troops to the gates of Vienna. Maria Theresa being obliged to quit her capital, repaired to Presburg. Convoking the Hungarian diet, she appeared in the midst of that assembly with her infant son Joseph in her arms. She told the magnates, prelates, and deputies, that "being assailed by enemies on every side, forsaken by her friends,

and finding even her own relatives hostile to her, she had no hopes *except* in their loyalty, and that she had come to place under their protection the daughter and the son of their kings." This heart-stirring appeal was answered by a burst of chivalric enthusiasm. The Hungarian nobles, drawing their swords, unanimously cried out, "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresa,*" and the whole military force of Hungary was soon in arms to defend their queen. Her troops, under General Kevenhuller and Prince Charles of Lorraine, her brother-in-law, fought gallantly, and drove the French and Bavarians out of the hereditary states. In the mean time, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, was elected Emperor of Germany, by the diet assembled at Frankfort, by the name of Charles VII.

Frederick of Prussia soon made peace with Maria Theresa, who was obliged to surrender Silesia to him. She also made not only a peace but a treaty of alliance with the king of Sardinia against the French and Spaniards, who were kept in check on the side of Italy. In 1743, the French were entirely driven out of Bohemia. In 1744, Frederick again declared war against Maria Theresa, and invaded Bohemia; but the Elector of Saxony, who had made his peace with her, sent the queen reinforcements, which obliged the Prussians to evacuate the country. In 1745, Charles VII. died, and Francis, Maria Theresa's husband, was elected emperor. In 1746, the Austrian and Piedmontese troops obtained great advantages in Italy; they gained the battle of Piacenza against the French and Spaniards, and occupied Genoa, which, however, they afterwards lost through a popular insurrection. In 1747, the war continued to rage in Italy and Flanders, with various success. In 1748, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle terminated the war called "the war of the Austrian succession," and Maria Theresa was left in peaceful possession of all her hereditary dominions, except Silesia, which the King of Prussia kept.

In 1756, began the Seven Years' War, between France, Austria, and Russia, on one side, and Frederick of Prussia on the other. It ended in 1763, leaving both Austria and Prussia with the same boundaries as before. In 1765, Maria Theresa lost her husband, for whom she continued to wear mourning till her death, and her son Joseph was elected emperor. She, however, retained in her hands the administration of her dominions, and devoted all her cares to promote their prosperity, and to the improvement of the people under her sway.

The only act of Maria Theresa's political life with which she can be reproached is her participation in the first partition of Poland. The plan, however, did not originate with her, and she for some time refused to accede to the treaty of partition drawn up by Prussia and Russia, in 1772, until she was plainly told that Russia and Prussia would effect the dismemberment of Poland without her consent, and that by refusing to accede to it, she would only endanger her own dominions. Prince

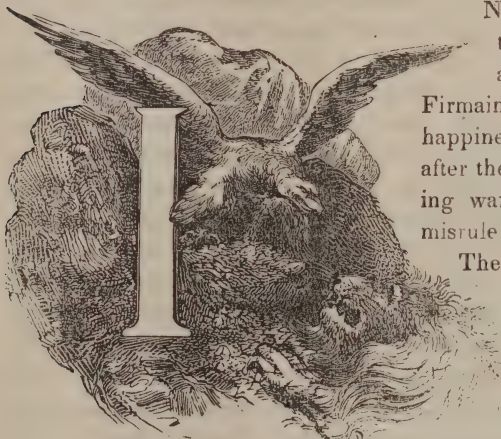
Kaunitz and her own son, Joseph II., urged her to join the two other powers; she was told that Galicia and other parts of Poland were ancient dependencies of the crown of Hungary, and at last she gave her assent.

The improvements which Maria Theresa made in her dominions are many and important. In 1776, she abolished the torture in her hereditary states, and in the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1777, she abolished the rural and personal services which the peasants of Bohemia owed to their feudal superiors, and commuted them for a sum of money. Literary piracy was forbidden under severe penalties. Between the years 1774-8, she occupied herself with the establishment of a general system of popular education in her dominions. She divided the schools into three classes: 1. "Normal schools," one in each province, to serve as a model for all the other schools in the province; 2. "Principal schools," in the large towns; 3. "Communal schools," in the small towns and villages. A director had the superintendence of the normal schools, those of the large towns were under the superintendence of a magistrate; and the communal schools under the parish priest and an assessor of the communal council. A central commission of studies was also appointed to superintend the whole, which received annual reports, and examined candidates for the masterships. Maria Theresa also suggested the addition of manual labour to intellectual instruction in the communal schools. She promised an extra remuneration to those teachers whose wives taught the girls sewing, knitting, spinning, &c. This plan answered extremely well, especially among the peasantry of Bohemia. Little girls thus taught were able to earn as much as half a florin a day. This was the beginning of that system of popular education which has since been extended through the Austrian monarchy.

Maria Theresa was a pious woman: she was a sincere Roman Catholic, but not a blind devotee to the court of Rome, and she knew how to discriminate between the temporal and spiritual jurisdictions. In her instructions to the Junta, or Board of Public Economy, dated June, 1768, she states the principle, that "every thing which is not of divine institution is subject to the supreme legislative authority of the state." Agreeably to this principle, she made several important reforms in the temporalities of the clergy: she suppressed the pensions charged at Rome upon benefices; she forbade the alienation of landed property in favour of ecclesiastical bodies; she ordered all the property of the clergy to be registered; she placed the convents under the jurisdiction of the respective bishops, and in temporal matters under that of the civil magistrate. She put a check to the arbitrary power of the Inquisition, which still existed in her Italian dominions: she took out of its hands the censorship of books, and gave it to a commission of civil magistrates, appointed for the purpose. In Tuscany, which was administered by a council of regency, in the name of her

second son, Leopold, she ordered that lay assessors should be joined to the inquisitors in all suits for heresy. She also took away the *sbirri*, or armed force, which was before under the orders of the inquisitors. The Inquisition of Lombardy and Tuscany was finally abolished under the reign of her sons, Joseph and Leopold.

Maria Theresa possessed the strong affection of her Belgian subjects, and it required all the subsequent rashness of Joseph II. to detach them from their loyalty to Austria. The Belgian capitalists eagerly supplied the loans which the court of Vienna was obliged to contract during the Seven Years' War.



IN Lombardy, the administration of Maria Theresa and of her minister, Count Firmain, was a period of returning happiness for that fine country, after the vicissitudes of the preceding wars and the previous long misrule of the Spanish governors.

The empress ordered a new *censimento*, or valuation of estates, for the purpose of an equitable assessment of the land-tax; she caused the *bilancio camerale*, or a regular

budget of the public revenue and expenditure, to be made; she abolished the custom of farming the various branches of the indirect duties to the highest bidder, made regulations to protect the peasants against the oppression of their feudal superiors, and established representative communal councils to superintend the local expenditure; she began, in short, and effected, to a considerable extent, that great legislative and administrative reform, which was completed under her successor, Joseph II. Firmain encouraged men of learning, and protected them against the cabals of their enemies. Pietro Verri was made counsellor and president of the financial board; Beccaria was appointed professor of political philosophy; Carli was made president of the council of commerce; and the advice and suggestions of these men were listened to, appreciated, and followed. The *naviglio*, or navigable canal of Paderno, which joins the Adda to the Martesana, was executed under Maria Theresa. In 1749, soon after she obtained peaceful possession of Lombardy, the Duchy of Milan contained 900,000 inhabitants; in 1770, the population had risen to 1,300,000.

"Lombardy," says a liberal writer of our times, "had never enjoyed so much happiness and tranquillity as under her reign; it is recorded to her

praise, that she wished to be informed of every act of the administration, that she gave free access to her presence to the humble and poor as well as to the noble and rich, that she listened benignantly to all, either granting their petitions, or, if she denied them, giving reasons for her refusal, without illusory promises or vague circumlocutions. She declared, just before her death, which happened at Vienna, on the 29th of November, 1780, that if any thing reprehensible had been done in her name, it was certainly without her knowledge, as she had always wished the welfare of her subjects. During a forty years' reign, she always showed a love of justice and truth, and she stated, as a principle of her conduct, that it is only the pleasure of alleviating distress and doing good to the people that can render the weight of a crown supportable to the wearer."* Another merit of Maria Theresa is the propriety of her private character; her whole conduct was characterized by that decency and self-respect, united with much simplicity of manners, which is become a distinctive characteristic of the Austrian imperial family. Maria Theresa will ever rank high among illustrious women, and among those sovereigns who have been the benefactors of mankind. With her ended the house of Austria Habsburg, and at the same time began the present dynasty of Austria Lorraine.

Frederick II. appeared really affected when he heard of the death of Maria Theresa. Writing to D'Alembert, he said, that "although he had made war against her, he had never been her personal enemy; that he always respected her, and that she was an honour to her sex and the glory of her throne."

* Bossi, *Storia d'Italia*, b. vi., ch. 15.





THE DUKE OF ALBA.



ERNANDO ALVAREZ DE TOLEDO, Duke of Alba, General of the Imperial Army, and Minister of State of Charles V., was born in 1508. He was the son of Don Gracia, and grandson of Don Fadrique, or Frederick, who was first cousin of King Ferdinand the Catholic, and the second Duke of Alba de Tormes. His father lost his life in an engagement against the Moors, at Gelvez. His grandfather superintended his education, which was calculated to fit him both for the field and the cabinet. He entered very young into the service of the emperor.



CHARLES V.

and accompanied him in his expeditions to Algiers, Tunis, and Pavia. He afterwards followed him to Hungary; and it is said that the emperor promoted him to the first rank in the army, more as a mark of favour than from any consideration of his military talents. His reserved disposition, and the peculiar bent of his mind to politics, had at first given an unfavourable idea of his talents as a general. On the emperor wishing to know his opinion about attacking the Turks, he advised him rather to build them a golden bridge than offer them a decisive battle. Through his wise measures, however, the emperor obtained a complete victory over Frederick of Saxony, at Muhlenberg, where the elector was made prisoner. He was tried by a court-martial, of which the Duke of Alba was president, and was condemned to death. The duke, it is said, urged the emperor to carry the sentence into execution; but this was not the object of Charles. Alba subsequently commanded at the siege of Mentz.

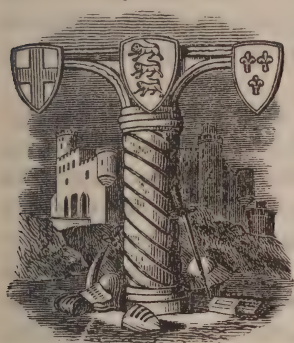
About 1556, Pope Paul IV. had deprived the house of Collona of their states, and added them to the territory of the Church. The French favoured the Pope; and the duke was ordered by Philip II. to proceed thither against the united French and Papal army. Having obtained the title of Lieutenant of all the Austrian dominions in Italy, with unlimited power, he entered the Italian territory. In this important mission he fully answered his master's most sanguine expectations. Immediately upon his arrival, he obliged the Count of Brisac to raise the siege of Ulpian; placed Milan in a state of security; and, proceeding to Naples, where the pope by his intrigues had caused serious disturbances, he restored tranquillity,

and secured respect for the Spanish authority. He then entered the Papal States, and made himself master of the Campagna of Rome, with a determination to humble both the Pope and the French; but having received fresh orders from his court, he was obliged to conclude an honourable treaty of peace with the Pope, not without telling his master that timidity and scrupulousness were incompatible with the policy of war. This proud warrior, before whom the bravest trembled, was subjected to the humiliation of asking the Pope's pardon; and, as he himself confessed, was so struck with awe at the ceremony that he could scarcely utter a word.

About 1560, the Flemish provinces of Spain began to manifest symptoms of discontent. Philip, being a bigoted Catholic, was determined to maintain the Roman religion in all its purity throughout his dominions. He disliked the Belgians as much as his father had been well-disposed towards them; and his whole conduct was calculated rather to alienate than to gain their affection. He attempted to destroy their liberty and privileges, and establish the Inquisition, at any hazard. When one of his ministers represented to him, that if he did not abolish the inquisitorial edicts, he exposed himself to the risk of losing the states, he answered, that he "would rather have no subjects at all than have heretics for his subjects." A rebellion was the result of this ungenerous policy. When the news of the revolt reached Spain, the king summoned a council of state, and asked the opinion of his ministers as to the measures to be adopted towards the refractory provinces. The Duke of Feria objected strongly against the adoption of violent measures. The Duke of Alba, on the contrary, was for severity. Philip remained a moment perplexed between these two advisers; but soon decided in favour of the opinion that most accorded with his own.

Alba was furnished with troops and money, and invested with unlimited powers, for the purpose of crushing the liberties of the Belgians. He set sail from Spain in 1567, and landed at Genoa, where he strengthened his army with some Italian troops, and proceeded to Brussels. On his arrival, the country which, through the mild and conciliatory measures adopted by the amiable regent, Margaret of Parma, was comparatively tranquil, became full of alarm. Events proved that the fears of the people were not unfounded. The Prince of Orange fled to Germany, and, in vain, urged the Counts of Egmont and Horn to do the same. Alba summoned a council of state to his house, to consult about the best means of restoring tranquillity and repressing sedition. The two counts came as councillors, when Alba seized them, with the secretary, Cassenbrot, and put them in prison. The princess-regent, seeing herself deprived of her authority, retired to Italy, and left the government of the country in the hands of the duke

Immediately upon the imprisonment of D'Egmont, Alba instituted a council, composed of twelve judges, whom he named "Judges of the Tumult;" by his victims they were called the *Court of Blood*. He was himself president. He summoned the Prince of Orange, and all the other nobles and citizens who had fled from the country, to appear before his tribunal, under the penalty of the confiscation of their property. All the prisons were filled with victims, who were speedily condemned and executed. The principal cities were fortified and filled with soldiers; and a country, which had hitherto enjoyed all the benefits of rational liberty, under one of the mildest governments of Europe, was now converted into a military camp. More than thirty thousand persons sought refuge in the neighbouring countries. All the laws which curb the strong, and protect the weak, were virtually abolished: there was no other rule but the will of the tyrant.



HE Prince of Orange had collected an army in Germany, with which he advanced into Friesland, and defeated a body of Spaniards at Groningen. The news of this reverse exasperated the duke. He hurried the trials of the Counts of Egmont and Horn to a speedy conclusion. They were condemned and beheaded; and the secretary of D'Egmont was torn alive by four horses. The Prince of Orange was desirous to give battle to the Spaniards, but the duke

avoided an engagement; and by his prudent movements, without losing a single man, he caused the patriot army to disband. Alba returned to Antwerp to carry on the fortifications of the citadel. The works were soon finished; and in the middle of the fortress, the duke caused his own statue, in brass, to be erected. This statue represented him in full armour, and at his feet a two-headed monster, referring allegorically to the nobility and the people. The whole was supported by a pedestal of marble, with the following inscription:—"In honour of the Duke of Alba, for having restored the Belgians to their allegiance to the king and the church, and the country to tranquillity, peace and justice." This insult was greater than a nation could endure. It was so revolting, that it alienated even his friends; and from that moment his dictatorship was virtually ended. His fall was hastened by the cruelty practised towards the inhabitants of Haarlem, where he caused more than two thousand persons to be executed, after having led them to expect forgiveness if they surrendered.

He now began to encounter misfortunes and disappointments on every side. His health was in a weak state; the greater part of Holland had openly revolted, and proclaimed the Prince of Orange stadtholder; his

armies had ceased to be invincible; and he earnestly requested to be recalled. In December, 1573, he published a general pardon, and left a country which he had rendered desolate; in which he had delivered into the hands of the executioners eighteen thousand victims, and kindled a war which raged for thirty-seven years, and cost Spain the blood of her best troops, immense treasures, and the final loss of some of her richest provinces. The first act of his successor's authority was to demolish his statue; so that nothing remained in Flanders after his departure but the memory of his cruelty.

On his arrival in Spain, far from being well received at court, he was sent as a prisoner to his castle of Uceda. Four years after his arrest, Henry II. of Portugal died, leaving no rightful heir. Philip II. of Spain put in a claim, which he enforced by the sword. Alba was now summoned from his retirement, and at the head of twelve thousand men entered Portugal by Elvas. In two weeks he placed Philip in possession of the crown of Portugal. Three years after, 1583, he died at Lisbon, at the advanced age of seventy-four.

The Duke of Alba was, undoubtedly, the ablest general of his age. He was principally distinguished for his skill and prudence in choosing his positions, and for his rigid enforcement of the strictest discipline in his army. He often obtained by patient stratagem those advantages which would have been thrown away, or dearly acquired by a precipitate encounter with his enemy. Being at Cologne, and avoiding, as he always did, an engagement with the Dutch troops, the Archbishop urged him to fight. "The object of a general," answered the Duke, "is not to fight, but to conquer; he fights enough who obtains the victory." During a career of so many years' warfare, he never lost a battle. The firmness, energy, and caution, of such a character as Alba, surrounded as he was by all the evil circumstances which belong to intolerance and despotism, were only instruments to render the bigot and tyrant more dangerous and odious. Under more favourable states of society, they might have produced a just and benevolent statesman.



LORD LOVAT.



HE talents and accomplishments of Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, were of a nature to have distinguished their possessor as an ornament to society, in any age or country. But selfishness, duplicity, and cunning, being unfortunately the predominant qualities of his nature, they completely neutralized or destroyed all the advantages he derived from fortune and education. A brief review of his career will illustrate this estimate of his character, and prove to the reader of how little value are talents and accomplishments, when unaccompanied by integrity of principle.

Lovat, in his youth, was noted for his turbulence and the irregularity of his life. The following, among other instances, sufficiently attests the outrageous violence of his conduct.

Having addressed the heiress of Lovat, in 1693, a marriage might have ensued, but that the lady was engaged to the son of Lord Salton. To remove this objection, Lovat took an armed body of his dependants to the house of that nobleman, and, having caused a gibbet to be erected, swore he would hang both father and son, unless all pretensions to the heiress were instantly resigned. This was complied with, through terror, and even the contract of marriage was given up. He now intended to have seized the young lady's person, but was foiled by the dexterity of the mother, who effectually concealed her. Exasperated by this disappointment, he determined on revenge. Accordingly, he proceeded to the house

of the mother, accompanied by a clergyman and his band of armed followers, and there compelled the old lady to marry one of his associates. After the ceremony, he cut off her stays, and forced her to go to bed, in order to have the marriage consummated, which was done accordingly, he and his attendants, meanwhile, waiting without.

For this infamous transaction, Lovat was tried as an accessory to the rape, and was capitally convicted; but received a pardon from the ill-timed enmity of King William III.

Going to France, in 1698, he turned Papist, by which he acquired the good opinion of the abdicated James II., who employed him to raise recruits in Scotland; but he revealed the substance of his commission to the British ministry: which circumstance being discovered by some Scotch Catholics, an account of it was transmitted to France; so that on his next visit to that country, in the year 1702, he was lodged in the Bastile, where he continued some years; but at length obtaining his liberty, he went to St. Omers, where he entered into the order of Jesuits.

Returning to Scotland on the demise of Queen Anne, he succeeded to the title of Lovat, to which a good estate was annexed; but, in the following year, when the Pretender landed in Scotland, he for a while abetted his cause, but finding his interest decline, he raised a regiment in opposition to him. This was so agreeable to the reigning family, that Lovat was sent for to court, where he was highly caressed.

At the time he was supporting the rebellion of 1745, with men and money, the Lord-president Forbes wrote to him, and conjured him in the most earnest manner to take a decisive and vigorous part in behalf of government; and Lovat answered him in such a manner, as seemed to imply an assent to all he urged; though at this very time the men he had sent to assist the rebels were commanded by his own son.

He was apprehended in his own house, some days after the battle of Culloden, by a party of dragoons; but being so infirm that he could not walk, he was carried in a horse-litter to Inverness, whence he was sent in a landau to Edinburgh, under a strong military escort.

Having been lodged one night in the castle, he was conveyed to London, and committed to the Tower, only two days before the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino suffered the dreadful sentence of the law.

Several witnesses, whose presence was judged necessary on the trial of Lovat, being resident in the north of Scotland, it was thought proper to postpone it till the following year; and he was accordingly brought to trial before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 9th of March, 1747, Lord-chancellor Hardwicke presiding on the occasion.

On the first day of the trial, his lordship objected to a witness because he was his tenant; but his competency to give his deposition being allowed, after long arguments, he deposed, that his lordship had been

active in raising supplies for the Pretender, who had made a descent on the kingdom in consequence of his advice.

This was the substance of the first day's proceedings; and a great part of the second was spent in debates respecting the admissibility of Mr. Murray, who had been secretary to the Pretender, as a witness. It was urged that his evidence could not be allowed, as he stood attainted; but the attorney-general having read the record of the attainder and produced the king's pardon, all further objections fell to the ground.

On the following day, Mr. Murray was examined, and proved that Lord Lovat had assisted the rebels with men and money; and that he had commissioned two of his sons, to cause his tenants to take arms in behalf of the Pretender.

Lord Lovat's servants proved that the Pretender had been assisted with money by his lordship; and on the fourth day, several gentlemen from the Highlands gave their testimony to the same purpose.

The evidence for the crown being summed up on the fifth day, Lord Lovat was acquainted by the lord high-steward that he must prepare for his defence; and, accordingly, on the sixth day, his lordship insisted that the parties who had given evidence against him were his enemies, and that they had been induced to give their testimony by means of subornation; and he endeavoured to support his allegations by the depositions of two Highlanders; but what they said had little influence against the concurrent testimony of the other witnesses.

The lords being assembled in parliament on the seventh day, determined on their verdict, and having returned to Westminster Hall, the culprit was informed by the lord high-steward, that he had been found guilty by his peers. To this Lovat said, that he had been ill-treated while under misfortunes; and this he declared with so much acrimony, that the high-steward reproved him for the indecency of his behaviour, and then passed on him the sentence of the law.

After his conviction, he behaved with uncommon cheerfulness, appearing by no means intimidated at the fate that awaited him. His friends advised him to apply for the royal mercy; he declined it, saying, that the remnant of his life was not worth asking for. He was always cheerful in company; entertained his friends with stories, and applied many passages of the Greek and Roman history to his own case.

On the arrival of the warrant for his execution, he immediately read it, and then pressing the gentleman who brought it, to drink a bottle of wine with him, entertained him with such a number of amusing stories as astonished the visitor, that his lordship should have such spirits on so solemn an occasion.

The major of the Tower inquiring after his health, one morning, he said, "I am well, sir; I am preparing myself for a place where hardly

any majors go, and but few lieutenant-generals." Having procured a pillow to be placed at the foot of his bed, he frequently kneeled on it, to try how he should act his part at the fatal block; and after some practice, thought himself sufficiently perfect to go through it with propriety.

Waking about two in the morning on the day before his death, he prayed devoutly for some time, and then slept till near seven, when he was dressed by the assistance of the warder. This day he spent with his friends, conversing cheerfully both on public and private affairs. He was even jocose in a high degree, and told the barber who shaved him, to be cautious not to cut his throat, which might baulk many persons of the expected sight on the following day. Having eaten a hearty supper, he desired that a piece of veal might be roasted, that he might have some of it minced for his breakfast, being a dish of which he was extremely fond. He then smoked his pipe, and retired to rest.

Waking about three in the morning, he employed some time in devotion, and then reposing himself till five o'clock, he arose, and drank a glass of wine and water, as he was accustomed to do every morning. He next employed himself about two hours in reading, which he could do without spectacles, notwithstanding his advanced age, for he had lived a life of temperance, notwithstanding his turbulence, and his eyesight was uncommonly good.

He now conversed in his customary manner; exhibiting no sign of apprehension; and at eight o'clock sent his wig to the barber; and also desired the warder to purchase a purse, in which to put the money that he intended for the executioner; and he particularly desired that it might be a good one, lest the man should refuse it.

The warder bringing two purses, his lordship took one, which though he did not entirely approve of, he said he thought few persons would refuse it with ten guineas as its contents.

Having called for his breakfast of minced veal, he ate heartily of it, and drank some wine and water, to the health of his surrounding friends. The coffin, with his name and age, and decorated with ornaments proper to his rank, being placed on the scaffold, Mr. Sheriff Alsop went to the gate of the Tower at eleven o'clock, to demand the body. This intelligence being conveyed to Lord Lovat, he requested a few minutes for his private devotions; in which being indulged, he returned cheerfully, and said, "Gentlemen, I am ready;" and having descended one pair of stairs, General Williamson requested him to repose himself a few minutes in his apartment.

Complying with this invitation, he stopped about five minutes, behaved with the utmost politeness to the company, and having drank a glass of wine, got into the governor's coach, which conveyed him to the gate of the Tower, where he was received by the sheriffs. Being conducted to a house

near the scaffold, he told the sheriff, "he might give the word of command when he pleased; for, added he, I have been long in the army, and know what it is to obey."

Having drank some burnt brandy and bitters, he ascended the scaffold, and taking a survey of the surrounding multitude: "Good lack!" said he, "what a bustle is here about seeing an old gray head taken off, that can't help itself up three steps of the scaffold without the assistance of two men!"

As he was going up the steps, observing an old acquaintance of his very melancholy, he clapped him on the back, and bade him be of good heart; "for," said he, "I am not afraid, then why should you?"

When his lordship was got upon the scaffold, he immediately inquired for the executioner, who, being brought before him, and having paid his respects, his lordship took a canvas purse out of his pocket, with ten guineas in it, and gave it to him, bidding him do his work effectually: "For," said he, "if you should cut and mangle my shoulders, I shall be very angry with you." His lordship then desired to see the axe, but the executioner excused himself from showing it before he had the sheriff's permission for that purpose, which the sheriff, however, instantly granted; and it being put into his lordship's hands, he felt the edge of it, and said, "He believed it would do." Then, by the help of the two warders, who attended him, he got up out of his chair, which he sat in for the ease of his legs, and took a view of his coffin, on which was written the following inscription, viz.—"Simon, Dominus Fraser, decollat. April 9, 1747, *Ætat. suæ* 80."

His lordship having satisfied his curiosity, sat down again, repeating the well-known line of Horace,

"Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori."

And the following out of Ovid:

"Nam Genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco."

His lordship then desired the crowd to retire, when, being supported by the two warders, he prayed privately. He now called Mr. William Fraser to him, and gave him his gold-headed cane, as an acknowledgment of his faithful services. Then he took off his wig, and his cap was put on; after which he pulled off his clothes, which, with his wig, he gave to Mr. Fraser; then taking off his cravat, and loosening the neck of his shirt, he kneeled down by the block, and pulled the cloth to him that was to receive his head. But being told by the executioner that he was a little too near the block, he moved his body farther back; which done, he told the executioner that the signal for him to do his office, should be the dropping of his handkerchief; then he laid his head down upon the block, and in about half a minute gave the signal, and his head was severed from his

body at one blow, and being received in a scarlet cloth, was together with his body put in a coffin, and conveyed back in a horse to the Tower; from whence, about five o'clock, Mr. Stevenson, the undertaker, took it away, in order to send it to Scotland, to be interred in his own burying-place at Kirkhill church, Inverness.

An unfortunate accident occurred at the execution, by one of the scaffolds, erected for the use of the spectators, breaking down. Several persons were killed on the spot, and others were terribly bruised. Thus was this old Lord, whose life had been a series of oppressions and crimes, disgraceful to his rank, the means of producing a calamity to others, almost at the last moment of his existence.





MAXIMILIAN CHRISTOPHER MILLER,

A SAXON GIANT.



HIS man belonged to that race of beings whom nature in her occasional freaks distinguishes from the rest of the human species, either by enlarging or diminishing beyond measure their physical powers; and like most of the tribe, he availed himself of her peculiar gifts to make a fortune, by exhibiting himself for money. He was born at Leipsic, in 1674, and, even from his infancy, was remarkable for his size and strength.

After travelling through the greater portion of Europe, he arrived in England about 1733, and attracted general attention in the metropolis, from the pompousness of his demeanour, as well as from his great height, and the surprising dimensions of his various members. He wore a rich Hungarian jacket, a fancy-wrought cap, with a towering plume of feathers; and when visitors were introduced, he assumed a grand and important air, carrying a rich sceptre in his right hand, and having his left placed on the handle of a tremendous falchion, elegantly mounted. He thus paraded the apartment with a prodigious show of state and dignity. He was at that time fifty-nine years of age. His height was about eight feet, and his face and head were of so enormous a size that they almost struck the beholders with terror. His hand measured a foot, and his finger was nine inches long. Boistard drew his portrait, from the life, in 1733. He died in London in 1734, aged 60.



CRAZY CROW,

PORTER TO THE DUBLIN THEATRE.



HIS man was one of the public characters of the Irish capital in the reign of George the Second. What were his peculiar claims to notoriety have not been recorded, unless we can suppose them to have been founded on a propensity to fuddling, a peculiarly fierce appearance, and a tremendous voice, all of which appear, from the following lines, to have been his distinguishing characteristics:—

“With look ferocious, and with beer replete,
See Crazy Crow beneath his minstrel weight,
His voice as frightful as great Etna’s roar,
(Which spreads its horrors to the distant shore,)
Equally hideous with his well-known face,
Murders each ear till whisky makes it cease.”

It is probable, however, that qualities of a more interesting kind distinguished him among his contemporaries, otherwise he would hardly have been honoured by the publication of his portrait. According to Caulfield, “Crow, as an appendage of the theatre, was generally useful, both to the manager, the prompter, and the performers; and notwithstanding his dissonant voice and ferocious aspect, he contrived to keep his post, and to gain a comfortable livelihood.” In the above sketch, taken from the original print, he is represented as carrying a load of musical instruments to the musicians of the theatre.



OLD HARRY.



ABOUT the beginning of the last century, Old Harry was a remarkable character in London, his notoriety being established by the facetious and felicitous manner in which he described the sights to be seen in his raree-show. According to all accounts, it was quite a treat, both to old and young, to hear his learned and elaborate description of every subject and article which his attractive little cabinet contained. Pierce Tempest, in his *Cries of London*, from drawings by Marcellus Laroon, has described *Old Harry* with his cabinet on his back, strolling the streets, and bawling aloud for an audience to his *show*. Sutton Nicholls, the engraver and printseller, published two representations of him, from one of which we have taken the above sketch. Underneath the original are the following lines:—

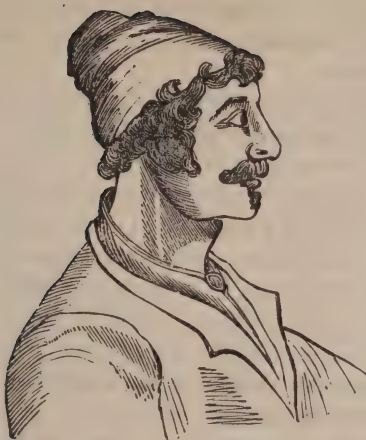
Reader, behold the Effigie of one
 Wrinkl'd by age, Decrepit and Forlorne;
 Then what's Inscrib'd beneath his picture trace,
 That shows the Man, the Picture but his Face;
 His tinkling bell doth you together call,
 To see his RARE-SHOW, Spectators all;
 That will be pleased before you by him pass,
 To pay a Farthing and look through his glass,
 Where every Object that it doth present,
 Will please your fancy, yield your mind content!
 Objects as strange in Nature as in Number,
 Such a vast many as will make you wonder;

That when you do look through his glass you'd swear.
That by one small sight you view'd a whole Fair
Of Monsters stranger than can be express'd,
There's NIPPOTATE lies among the rest.
Twelve years together he has drove this trade,
And by no upstart yet has been dismaid;
'Tis so long since he did himself betake,
To show the Louse, the Flea, and Spangl'd Snake,
His NIPPOTATE which on Raw flesh fed,
He liveing shew'd, and does the same now dead;
The Bells that he when Liveing always wore,
He wears about his neck as heretofore,
Then Buy OLD HARRY, stick him up that he
May be remembered by Posterity.

His NIPPOTATE, referred to above, was the body of a tame hedge-hog which had been a special favourite of Old Harry when alive, and which his affection for it had caused him to preserve by stuffing when it died.

According to Caulfield, Harry contrived to make a comfortable living by thus harmlessly amusing the public at a very trifling expense. In the latter period of his life, he had two or three successful rivals. He then confined his perambulations to the vicinity of Moorfields, seldom straying beyond the boundaries of Hoxton and Islington, and he was rarely known to travel westward beyond Temple-bar. It is said that he died about 1710.





MASSANIELLO.



THE history of the Revolution, effected by this obscure but remarkable person, affords one of the most striking examples on record, of the sudden and extraordinary vicissitudes which frequently occur in the affairs of nations, as well as in those of individuals.

Thomas Anello, by construction called Massaniello, was born in the year 1623, and at the time when he attracted the notice of the world, was about twenty-four years of age. He lived in a corner of the great market-place of Naples, and it was a singular circumstance, that under one of his windows were fixed the arms and name of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. That monarch had granted to the people of Naples a charter of privileges, which about this period were grossly violated. Massaniello was robust, of a good countenance, and middle size; he wore linen trousers, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot, with a mariner's cap. His profession was that of a dealer in fish, which he either caught himself or purchased for the purpose of retailing. The discontents excited in the city did not escape the observation of Massaniello; nay, so alive was he to the cause of them, that notwithstanding the meanness of his profession, he began to form a project for effecting a reformation. Going home one day violently agitated, he met with the famous Banditto Perrone, and one of his companions, as he passed by a church to which they had fled for refuge. Being known to them, they inquired what ailed him: on which he replied, that he would be bound to be hanged, if he did not right the city. They laughed at the extreme improbability of such an event,

but Massaniello swore that if he had two or three of his own humour to join him, he would keep his word. They gave him a solemn promise of assistance, and he departed.

His resolution was soon afterwards strengthened by a circumstance in which he was personally interested. Some of the officers of the customs, having met his wife carrying a small quantity of contraband flour, seized her, and carried her to prison; nor could Massaniello procure her release till he had sold the whole of his property to pay a fine of one hundred ducats as the price of her freedom. He now determined to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the popular discontents, on account of the tax on fruit, which fell particularly heavy on the lower classes; and accordingly went round among the fruit-shops in his quarter, advising the keepers of them to go in a body the next day to the market, and tell the country fruiterers that they would buy no more taxed fruit.

The market-place was frequented by a great number of boys, who assembled there to pick up such fruit as fell. Massaniello associated with them, taught them certain cries and clamours suited to his purpose, and collected such a number of them between sixteen and seventeen years of age, that at first they amounted to five hundred, and afterwards to five thousand. Of this youthful army, Massaniello acted as general, providing each of the individuals who composed it with a small cane. The shop-keepers complying with his instructions, a great tumult took place the next day between them and the fruiterers. An officer, named Anaclerio, was sent by the viceroy to quell this disturbance.

Among the fruiterers was a cousin of Massaniello, who, seconding the views of the latter, endeavoured as much as possible to inflame the people. He found that he could not sell his fruit, unless at a very low price, which, when the tax was paid, would be less than the prime cost. On this he fell into a violent rage, and threw two large baskets on the ground, exclaiming, "God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth. I care not for this fruit, let those take it that will." The boys eagerly ran to pick up and eat the fruit. At this moment Massaniello rushed in among them, crying out, "No tax! No tax!" Anaclerio threatened him with whipping and the galleys, on which not only the fruiterers but the rest of the people threw figs, apples, and other fruits with great fury in his face. Massaniello hit him on the breast with a stone, and encouraged his regiment of boys to follow his example; but Anaclerio saved his life by flight.

The people, by this time, flocked in multitudes to the market-place, loudly exclaiming against the intolerable grievances under which they groaned, and protesting their resolution to submit to them no longer. The uproar still increasing, Massaniello leaped upon the highest table among the fruiterers, and harangued the crowd. He compared himself to Moses, who delivered the Egyptians from the rod of Pharaoh; to Peter, who was a

fisherman like himself, yet rescued Rome and the world from the slavery of Satan; promising them a similar deliverance from their oppressors by his means, and declaring his readiness to sacrifice his life in such a glorious cause. By harangues of this kind, Massaniello wonderfully inflamed the minds of the people, and disposed them to assist heartily in his design.

They commenced their operations by setting fire to the house next to the toll-house for fruit, both of which were burned to the ground, with all the books, accounts, and goods they contained. All the shops were by this time shut up, and the numbers increasing, many thousands of people went in bodies to those quarters of the city where all the other toll-houses were situated. These they plundered of all their books and writings, great quantities of money and many rich movables, all of which were thrown into a great fire of straw, and burned to ashes in the streets. Meeting with no resistance, the people became still bolder, and proceeded towards the palace of the viceroy. First marched the corps of Massaniello, consisting of 2000 boys, every one holding up his cane with a piece of black cloth at the top, and with loud and doleful cries exciting the compassion, and entreating the assistance of their fellow-citizens.

On their arrival at the palace, they not only demanded, by loud cries, to be relieved from the fruit tax, but that all others, and especially the tax on corn, should be suppressed. At length they entered the palace, which they rifled, in spite of the resistance of the guards, whom they disarmed. The viceroy endeavoured to escape in his carriage, with the intention of securing himself in the church of St. Lewis, but being observed by the people, they stopped the coach, and surrounding it with drawn swords, threatened his life if he refused to take off the taxes. By means of fair promises and assurances of redress, and by throwing money among the multitude, which they were eager to pick up, he at length reached the church in safety, and ordered the doors to be shut. The people then applied to the Prince de Bisagnano, who was greatly beloved by them, to be their advocate. He promised to obtain what they desired; but, finding after much labour and fatigue, that it was impossible to restrain their licentiousness or to quell their fury, he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape from the labyrinth of popular commotion.

Finding themselves without a head, after the retirement of the prince, Massaniello was nominated by the people to be their leader, which charge he accepted. They appointed Genoino, a priest of approved knowledge, temper, and abilities, to attend his person; and for a companion they added the above-mentioned famous Banditto Perrone. By his spirit, good sense, and resolution, Massaniello gained the hearts of all the people, who became willing to confer solemnly upon him the supreme command, and to obey him accordingly. A stage was, therefore, erected in the middle of the

market-place, where, clothed in white, like the Neapolitan mariners of those days, he, with his counsellors, gave public audience, received petitions, and pronounced sentence in all cases both criminal and civil.

Massaniello now had no less than one hundred and fifty thousand persons under his command, including a multitude of women, armed like so many Amazons. A list was made out of above sixty persons who farmed the taxes, and had enriched themselves by oppressing the people, in order to be made examples to posterity. It was therefore decreed that their houses and goods should be burned; and this was done with such regularity, that no one was suffered to carry away the smallest article. Many, for stealing mere trifles from the flames, were instantly hanged in the market-place.

The viceroy, who had shut himself up in the castle, was meanwhile devising methods to bring about an accommodation. He applied to the archbishop, of whose attachment to the government he was well assured, and of whose paternal care and affection for them the people had no doubt, to second his endeavours. He agreed to give them the original charter of Charles the Fifth, which exempted them from all taxes, and likewise to grant a general pardon for all past offences. Furnished with these powers, the archbishop prevailed upon Massaniello to assemble the principal leaders of the people, and great hopes of a happy accommodation were entertained.

While this negotiation was on foot, five hundred banditti, all armed and on horseback, entered the city under pretence that they came for the service of the people, but in reality, as it afterwards appeared, for the purpose of destroying Massaniello, for they discharged several shots at him, some of which narrowly missed him. This proceeding immediately put a stop to the whole business, and it was suspected that the viceroy was concerned in the treachery. The streets were barricaded and orders were issued, that the aqueduct leading to the castle, in which were the viceroy and all the principal officers of state, should be cut off, and that no provisions should be carried thither, except a small quantity of roots and herbs.

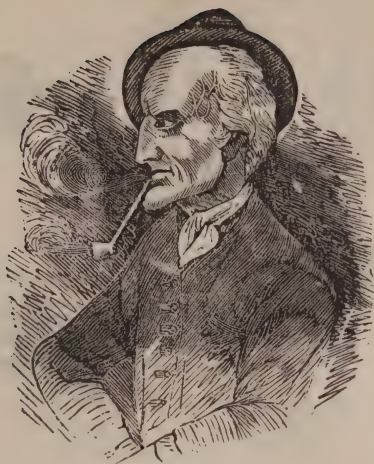
The viceroy again applied to the archbishop, charging him to assure the people of his good intentions, of his abhorrence of the design manifested by the banditti, and of his resolution to bring them to condign punishment. The treaty was renewed and soon concluded, after which it was judged proper that Massaniello should pay a visit to the viceroy in his palace. He directed that all the windows and balconies should be hung with the richest silks and tapestries that could be procured. He threw off his mariner's habit, and dressed himself in cloth of silver, with a fine plume of feathers on his hat; and mounted on a beautiful charger, with a drawn sword in his hand, he went attended by at least fifty thousand people.

During his interview with the viceroy in the balcony of the palace, he gave him surprising proofs of the ready obedience of the people; whatever cry he gave out was immediately re-echoed by the crowd, and when he put his finger to his mouth, the most profound silence prevailed. At length he ordered them all to retire, and they instantly vanished away. On the following Sunday, the stipulations were signed in the cathedral, and solemnly sworn to be observed. Massaniello, having now accomplished his designs, declared his resolution to return to his former occupation. Had he adhered to it, he might justly have been regarded as one of the greatest characters that any age or country has produced. But unfortunately being either instigated by his family, induced by fear, or allured by the sweets of power, he still retained his authority, and what was worse, he exercised it in such a capricious and tyrannical manner, that his best friends began to be afraid of him. It has been imagined that something was infused into his drink to take away his senses, or what is still more probable, that he drank to such excess as to deprive himself of reason. Be the cause, however, what it might, his conduct became singularly outrageous. He galloped through the streets like a madman, wantonly cutting and maiming every person, without distinction. The natural consequence was, that instead of being followed by the people as before, they all avoided his presence. Fatigued and exhausted by one of these paroxysms, he took refuge in the church of the Carmelites, of which the archbishop immediately sent information to the viceroy.

At this stage of the revolution, a sudden reaction took place in the public mind, and a portion of the citizens instantly turned it to the advantage of the government. Hastening to the church, they entered it, shouting, "Long live the King of Spain, and down with Massaniello!" The unfortunate man, hearing his name pronounced, came out at once, crying, "Are you looking for me, my friends? Here I am." The only answer he received was the discharge of four muskets at him, when he instantly fell, and had only time to exclaim, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!" before he expired. One of his murderers then cut off his head, which he carried to the viceroy, in sight of eight or ten thousand of the populace, assembled in the church and market-place. A more remarkable instance of the inconsistency of popular favour can scarcely be produced, for, so far from avenging the death of their captain-general, they exhibited unequivocal signs of satisfaction. Nay, no sooner was the breath out of his body, than those who had hitherto been his followers, took his mutilated corpse, and having afterwards procured his head, they first dragged them through the streets, and then threw each of them into a different ditch. The same mutability of disposition was exemplified the succeeding day, when they began to appreciate their loss, and to mourn over the fate of their idol. The mangled relics of the unfortunate Massaniello were then carefully sought, and when found

were washed from the filth by which they were defaced. A more sumptuous funeral was never seen in Naples than that which was now prepared for him. His body was followed to the cathedral by forty thousand persons of all ranks. The Spanish ensigns were lowered as it passed, and the viceroy sent out numerous attendants with torches to assist at the ceremony. The commotion began 7th of July, 1647, and terminated on the 16th of the same month. Massaniello thus ruled only nine days, but perhaps with more unlimited power than was ever enjoyed by any sovereign.





JOHN GALE.



THIS person was long familiar to the public in the metropolis, under the title of Dumb Jack. He seems to have been chiefly remarkable for some peculiarities of look and manner, being quite destitute of mental powers, and according to the Reverend Mark Noble, little better than an idiot. Caulfield, however, appreciates him at a higher rate, and describes him as rather a felicitous character, enjoying life after a manner of his own, with peculiar zest. One of his chief enjoyments was to be present at public executions; hence he was a constant attendant on occasions of that kind at Tyburn, and uniformly accompanied the unfortunate culprit from the jail to the gallows, "riding," as Caulfield says, "on the copse of the cart, and smoking his pipe with perfect decorum the whole way, seemingly quite unmoved at the passing scene." The same writer states, "that he always wore his hat in a particular direction, as in the above sketch; so much on one side as hardly to keep its place on his head; that he was seldom seen without a pipe in his mouth; and that ale and tobacco were his two grand animal gratifications." Although uncouth in his physiognomy and manner, he was a general favourite with the mobility. He lived in the reign of William the Third, and earned a livelihood chiefly in the employment of the butchers of Clare-market.

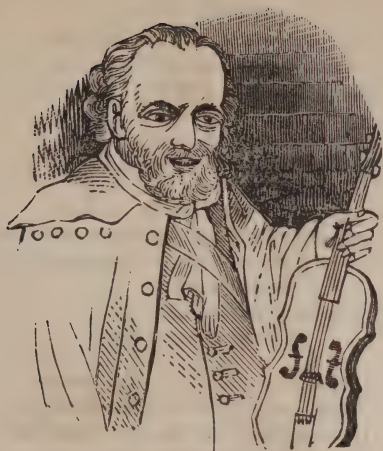


CORNELIUS CATON.



HIS little man acquired great notoriety as the keeper of a tavern at Richmond, in Surrey, in consequence of his wit, pleasantry, and singular appearance. His house, called the "White Lion," was for many years the best frequented in Richmond, and became, while kept by him, a favourite resort of the Londoners, who were attracted to it by the facetious qualities and peculiar humour of its landlord. Caton, however, was physically as well as mentally a *rara avis in*

terra. His person was of the most grotesque appearance, and so diminutive was he in stature, that he might have made a fortune by exhibiting himself as a dwarf. When he had become, as it were, a public character, Beckham, the engraver, speculated on his portrait, of which the above sketch is a copy, and it had a prodigious sale. As may easily be conceived, it also greatly increased the number of the little man's customers, for many a one made a journey from London to Richmond, with no other view than to see the landlord of the White Lion. According to Caulfield, the rise of Caton was progressive, since he did not come into public notice until he had passed through all the gradations of pot-boy, helper in the stables, and waiter at a country inn, where he prudently laid up a little hoard, which enabled him to speculate on the house at Richmond, in which he became alike successful and celebrated. His death happened about the beginning of the reign of George the Third.



PATIE BIRNIE,

A FAMOUS FIDDLER OF KINGHORN.



THIS clever scraper of catgut was a character of no small note in his day, being both a humorist and a wag, and the best musician of the district in which he lived. With these qualities, he was uniformly the life and soul of every kirk and wedding that took place for years in and around Kinghorn, during the early part of the last century. Patie wore a bushy beard, which at that time was unusual, and this gave him additional notoriety. Accordingly, his portrait was published, and as if to put the top-stone to his fame, Allan Ramsay immortalized him in the following verses:—

In sonnet slee the man I sing,
His rare engine in rhyme shall ring,
Wha slaid the stick out o'er the string
 Wi' sic an art;
Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,
 And rais'd the heart.

Kinghorn may rue the waefou day
That lighted Patie to his clay,
Wha gart the hearty billies stay,
 And spend their cash,
To see his snowt, to hear him play,
 And gab sae gash.

When strangers landed, wow sae thrang,
Fuffin and peghin, he wad gang,
And crave their pardon that sae lang
 He'd been a-coming;
Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
 And fa' to bumming.

Your honour's father, dead and gane,
 For him he first wad mak' his mane,
 But soon his face could mak' ye fain,
 When he did sough,
 "Oh wiltu, wiltu do't again!"
 And grain'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke "The auld man's mare she's dead,
 "Tho' peets and turfs and a's to lead:"
 O fye upon her!
 A bonny auld thing this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

How first he practis'd ye shall hear:—
 The harn-pan of an umquhile mare
 He strung, and strak sounds saft and clear
 Out o' the pow,
 Which fir'd his saul, and gart his ear,
 With gladness glow.

Sae some auld-gabbet poets tell
 Jove's nimble son and leckie snel
 Made the first fiddle of a shell,
 On which Apollo
 With meikle pleasure play'd himsel'
 Baith jig and solo.

O Johnny Stocks, what's come o' thee!
 I'm sure thou'lt break thy heart and die;
 Thy Birnie gane, thou'lt never be
 Nor blithe, nor able
 To shake thy short houghs merrily
 Upon a table.

How pleasant was't to see thee driddle,
 And dance sae finely to his fiddle,
 With nose forgainst a lass's middle,
 And briskly brag,
 With cutty steps to ding their striddle,
 And gar them fag.

He catch'd a crishy webster loun
 At runklung o' his deary's gown,
 And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,
 For being there;
 But starker Thrums got Patie down,
 And knoost him sair.

Wae worth the dog!—he maist had fell'd him.
 Revengefu' Pate aft green'd to geld him,
 He aw'd amends, and that he tell'd him,
 And bann'd to do't;
 He took the tid, and fairly sell'd him
 For a recruit.

Pate was a carle o' canny sense
And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,
And laid up dollars in defence
 'Gainst eild and gut;
Well judging gear in future tense
 Could stand for wit.

Yet prudent fouk may tak' the pet:
Anes thrawart porter wad na let
Him in while latter meat was hett,
 He gaw'd fou sair,
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett,
 Whilk ne'er did mair.

But profit may arise frae loss,
Sae Pate got comfort by his cross:
Soon as he wan within the close,
 He dously drew in
Mair gear frae ilka gentle goss
 Than bought a new ane.

When lying bed-fast sick and sair,
To parish priest he promis'd fair,
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:
 But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
 Strute ilka night.

The haly dad with care essays
To wile him frae his wanton ways,
And tell'd him of his promise twice;
 Pate answer'd clever,
"Wha tents what people raving says
 When in a fever?"

At Bothwell Brig he gaed to fight;
But being wise as he was wight,
He thought it shaw'd a saul but slight,
 Daftly to stand,
And let gunpowder wrang his sight,
 Or fiddle hand.

Right pawkily he left the plain,
Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,
But scour'd o'er moss and moor amain,
 To Reiky straight,
And tald how mony Whigs were slain,
 Before they faught.

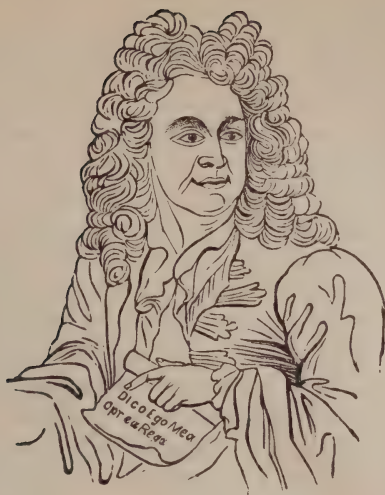
Sae I've lamented Patie's end;
But lest your grief o'er far extend,
Come dight ye'r cheeks, ye'r brows unbend,
 And lift ye'r head,
For to a' Briton be it ken'd,
 He is not dead.

Birnie, according to all accounts, was quite an original. Besides his musical talents, he possessed the knack of making tolerable verses; and some humorous songs of that period are ascribed to him. Johnny Stocks, who is referred to in the foregoing poem by Ramsay, appears to have been one of the Fiddler's satellites, who generally attended him at kirns and weddings as a professed dancer. He was a man of very small stature, but remarkably broad, as his description in the poem indicates. According to Ramsay, the humour of Birnie was not the least of his recommendations to public patronage. His looks and gestures were irresistibly comical, and his performances often consisted of recitation and singing, as well as music, his beard greatly assisting his powers of grimace. The stanza which describes him as taking the pet on one occasion, and having "flung his fiddle ower the yett," is founded on a real incident, which occurred in one of his peregrinations. The Duke of Rothes was giving an entertainment. Birnie hied himself to his grace's seat on the occasion, but being refused admission by the servants, he did what the poet states, either in a fit of passion, or from a shrewd anticipation of the consequence which actually followed. The destruction of his fiddle procured him a handsome recompense from the lords and ladies at the feast. He is described in the poem as having been at the battle of Bothwell Bridge; but he seems, like Falstaff, to have considered discretion the better part of valour, and accordingly saved his bacon by taking to his heels. Ramsay, in a note, refers to the *kittle points of faith* for which the battle was fought; but candidly says, that he could not safely assert that it was for the sake of *religion* that Birnie went to the field. From these and a few other features of his character, described by contemporaries, this facetious local minstrel appears to have merited all the notoriety he acquired, and to have been in reality

The famous fiddler of Kinghorn,
Wha gart the folk guffaw and girn ay,
Aft till the cock proclaimed the morn,
Though baith his weeds and mirth were pirny.

The word *pirny* in this last line signifies, when speaking of stuffs wrought in the loom, unequal in texture, or made of yarn of different colours, part coarse and part fine.





JOHN LAW.



HIS celebrated financial projector was a bold speculator in political economy, when that science was yet in its infancy. His father was a goldsmith in Edinburgh, where he was born in April, 1671. He received a liberal education, and made considerable progress in polite literature; but his favourite study was finance, as connected with national prosperity. Having visited London in 1694, his talents and accomplishments procured him a ready admission into the first circles. Possessing an elegant person and an easy address, he also became a favourite with the fair, and his gallantries acquired him considerable notoriety in fashionable life. One of his intrigues having involved him in a quarrel with a Mr. Wilson, a duel took place, and Law killed his antagonist. He was immediately committed to the King's Bench prison, but contrived to make his escape, and retired to the Continent. After remaining there a considerable time, he returned to Edinburgh in 1700, and made himself conspicuous by publishing a pamphlet, entitled "Proposals and Reasons for Constituting a Council of Trade." This brochure was favourably received, and procured him the patronage of several noblemen, in consequence of which, he was induced, in 1703, to publish another plan for removing the difficulties the nation then laboured under, from the great scarcity of money, and the insolvency of the bank. This proposal being made at a time when the people of Scotland were extremely dispirited, and their commerce severely injured by the failure of the Darien expedition, many thought favourably of it, and not a few were sanguine enough to suppose that it would go far to remedy every existing evil. The plan appears to have been founded upon the notion, which was long prevalent among speculative men, that as

current money is the representative of lands and goods, there may be at any time circulating money in a country equal to the whole price of all the lands and goods belonging to the nation ; the money and the property being regarded as the representatives and counterparts of each other. It was likewise supposed that this money might safely be made to consist of paper or promissory notes ; and thus it was thought that, by issuing abundance of notes on the security of lands and goods, money might be made to abound in such an enormous degree, that the Scots would be enabled to equal, in their activity and commercial enterprises, the wealthy states of England and Holland. Now that farther experience has instructed mankind better upon this subject, it seems strange that so obvious a fact should have been overlooked, as that money only represents goods or lands which are brought to market ; and that in the course of one day a guinea may pass through ten different hands, or may become the means of buying and selling ten times its own value in goods. Thus in the course of a year, a guinea may represent property to the amount of two or three thousand times its own worth. Law's project for the exaltation of Scotland consisted of constituting a council of trade, under the control of parliament, with power to issue notes, which were to be circulated in three ways : 1st, By purchasing lands, and paying the price in these notes ; 2dly, By purchasing lands at a full price, to be paid in these notes ; but with a power of redemption for a certain time in favour of the seller ; and, lastly, By lending money to proprietors of land at ordinary interest, to the extent of two-thirds of the value of their land. It was alleged that the security of the notes would be undoubted, being thus uniformly fixed upon land ; and that they would be preferred to gold and silver. And it was proposed to declare them a legal tender of payment, or to compel the acceptance of them in all transactions.

The Scottish nation have usually been extremely fond of novelties, and ready to run eagerly into them. On this occasion, however, a majority of the parliament resolved that it was improper to oblige the public to receive paper money of any sort. The scheme is said to have been considered as extremely practicable ; but an apprehension was entertained that, by means of Law's scheme, government would become the creditor, and thereby the master of every proprietor of land in the nation.

Law, thus unsuccessful in procuring the acceptance of his scheme in his own country, next visited the principal cities on the continent of Europe. His personal address, and his uncommon skill and success as a gamester, procured him countenance and support in all countries. He settled at last in Paris, and was there during the regency of the Duke of Orleans as guardian of Louis XV. The expensive wars by which the ambition of Louis XIV. exhausted France, had brought the national finances into such a state of embarrassment, that a bankruptcy on the part of government seemed inevitable. Law stood forward at this critical juncture with his

projects for creating paper money, in which he alleged that no nation could sufficiently abound. With a people much more volatile than the Scots, his projects were received with boundless avidity; and he speedily rose to be comptroller-general of the finances of France. He created, what had not been permitted in Scotland, a royal bank, and united with it the plan of a company for colonizing Louisiana; the access to which territory being by the river Mississippi, gave to his project the name of the Mississippi scheme. This project went so far as to vest the whole privileges, effects, and possessions of all the foreign companies, the great farms, the profits of the mint, the general receipt of the king's revenue, and the management and property of the bank, in one great company, who thus having in their hands all the trade, taxes, and royal revenues, might be enabled to multiply the notes of the bank to any extent they pleased, doubling or even trebling at will the circulating cash of the kingdom; and, by the vast extent of their funds, possessed of a power to carry the foreign trade, and the culture of the colonies, to a height altogether impracticable by other means. This monstrous attempt at monopoly was so specious in detail that it was hailed with universal applause. Thousands embarked in it with enthusiasm. The *actions*, or shares, were greedily bought up; and such was the rage for speculation, that even the unimproved parts of the new colony were actually sold for 30,000 livres the square league! But the delusion did not stop here. In consequence of the company promising an annual dividend of 200 livres per share, the price of *actions* rose from 550 to 5000 livres, and the mania for purchasing their stock spread over the nation like wild-fire. Every class, clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen and princes, nay, even ladies, who had or could produce money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other with such avidity, that in November, 1719, after some fluctuations, the price of *actions* rose to above 10,000 livres, or more than sixty times the sum for which they were originally sold!!! The bubble, however, soon burst. As no provision was made for preserving the credit of the paper money, by giving specie in exchange for it on demand, it soon sunk in value; and along with it the shares of the Louisiana company. The bank and the company became at once insolvent, and along with them the government itself. Law was under the necessity of flying from the kingdom to escape the fury of a people who had recently looked up to him with a sort of adoration. He ultimately retired to Venice; where, in the year 1729, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, he died in obscurity and indigence. His property, however, in the parish of Cramond (Lauriston) still belongs to his family, who from his time have been settled in France. It is in the memory of every one, that the ratification of the short-lived treaty of peace, concluded during the administration of Mr. Ad-dington, was brought to London by an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte, citizen Lauriston. the owner of the mansion of that name.



WHITTINGTON,

THE FAMOUS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



It cannot be doubted that many fabulous circumstances have crept into the early history of this remarkable character. As no authentic account of his life is extant, and it is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain the truth of many particulars recorded of him, we are obliged to follow the popular tradition, leaving it to the judgment of the reader to decide what he ought to believe and what to reject.

Richard Whittington was born in Shropshire, which he left at an early age, about the year 1368, and repaired to the metropolis. By the way he chiefly subsisted on the charity of well-disposed persons, and on his arrival in London, he made an application to the prior of the hospital of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where he was kindly relieved; and being handy and willing, was soon put into an inferior post in the house. How long he remained here, is uncertain; but to this charitable foundation he was certainly indebted for his first support in London. His next reception was in the family of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant, whose house was in the Minories, near the Tower. Here he undoubtedly acted as under scullion, for his keep only.

In this situation he met with many crosses and difficulties; for the servants made sport of him; and particularly the cook, who was of a morose temper, used him very ill, and not unfrequently with a sturdy arm laid the ladle across his shoulders; so that to keep in the family, he had many a mortification to endure; but his patience carried it off, and at last he grew used to her choleric disposition.

This was not the only misfortune under which he laboured, for lying in

a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost ready at times to dispute the possession with him, and full as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, so that he knew not what to think of his condition or how to mend it. After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry, or die, or quit her service; and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after a merchant came to dinner, and it raining exceedingly, he stayed all night. The next morning, Whittington having cleaned his shoes, this gentleman gave him a penny. Going along the streets on an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm, and desired to know the price of her: the woman praised her for a good mouser, and told him sixpence; but he declaring that a penny was all his stock, she let him have her. He took the cat home, and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague; but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom of the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give him a greater blessing for his endeavours, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes. Just at this juncture he had a ship ready to sail, and all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities; but his young mistress being present, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, she ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses. Being, however, constrained to come, he said he hoped they would not jeer a poor simpleton for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could lay claim to as his own was but a poor cat, which he had bought for one penny, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him. On this the young lady offered to lay something down for him, but her father told her that according to the custom, what he ventured must be his own. He then ordered him to bring his cat, which he did, but with great reluctance, and with tears delivered her to the master of the ship, called the Unicorn, which had fallen down to Blackwall, in order to proceed on her voyage.

No sooner had this vessel arrived at Algiers than the intelligence reached the Dey, who immediately ordered the captain and officers to wait upon him with presents; for then, as well as now, nothing could be done without a bribe. After this first ceremony was over, trade went briskly on, at the conclusion of which his Moorish majesty gave a grand entertainment, which was served upon carpets, interwoven with gold. This feast was no sooner served up than the scent of the various dishes brought together a number of rats who unmercifully fell on all that came in their way.

These audacious and destructive vermin did not show any symptoms of

fear upon the approach of the company, but on the contrary, kept to it as if they only were invited. This excited the astonishment of the captain and his people, who, interrogating the Algerines, were informed that a very great price would be given by the Dey, for a riddance of those vermin, which were grown so numerous and offensive, that not only his table, but his private apartments and bed, were so infested, that he was forced to be constantly watched for fear of being devoured.

This information put the English immediately in mind of poor Dick Whittington's cat, which had done them great service on the passage : and wishing to serve the youth, thought this the best time to come forward with the little industrious animal. Accordingly she was brought the next day, when her presence suddenly kept off most of the vermin ; a few only of the boldest daring to venture forward, she dispatched them with wonderful celerity. This pleased his Highness so much, that he immediately made very advantageous proposals to the factor of the ship for the possession of this surprising and useful animal. At first the crew seemed very reluctant to part with her ; but his liberality soon overcame every objection ; and her purchase amounted, in various commodities, to a very large sum. During the time the English remained here, her industry in destroying those vermin so completely pleased the Moorish chief, that on their departure he again loaded them with rich presents.

The cook, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, incessantly persecuted the youth on account of his penury, so that he grew weary of enduring it, and resolved rather to try his fortune again in the wide world, than lead such a disagreeable life. Accordingly he set out early on Allhallows morning, resolving to go into the country, and get into a more agreeable service.

As he went over Finsbury Moor, since called Moorfields, his mind began to fail ; he hesitated, and halted several times : he grew pensive, and his resolution left him. In this solitary manner he wandered on till he reached Holloway, where he sat down upon a large stone, which is still called Whittington's stone. Here he began to ruminate upon his ill-luck, and in the depth of his meditation, he suddenly heard Bow bells begin to ring. This attracted his attention ; and as he listened, he fancied they called him back again to his master. The more he hearkened, the more he became confirmed in this notion, conceiving that the bells expressed the following distich :—

"Return again Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

This proved a happy thought for him ; and it made so great an impression on his fancy, that finding it early, and thinking he might get back before the family were stirring, he instantly returned and entered unperceived, to pursue his usual daily drudgery.

Things were in this situation when the news arrived of the success of the voyage. When the bill of lading was presented to the merchant, the principal part was found to belong to Whittington, among which was a cabinet of rich jewels, the last present of the Dey. This was the first thing brought to Mr. Fitzwarren's house, it being deemed too valuable to remain on board. When the servants' goods for their ventures were all brought up to be divided, Whittington's portion was too bulky to be unpacked before them; but the pearls and jewels alone were estimated at several thousand pounds.

This story, however improbable, is not without a parallel in the history of another country, for in a description of Guinea, published in 1665, it is recorded how Alphonso, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, and being presented by the king with his weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice, and an ointment to kill their flies; this he improved within five years to six thousand pounds on the place, and returning to Portugal after fifteen years' traffic, became, not like Whittington the second, but the third man in the kingdom.

The humility of Whittington's mind prevented him from displaying the least degree of arrogance, petulance, or superciliousness, on this sudden change of his fortune. At first he could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit the scullery, but Mr. Fitzwarren, who, it would appear, took him into partnership, omitted no opportunity of promoting his interest, introducing him at court and to the principal characters in the city.

In this new career Whittington's success must have been truly extraordinary, for we find that in a few years, King Edward III., being at war with France, and soliciting of his subjects a subsidy to carry it on, Whittington paid towards the contribution offered by the city of London, no less than ten thousand pounds, an astonishing sum in those days, for an individual's share, when it is considered that history has almost left us in the dark as to the remuneration expected. Be that as it may, history places it in the forty-sixth year of the king's reign, A. D. 1372. The success did not answer his great expectations, for his fleet was dispersed by contrary winds, and he was forced to disband his soldiers.

What contributed much at this time in favour of Whittington, was the absence of the Lombard merchants, who withdrew themselves from London, on account of the oppressions of the king, which became excessive towards the latter end of his reign, for continual draughts to support his ambition in France. These, and the Jews abroad, conducted at that time the whole financial commerce of the city of London; but Mr. Whittington, upon their departure, came in for a considerable share of it.

In the fifty-second year of Edward's reign, the Lords and Commons granted the king a poll-tax of fourpence a head, for every man and woman passing the age of fourteen years, beggars excepted. The king demanding

of the city of London to advance him £4000 upon this poll, and the mayor, Adam Staple, proving backward in complying, he was by the king turned out of that office, and Sir Richard Whittington put into his place, to finish the year; and this is the first mention of his being knighted, and of his great importance in the city at that time, being only about ten years after his first coming thither.

According to Stow, Sir Richard Whittington was a great dealer in wool, leather, cloth, and pearls, which were universally worn at that time by the ladies. In 1377, the first year of King Richard the II., he was called by summons to the parliament that met at London.

In 1395, the eighteenth of this king's reign, Edmund, Duke of York, the king's uncle, held a parliament at London, the king being absent in Ireland, and relating to the citizens the great straits the king was reduced to in Ireland, they granted him a tenth upon their personal estates; first protesting that they were not in rigour of right obliged to do it, but that they did it out of affection. The mission to this parliament, we are particularly informed by Sir Robert Cotton, from Leland's papers, was managed by the uprightness of Sir Richard Whittington. It also appears from the parliamentary rolls, that the citizens only granted this for four years, on condition that it should be bestowed upon the wars; that the king should be advised by his council; and that the wars ceasing before the time expired, payment might terminate.

Thus he grew in riches and fame the most considerable of the citizens, greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, several hundreds of whom he publicly or secretly assisted or supplied.

About this time it was that he married his master's daughter, Miss Fitzwarren. According to the pretorian banner, once existing in Guildhall, but destroyed by the fire which consumed the city archives, Whittington served his first mayoralty in 1397. He was now near forty years of age, and was chosen into the office by his fellow citizens, whose approbation of his conduct, after having once before filled the office, when put in by King Edward, is a proof that he was a good, loyal, and patriotic man.

He was one of those who went from the city to the Tower to King Richard II., to put him in mind of his promise to relinquish the government; and was upon that constituted one of the king's proxies to declare his renunciation. According to Stow and Collier, he assisted at the coronation of Henry IV. when he took the oath of homage and allegiance to him. He assisted at the great council which that king soon after summoned, to demand aid of the lords spiritual and temporal against his enemies, the kings of France and Scotland, who were then preparing to invade England; in which council the city of London, as well as the barons and clergy, unanimously granted the king a tenth to support him in the war which was undertaken by Charles IX. of France to restore his father-in-law,

Richard II., who was yet alive. Whittington's name stands second, Scroop, Archbishop of York, being first, of those privy councillors who were commissioned to treat on the king's part, with the Earl of Northumberland, about the exchange of castles and lands. But the designs of Whittington and the city were frustrated by the death of the unfortunate Richard.

Whittington's second mayoralty occurred in 1406. His third and last service of mayor, happened in 1419, in Henry IV.'s time, in which situation he behaved with his usual prudence. Though age had now taken off much of his activity, yet he was the most vigilant magistrate of his time. Soon after Henry's conquest of France, Sir Richard entertained him and his queen at Guildhall, in such grand style, that he was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject;" and conferred upon some of the aldermen the honour of knighthood.

At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves, and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said, he would endeavour to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore, and threw into the fire, the king's bond for 10,000 marks, due to the company of mercers; 12,500 to the chamber of London; 12,000 to the grocers; to the staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, 3000 marks each. "All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of £60,000 sterling. Can your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the remainder of his days in honourable retirement, in his house in Grub Street, beloved by the rich and the poor. By his wife he left two sons. He built many charitable houses, and founded a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael. Here he constructed a handsome vault, for the sepulchre of his father and mother-in-law, and the remainder of the Fitzwarren family, and there himself and wife afterwards were interred.

In 1413, he founded an alms-house and college in the Vintry. The latter was suppressed by order of council in King Edward VI.'s time: but the former, on College-hill, still remain.

The munificence of Whittington, it would appear, though he was an inhabitant of Vintry Ward, was felt and acknowledged all over the city. The library of the famous church of the gray friars, near the spot where Christ Church, in Newgate street, now stands, was founded by him in 1429. In three years it was filled with books to the value of £556, of which Sir Richard contributed £400, the rest being supplied by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar. This was about thirty years before the invention of printing. He also rebuilt Newgate, contributed largely to the repairs of Guildhall, and endowed Christ's Hospital with a considerable sum.

Whittington, as well as his master, Mr. Fitzwarren, was a mercer. How long he lived is uncertain, as his Latin epitaph in the church of St. Michael, called Paternoster, in the Vintry, where he was buried, does not specify his birth. His will, however, is dated December 21, 1423. In the above-mentioned church, Sir Richard Whittington was three times buried; first by his executors, under a handsome monument; then in the reign of Edward VI., when the parson of the church, thinking to find great riches in his tomb, broke it open and despoiled the body of its leaden sheet, then burying it a second time. In the reign of Queen Mary, she obliged the parishioners to take up the body, and restore the lead as before, and it was again buried; and so he remained till the great fire of London violated his resting-place a third time. This church also, which his piety had founded, together with a college and almshouses near the spot, became a prey to the flames in the great conflagration of 1666.

The capital house called Whittington College, with the garden, was sold to Armagill Wade, in the second year of Edward VI. The almshouses which he founded for thirteen poor men, are still supported by the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member, and in whose custody are still extant the original ordinances of Sir Richard Whittington's charity, made by his executors, Coventre, Carpenter, and Grove. The first page, curiously illustrated, represents Whittington lying on his death-bed, his body very lean and meagre, with his three executors, a priest, and some other persons, standing by his bed-side.

Dame Alice, the wife of Sir Richard, died in the 63d year of her age; after which he never re-married, though he outlived her near twenty years. At last, he expired, like the patriarch, full of age and honour, leaving a good name and an excellent example to posterity. The following curious epitaph is said to have been cut on the upper stone of his vault, and to have continued perfect till destroyed by the fire of London:—

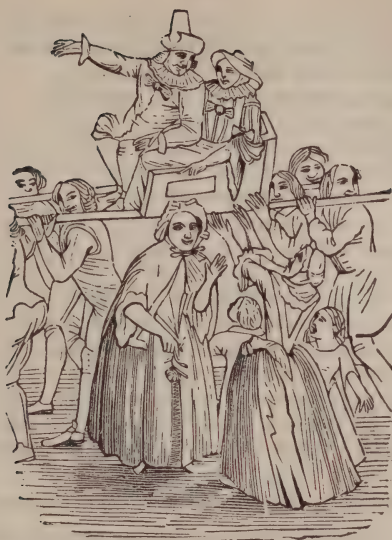
M. S.

Beneath this stone lies Whittington,
Sir Richard rightly named;
Who three times Lord Mayor served in London,
In which he ne'er was blamed.

He rose from Indigence to Wealth,
By Industry and that,
For lo' he scorned to gain by stealth,
What he got by a Cat.

Let none who reads this verse despair
Of Providence's ways:
Who trust in him, he'll make his care,
And prosper all their days.

Then sing a requiem to departed merit,
And rest in peace till death demands his spirit



THOMAS SHAKESHAFT,

LAST CLAIMANT OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON.



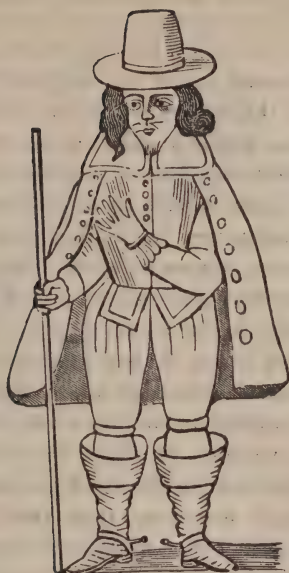
CUSTOM anciently prevailed in England, by which any wedded pair, who, at the expiry of twelve months, could take a certain oath in evidence of their continence and perfect connubial happiness, during that period, might claim from the lord of the manor in which they resided, a gammon of bacon. At Dunmow, in Essex, which was formerly a priory, the custom is still in force, but we believe the bacon has not been claimed for nearly a century. Thomas Shakeshaft, of the parish of Weathersfield, weaver, and Ann, his wife, were the last claimants to whom it was awarded, and this event took place on the 20th of June, 1751. Shakeshaft is accordingly renowned as the last of the very few persons who were enabled to test the custom and compel its fulfilment. The above sketch, taken from an original print, published at the time, represents the happy couple paraded in triumph by the inhabitants of the district, as was the rule on such extraordinary occasions. As this singular custom is curiously characteristic of ancient manners in England, we subjoin the oath prescribed to the claimants, and the ceremony which follows the taking of it:—

OATH.

You shall swear, by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression,
Since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife;
Or otherwise, in bed, or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word;
Or since the parish-clerk said Amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or, in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way,
But continued true and in desire,
As when you joined hands in holy quire:
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is our custom, at Dunmow, well known,
Though the sport be ours, the bacon's your own.

While taking this oath, the parties kneel down upon two bare stones, within the church door, in presence of the clerical officials. The ceremony being finished, custom enjoins that the happy pair be taken upon men's shoulders, in a chair kept for that purpose, and carried round the site of the priory, from the church to the house, with minstrels of every description; the gammon of bacon being borne high on a pole before the procession, which is attended by the steward, gentlemen, and officers of the manor, as well as by the several inferior tenants, carrying wands and other insignia. The jury of twelve, composed of six bachelors and six maidens, who find for the claimants, after taking the oath, follow two and two. After them come the multitude, old and young, from all quarters of the district. On the occasion of Shakeshaft's triumph, an immense crowd of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, and rent the air with acclamations. The picture, which was painted in commemoration of the event, contained the portraits of the affectionate and happy couple. It is not less singular than true, that the Dunmow flitch has only been claimed six times since the institution of the custom in 1111; so rare are the instances of perfect conjugal felicity!





MATTHEW HOPKINS, WITCH-FINDER GENERAL.



THE frequency of accusations of witchcraft and executions for that supposed crime, during the seventeenth century, may be traced back to the publication of our weak and witch-ridden monarch, James the First, entitled *Dæmonologia*; or, a discourse on witchcraft. Fortunately for the present age, the belief in the arts of necromancy, magic, and sorcery, is now exploded from the enlightened classes of society, and confined only to individuals the most illiterate and the most credulous. Of the mischiefs resulting from such notions, the subjoined account of the havoc committed by one person only, affords ample evidence. The reader, while he peruses it with astonishment and horror, will not fail to discover in it a signal example of the retributive justice of Providence.

Matthew Hopkins resided at Manningtree, in Essex, and was witch-finder for the associated counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire. In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, assisted by one John Stern, he brought many poor wretches to the fatal tree, for witchcraft. He hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this villain's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in special marks, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, that frequently grow large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly

supposed to be teats to suckle imps. His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming, upon this experiment, was deemed a sufficient proof of guilt; for which King James (who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it) assigned a ridiculous reason, that "as some persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices, were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond; if they floated or swam, they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent, they were only drowned. The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was, upon the event, condemned, and, as it seems, executed as a wizard. Dr. Zach. Grey says that he had seen an account of between three and four thousand persons who suffered death for witchcraft in the king's dominions, from 1643 to the restoration of Charles the Second. In a letter from Serjeant Widrington to Lord White-locke, mention is made of another fellow of the same profession as Hopkins. This wretch received twenty shillings a head for every witch that he discovered, and thereby obtained rewards amounting to thirty pounds. Dr. Grey supposes, with great reason, that Hopkins is the man meant in the following lines by Butler:—

"Has not the present parliament
A lodger to the devil sent:
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not, within a year,
Hang'd *threescore* of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd:
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd,
Who after proved himself a witch
And made a rod for his own breech."

Hudib. P. ii. Cant. 3.

In an old print of this execrable character, he is represented with two witches. One of them named Holt, is supposed to say, "My Impes are— 1. Ilemauzyr; 2. Pye-wackett; 3. Pecke in the Crown; 4. Grieze, Griediegutt." Four animals attend; Jarmara, a black dog; Sacke and Sugar, a hare; Newes, a ferret; Vinegar Tom, a bull-headed greyhound. This print is in the Pepysian library.



OLD PARR.



HE celebrated Thomas Par or Parr, was one of the oldest post-diluvians, of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, published a pamphlet, entitled "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man; or, The Age, and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the county of Salopp, (or Shropshire,)

who was born in the reign of King Edward the IVth, and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635."

From this scarce performance, which is almost the only work of authenticity that contains any particulars concerning the venerable subject of this article, we shall present the reader with a few extracts.

"The right honourable Thomas Earl of Arundell and Surrey, earl marshall of England, &c., being lately in Shropshire to visit some lands and manors, which his lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his, named Lucye, should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheere up the olde man, and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foole, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These

all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journies, the charges being allowed by his lordship; and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expences; all of which was done accordingly as followeth.

"Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alberbury, near a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury, from whence he was carried to Wim, a towne of the earle's aforesaid; and the next day to Sheffnall, a mannour house of his lordship's, where they likewise staid one night; from Sheffnall they came to Woolverhampton, and the next day to Brimicham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelley had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest; for they came in such multitudes to see the olde man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly. that Brian was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to or to gaze after novelties.

"The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daventry, to Stony Stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship."

The Water Poet next proceeds to inform us, in verse, that "John Parr, (a man that lived by husbandry,)

"Begot this Thomas Parr, and born was hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty-three.
And as his father's living and his trade,
Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill, and spade;
The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork and goad,
And whip, and how to load and to unload:
Old Tom hath shew'd himself the son of John,
And from his father's function has not gone."

He then continues:—

"Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appeares,
Nine monthes, one hundred and fifty and two yeares.
For by records, and true certificate,
From Shropshire late, relations doth relate,
That hee liv'd seventeen yeares with John his father,
And eighteen with a master, which I gather
To be full thirty-five; his sire's decease
Left him four yeares possession of a lease;
Which past, Lewis Porter, gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen;
That lease expir'd, the son of Lewis, called John,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,

Then Hugh, the son of John (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
A lease for's life these fifty years outrun;
And till olde Thomas Parr, to earth againe
Returne, the last lease must his own remaine."

The Water Poet here states a curious anecdote of Old Parr's craft in endeavouring to overreach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord, one Master John Porter, for his life, with which lease hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this olde man would, for his wife's sake, renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old Parr, having been long blind, sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceived Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, 'Husband, our young landlord is coming hither.' 'Is he so?' said old Parr, 'I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe,' which she did, and when Master Porter, yet forty yeares old, was come into the house, after salutations between them, the olde man said, 'Wife, is not that a pin which lies at my foot?' 'Truly husband,' quoth she, 'it is a pin indeed,' so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the olde man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

With respect to his matrimonial connections, Taylor says:—

"A tedious time a batchelour hee tarried,
Full eighty years of age before he married—
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailtie's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore years might find,
In Salop's countie, females fair and kind:
But what have I to do with that? let passe,
At th' age aforesaid hee first married was
To Jane, John Taylor's daughter; and 'tis said,
That shee (before hee had her) was a mayd.
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then shee dy'd (as all good wives will doe).
Shee dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay,
Then once more ventred in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife Jane,
He took another of that name againe—
(With whom hee now doth live,) she was a widow
To one nam'd Anthony (and surnam'd Adda)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of Gilsett's parish, in Montgom'ry-shiere,
The daughter of John Floyde (corruptly Flood)
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian blood."

Of Thomas Parr's issue, the same writer says, in plain prose, "Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter; the boye's name was John, and lived but ten weekes, the girle was named Joan, and she lived but three weekes."

The Reverend Mr. Granger, in his *Biographical History of England*, says, that "At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, who had a child to him; and was, after that æra of his life, employed in threshing and other husbandry work. When he was about an hundred and fifty-two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king (Charles I.) said to him, "you have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did penance when I was an hundred years old."

The concluding scene of Old Parr's life is thus described by Taylor:—

"——— His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone (but one) his sight bereft,
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold;
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall trunk,
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quick, his stomacke good,
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry;
Loves company, and understanding talke,
And, on both sides held up, will sometimes walk.
And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
Hee hath ben handsome, and is comely still:
Well fac'd; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neate it grows, not like a beard neglected."

Thomas Parr seems to have been a man of very different stamina from the rest of mankind, as Dr. Fuller tells us that he was thus "characterized by an eye-witness:—

"From head to heel, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

John Taylor concludes his account of this wonderful old man, by saying, "that it appeares hee hath outlived the most part of the people near there (meaning Alberbury) three times over."

Old Parr did not long survive his removal to the metropolis, where he died on the 15th of November, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the change of air and diet, together with the trouble of numerous visitors, must have accelerated his death.

Parr, and the Countess of Desmond, were productions of the fifteenth century, but the sixteenth gave birth to Henry Jenkins, and the seventeenth seems to have been also fruitful of longevity in the British islands. "I have

in my life," says Sir William Temple, "met with two of above a hundred and twelve; whereof the woman had passed her life in service, and the man in common labour, till he grew old, and fell upon the parish. But I met with one who had gone a much greater length; it was a man who begged his bread, and was a hundred and twenty-four years old. He told me he had been a soldier in the Cales' voyage, under the Earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account; that after his return he fell to labour in his own parish; that he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled, he fell to beg. His food was generally milk, bread and cheese, and his liquor was procured him from the best spring in the parish. He had a neighbour who was three years older than himself, and had been his fellow-soldier at Cales; but he had been in a good service, and had something to live upon, now that he was old." These particular instances of longevity, and various others noticed in our history, corroborate the concurring testimony of ancient authors, "that the inhabitants of the British isles were longer lived than those of most other nations," and there can be no doubt that we can produce more and greater examples of this kind than any other country in Europe.





COUNTESS OF DESMOND.



IF longevity be the test of a salubrious climate, the British islands may be considered as more highly favoured by nature, in this particular, than almost any other region of the globe. We have just given a very remarkable instance in Old Parr, of longevity, in England; we shall now produce an instance from Ireland, a country where such examples are, perhaps, still more frequent.

Catherine, Countess of Desmond, was of the family of the Fitzgeralds of Drumana, in the county of Waterford. In the reign of Edward IV., she married James the fourteenth Earl of Desmond, and visiting England during the same reign, danced at court with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Sir Walter Raleigh assures us, that in his time she was not less remarkable for sprightliness than for her age. It is probable that her dancing days were not over when a century of her life had elapsed; for, being reduced to poverty by the ruin of the house of Desmond by an attainder, she undertook a journey from Bristol to London, at the age of one hundred and forty, to solicit some relief from the court. Sir William Temple asserts that she lived some years after this, and the celebrated Bacon informs us that she twice, at least, renewed her teeth. The year of her death is uncertain, but it is agreed that when she died she must have been several years above 140. Longevity, however, was common about that time, for it is related, that in the reign of James I., a morrice-dance was exhibited in Herefordshire, consisting of twelve persons, whose ages, added together, amounted to twelve hundred years! The wonder is not that so many, in one small county, should live to that age, but that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance.



HENRY EVANS,

BORN 1642, AND DIED 1771.



HIS person is only remarkable as an instance of longevity in the dense atmosphere of London. He was a native of Wales, and of a race distinguished even in Cambria, for attaining to a great age. At what period he came to reside in the metropolis has not been ascertained, but it is certain that he lived many years in Spital Street, Spitalfields, where he died in 1771. There have been disputes about the date of his birth, some asserting that it was in 1606, but this would have made him 165, or nearly as old as Henry Jenkins. Caulfield thinks that he has been confounded erroneously with another Henry Evans, born at Caernarvon, and who was 104 in 1710, and shows this to be inconsistent with the fact of the Spitalfields Evans, having been just seven years old when Charles I. was beheaded, which ascertains his birth to have been in 1642. He was consequently just 129 when he died. It is said that he retained all his faculties to the last.

In correcting the dates which ascertain Evans's age, Caulfield gives an instance of the improper means sometimes taken to procure parish certificates. Donald McLeod, an old sailor, travelled from Edinburgh to London, accompanied by a female of middle age, who passed for his wife, and they carried a certificate which bore that he was in his 102d year. The principal object of this was to get him into Chelsea Hospital. It turned out, however, that Donald had taken his father's certificate, he himself being only about seventy. The cheat being thus discovered, the poor old man died of vexation and disappointment. This occurred in 1792.



JANE SCRIMSHAW,

BORN 1584, DIED 1711



HIS female is not otherwise remarkable except as having lived during the reign of eight sovereigns, from Elizabeth to Anne, and attained, like Henry Evans, a great age in the dense atmosphere of London. She was born there on the 3d of April, 1584, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone. Her father is described as Mr. Thomas Scrimshaw, wool-stapler, but he must have been in humble circumstances at his death, as we find that the daughter, when little more than forty years of age, was under the necessity of seeking an asylum in Merchant Taylors' Alms-house, near Little Tower-hill, where she resided till the year 1711, or upwards of eighty consecutive years. In consequence of her great age at that time, her portrait was taken, and it bears an inscription which describes her as being then in good health. She died, however, on the 25th of December the same year, a short time after she had been removed to Rosemary-lane workhouse. She was one hundred and twenty-seven years old, and had never been married. Her death is supposed to have been accelerated by vexation in consequence of her removal from Merchant Taylors' Alms-house to the workhouse in Rosemary-lane.

We have a more recent instance of metropolitan longevity in the person of Elizabeth Alexander, who resided in Hanway Street, Tottenham-court road. She was living there in 1810, and when upwards of 108, so perfect were her faculties, that when walking in the streets, if looked after, she would quickly turn to observe if any part of her dress was soiled or in disorder. Her walk would frequently extend to Camden Town, a distance of two miles, in order to see her friends.



DANIEL LAMBERT.



WHILE this extraordinary person lived, his immense bulk and other peculiarities made him not only an object of surprise and wonder to the multitude, but of curious and interesting speculation to the man of science and the medical practitioner. It was impossible to behold his excessive corpulence, without being astonished that he was not suffocated by such an accumulation of fat; but when the spectator ascertained that his breathing was perfectly free, and his respiration not in the least obstructed, even in sleep, that astonishment was proportionably augmented. Altogether, he was considered by his contemporaries as one of the greatest wonders of his time. We shall proceed to give a few particulars of his life and character.

Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the very extraordinary bulk to which Mr. Lambert attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to inquire whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor were any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of game-keeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert, senior, consisted,

besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters, who were both women of common size.

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the profession of his father and his uncle, and have yet to observe that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cock-fighting, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lambert was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor & Co., at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795, by which the celebrated Dr. Priestley was so considerable a sufferer.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert, ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he was afterwards distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, Mr. Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he

attributed to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Mr. Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich, in company with the keeper of the county jail of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years, Mr. Lambert was an excellent swimmer, and such was his celebrity, that all the young people in his native town who were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. We have heard him relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Mr. Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter, 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forbore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufactures of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of £50 for life, without any solicitation whatever, and what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Mr. Lambert, notwithstanding his gross appearance, was a man of nice feelings, and it was with much difficulty that he was brought to entertain the idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at

Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence had spread over the adjacent country to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising means of gratifying, in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself to Mr. Lambert, he first took care to inquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and inquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert, who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined, "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask. After considerable hesitation, Mr. Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced, he said he wished to inquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Mr. Lambert, perceiving from his manner the real nature of his errand, "she was got by impertinence out of curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniencies without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, Mr. Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough to admit him, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort than of an exhibition; and as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he received.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Mr. Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion. The very Quakers by whom he was visited, felt themselves *moved* to take off their hats. It is but natural to suppose that among the numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus, one day, a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the com-

pany were uncovered, observed to Mr. Lambert's attendant, that he would not take off his hat, even if the king were present. This rude remark being uttered in the hearing of Mr. Lambert, he immediately replied, as the stranger entered,—“Then, by G——, sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their company.”

Many of the visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; nay, one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

Mr. Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as Mr. Lambert had been described to be by one of their neighbours, who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage. A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Among the many visitors of Mr. Lambert, the celebrated Polish Dwarf, Count Boruwlaski, was not the least interesting. Mr. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see the count, and such was the strength of the little man's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon Lambert, in Piccadilly, before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Mr. Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him. “Not many,” answered Boruwlaski. “I take good large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of a yard.” At this rate, one of Lambert's sleeves would have been abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of Mr. Lambert's legs. “Ah, mine Got!” he exclaimed, “pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased, for I did hear it was deception.” Mr. Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied, “No, she is dead, and,” putting his finger significantly to his nose, “I am not very sorry, for when I affront her, she put me on the mantel-shelf for punishment.”

The many characters that introduced themselves to Mr. Lambert's observation in the metropolis, furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enabled him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front, almost close to Mr. Lambert, made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them. "What do you dislike most?" asked the beau. "*To be bored with a quizzing-glass,*" was the reply.

A person asking him, in a very rude way, the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation, that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "If I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion, a lady was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, Madam," answered Mr. Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you into a method of obtaining the information you want. If you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it cost."

A person who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking several grossly impertinent questions. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Mr. Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You came into this room, sir, by the door, but——" "You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way." "Begone this moment," thundered Lambert, "or by G—d I'll throw you into Piccadilly." No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

In September, 1806, Mr. Lambert returned to Leicester, but repeated his visit to London the following year, and fixed his abode in Leicester square. Here, for the first time, he felt inconvenienced by the air of the metropolis, and accordingly, by the advice of Dr. Heaviside, his physician, he returned to his native place.

Till within a short time of his death, this wonderful man enjoyed an excellent state of health, and felt perfectly at ease, either while sitting up or lying in bed. His diet was plain, and the quantity very moderate, for he did not eat more than the generality of men. For many years he never drank any thing stronger than water. He slept well, but scarcely so much as other people, and his respiration was as free as that of any moderate-sized person. His countenance was manly and intelligent; he possessed great infor-

mation, much ready politeness, and conversed with ease and facility. What was more extraordinary, however, in a man of his bulk, he sung melodiously, his voice being a strong tenor, and his articulation perfectly clear and unembarrassed.

Mr. Lambert now took a tour through the principal cities and towns, and for two or three years was as great a wonder in the provinces as he had formerly been in London, retaining his health and spirits till within a day of his death, which took place at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on the 21st of June, 1809. In the morning he gave orders to his printer to prepare hand-bills announcing his arrival and exhibition; in the evening he was a corpse! He had been weighed a few days before at Huntingdon, and by the Caledonian balance was found to be 52 stone 11 lb. (14 lb. to the stone;) or 10 stone 11 lb. heavier than the celebrated Mr. Bright of Essex. His measure round the body was three yards four inches, and one yard one inch round the leg. A suit of clothes for him cost £20. His sporting propensities never left him. Cocks and dogs were his special favourites, and he made the *Racing Calendar* his particular study.





TALLEYRAND, PRINCE OF BENEVENTO.



F to have sounded all the depths and shoals of the great French revolution, and to have represented, in his own person, all the various phases of that stupendous event, be sufficient to found a claim to the highest celebrity, then to no one is that distinction more justly due than to this extraordinary man. The following brief summary of his career will amply justify this observation.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord, created Prince of Benevento by Napoleon, belonged to one of the noblest families in France. He was born at Paris in 1754, but being lame from his birth, he was early destined for the church, and educated agreeably to that destination. The influence of his family procured him rapid promotion. In 1780 he was representative or agent for the clergy, and in 1789 he was Bishop of Autun. His clerical rank, however, did not prevent his embarking actively in the very first stages of the revolution.

He joined in all the measures for the suppression of ecclesiastical privileges, and was among the first to accept the civil constitution of the clergy. He carried his devotion even so far as to officiate, as a bishop, as priest before the altar of the country, erected in the Champ de Mars, on the day of the Federation. For this he was excommunicated, and of course he broke off, and apparently for ever, from the church.

Even at this early period Talleyrand displayed his peculiar talent, which

was to perceive where power was likely to centre. In the turmoil of revolution, he was still the courtier, aiming at effecting nothing by himself, but seeking to fasten on the greatest personal character of the moment, in order through him to wield influence. He first attached himself to Mirabeau, whose executor he became. His secret mission to England, under Chauvelin, followed. But the times became far too menacing and troubled for spirits like him, possessing dexterity and finesse, without personal weight. Accordingly he turned his back upon Europe until the combat of brute force should have terminated, and the stage be left once more open to those qualities in which he excelled. After a short residence in the United States, he returned to France under the Directory, a kind of government and governors that offered every advantage to so accomplished a political agent. There exist too undeniable proofs that it was not the corruption of the Directory which disgusted Talleyrand. The obvious instability of an executive without talent or dignity, soon induced him to look out for one of those master-spirits under the shadow of whose success he might hold more durable influence. He chose Napoleon, and contributed by his counsels to the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. From that period M. de Talleyrand was foreign minister of France, during seven or eight of the most important years that ever occupied diplomacy. He was the obedient, the approving minister of the Emperor, until the latter had reached the utmost height that arms and policy could attain. Talleyrand then counselled him to rest, arguing that further progress must be descent. The restless spirit of Napoleon disliked and spurned the advice. Talleyrand was accordingly displaced, and the first difficulty which the Emperor thereafter experienced being the resistance of Spain, it was sagaciously designated by his ex-minister *le commencement du fin—the beginning of the end*.

The government of Napoleon, by the extinction of liberty, and the suppression of the press, was destructive to every school of political knowledge. He converted the most intelligent of his officers, indeed, into diplomatists and statesmen; but their nullity was soon felt by Europe and by himself. In such a state of things, and at a moment when the military fame of the empire gave way, all eyes were turned to M. de Talleyrand in his retreat. His eminence proceeded from his standing almost alone as a statesman, who comprehended both the old and the new system of French policy. Could Napoleon have trusted him, and so far abdicated his imperial will as to enter into his views, France might have concluded other treaties than those of 1814 and 1815. But Talleyrand had flung himself into the other scale, and there can be no doubt that he was, more than any other person, influential in bringing about the restoration.

If a resumption of the reins of state was his object, he made a great mistake for so shrewd a politician; because, except in the negotiations

which immediately followed the triumph of the allied powers, negotiations in which he displayed all the address of the veteran diplomatist, joined with a warmth of patriotism worthy of a purer life, he found it impossible to regain any permanent authority. From time to time, indeed, his influence predominated, and was sometimes so prominently displayed as to be flattering to his ambition. But every one felt, and he felt himself, that he was unfit to be the minister of a constitutional government, for which he wanted alike the habits, the character, and the peculiar talents. Considerable obloquy fell on the French government after the revolution of July for even appointing him envoy to London. For whatever might be the purity of his conduct and intentions, Prince Talleyrand was considered as the representative of that school of politics which admits all means to be allowable, provided they obtain their object. He was looked upon as the living Machiavel of the day, with whom all principle was mockery except that of deified selfishness. One thing is undeniable. After the fall of Napoleon, he uniformly supported the system of the celebrated Holy Alliance; and thereby justified what was often asserted of him, that he represented the whole aristocracy of Europe.

The last days of this extraordinary man corresponded with his previous career. Like Richelieu and Mazarin, he died surrounded by a crowd, and his death-bed scene had all the appearance of a political levee.

The first symptoms of the complaint which carried him off, were a shivering fit and repeated vomitings. He underwent an operation at the lower part of the loins with great fortitude, merely once saying, "You give me great pain." He was perfectly aware of his danger. Having asked his medical men if they thought they could cure him, they rightly estimated his strength of mind, and told him at once that he ought to put his affairs in order, and for the future attend to nothing but the care of his health. Being in his eighty-fifth year, his strength was soon exhausted by the disease.

The afternoon of Thursday the 17th of May, 1838, will be noted as the date of the Prince's death. He expired at four o'clock, the immediate cause of his dissolution being gangrene.

He had, for some time, prepared and addressed to the Pope a written retraction of his conduct at the famous ceremony of the Federation, where he forgot his episcopal ordination, and condescended to bless that democratic festival. He received absolution, and extreme unction being administered, he died in the peace of the Catholic church; although the Archbishop of Paris, to whom he had sent a copy of his letter to the Pope, kept aloof from his bedside. Louis Philippe, however, visited the deathbed of the veteran statesman, whose respect for etiquette and courtly ideas was manifest even in his dying moments. He insisted on presenting to the king all who happened to be with him and had not undergone that cere-

mony, and, in the true aristocratic spirit of his order, he acknowledged the royal visit, not as the act of warm private friendship, but "as a *great honour* done to his house." Madame Adelaide, sister of the King, also visited the Prince; and M. Thiers and Count Mole, with other distinguished public characters, attended his last moments.

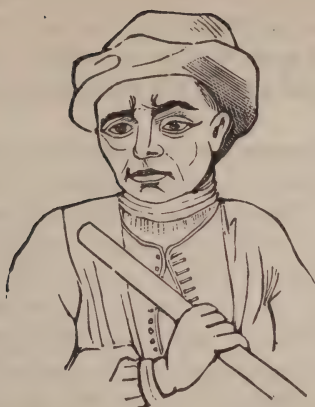
His funeral took place amidst great pomp and magnificence. The body was laid in the church of the Assumption, and the masses said were short. At the four corners of the hearse walked Marshal Soult, Count Mole, Chancellor Pasquier, and the Duke de Broglie, and immediately afterwards came the clergy, the ministers, the *corps diplomatique*, the peers, deputies, members of the institute, and the civil and military authorities, all dressed in their state costumes, and walking uncovered.

It was often said that the Prince had many political but few personal enemies. This was exemplified at his death. The journals were nearly all vindictively hostile to his memory as a politician. The *National* endeavoured to establish that during the last fifty years he had been the representative of diplomacy, based on the interests of thrones, the personification of that heartless political skepticism which does not recognise either the rights of nations, the sanctity of patriotic sentiments, or the power of nationality. He was, as it were, the symbol of the evil spirit, and of a decrepid aristocracy struggling against the genius of democracy. Other journals spoke in a similar strain. And the *Charivari* was still more bitter. "Talleyrand is dead," says that paper; "let the devil take his soul and keep it." "We are told that he died of gangrene. It is now upwards of fifty years since his heart was the seat of that disease." "The government, we are also told, desires to inter his body in the Pantheon. What! do our rulers wish that place to be accursed like the potter's field on which the remains of Judas were thrown?" Alluding, then, to the visit which the King paid to the Prince in his last moments, the *Charivari* remarks, that "it was in that same hotel Alexander of Russia took up his residence on the 3d of April, 1814, as a testimony of his esteem and gratitude towards the traitor whose intrigues and perfidy had contributed most to open the gates of Paris to the Cossacks. How affecting, how truly French, it says, were the official tears shed at the bedside of the Judas of the Capitulation of 1814, of the signer of the shameful treaties of 1815. Moreover, the worthy object of this ovation did not belie, at the last hour, his honourable character. The man who at the outset of his career had denied his God, demanded on his death-bed the assistance of religion—that is to say, he closed his career by betraying the devil, and thus justified what has been so truly said of him, that he had successively betrayed all his masters."

After all, the best and most truly earned fame of Talleyrand is that of an epigrammatist. His remarks were poisoned arrows, which he knew how to fling effectively from his retreat or his palace of the Rue St. Florentine,

and which were always found to embody in a few words the current judgment of the moment. The day before his death he was urged to despatch his letter of retraction to the Pope. He still delayed. "I was never in a hurry," replied he, "yet I never found myself to arrive too late." This is another version of a favourite maxim of his, which is, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."





JONATHAN WILD.

IN the annals of crime, there are few who stand so conspicuously infamous as this cool-calculating, cold-hearted, deliberate villain. Jonathan Wild, or, as Fielding very properly styles him, Jonathan Wild the Great, possessed a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance, qualifications that were admirably adapted to facilitate his huge and wonderful undertakings. In circumstances that required colouring, Wild always kept as nearly to truth as possible; and that, as he used to observe in private, was turning the cannon of the enemy against themselves! "Permit me to assure you," said he to a friend, "although the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the *summit* of a *dunghill*, than at the *bottom* of a hill in paradise; for did not the devil declare that it was better to reign in hell than be a *valet de chambre* in heaven." Jonathan, at an early period of his calling, laid down several maxims, as certain methods of obtaining greatness, among which are the following:—1. Never do more mischief to another than is necessary to effect your purpose, for mischief is too precious a thing to be thrown away. 2. To know no distinction of men from affection, but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to your interest. 3. Never communicate more of an affair than is necessary to the person who is to execute it. 4. To forgive no enemy; but be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge. 5. To shun poverty and distress. 6. To foment eternal jealousies in the gang, one of another. 7. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, to bring the owner any advantage. 8. That virtues, like precious stones, are easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits, in both cases, adorn the wearer equally, and

that very few have the discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real one. 9. Men should proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them. 10. That the heart is the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

Wild was born at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, about the year 1682, his father being an honest and laborious carpenter; who, after bestowing a tolerable education on Jonathan, apprenticed him to a buckle-maker at Birmingham. Here he deserted a distressed wife and infant, and repaired to London, where he contracted some debts, for which he was imprisoned in the compter for about four years; and in that learned seminary it was that he imbibed ideas and formed connections which paved the way to his future greatness. There, too, it was, that he became acquainted with a notorious prostitute of the name of Milliner, who had run the whole circle of vice, knew all the ways of the town, and was familiar with every flash character of the time. When Wild and she were liberated they took a little house in Cock-alley, opposite to Cripplegate Church, and lived as man and wife. Jonathan, by means of this woman, now became acquainted with all the thieves of any note within the bills of mortality, and cunningly contrived to dive into all their secrets. Having gained their confidence by suggesting a plan for evading the law, which had recently put some restrictions on the usual modes of disposing of stolen goods, by making it felony to receive such goods, Wild became their general agent, and was consulted by them on all occasions. His method of managing, in most cases, was this. No sooner was a robbery committed than he was informed what the goods were, also when, how, and from whom they were taken. The property was then safely secured, but not in his own house; and things being thus prepared with due caution, away he went to the persons who had been plundered, and addressed them after the following manner:—"I have just heard that you have lately been robbed, and as a friend of mine, an honest broker, has stopped a parcel of goods upon suspicion, I thought I could do no less than give you notice of it, as very likely some of them may be yours, and should it prove so, as I wish it may, you may have them again, provided that nobody is brought into trouble, and the broker is allowed something in consideration of his care!" As persons who have been robbed are always willing to recover their property with as little trouble as possible, they generally fell into Jonathan's measures, and treated with him on his own terms. In this way he carried on a most lucrative business, receiving his profits out of what was paid to the broker, and taking nothing for himself from those to whom the goods were restored, by which management he at once obtained a reputation for disinterestedness, and remained perfectly secure from danger, as there was no law that could affect him in such a case. Jonathan's mode of doing

business, however, became gradually so well known that it attracted the attention of government, and an act was passed, containing a clause directly levelled at him, and which ultimately checked the evil, as well as the whole nefarious system of fraud and villany which he had carried on for years.

On Monday, February 15, 1724-5, Jonathan was apprehended at his house in the Old Bailey, charged with assisting a highwayman to escape from a constable at Bow; and this charge being fully substantiated, he was committed to Newgate. Besides this charge, there were several informations filed against him to the following effect. That for many years past he had been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pick-pockets, housebreakers, shoplifters, and other thieves. That he had formed a kind of thieving corporation, of which he was the director or commander-in-chief; and that notwithstanding his pretended services in detecting offenders, he procured such only to be hanged as concealed or refused to share their booty with him. That he had divided the town and country into so many districts, and appointed distinct gangs for each, who regularly produced their accounts to him; concealing even in his own house those villains who ran a risk of detection. That he had not only been a receiver of stolen goods and writings of all kinds, for near fifteen years past, but also occasionally turned robber himself, in conjunction with his confederates, whom he protected, at such periods, by assuming the functions of a civil officer, carrying for that purpose a short silver staff as a badge of authority. That he had under his care and direction several warehouses for the reception of stolen goods, and also a ship for conveying jewels, watches, and other valuable goods to Holland, where he had stationed an old thief as factor. That he kept several artists in pay to new modify rings, watches, seals, snuff-boxes, &c., that such articles might not be sworn to. That he seldom or never helped owners to the notes or papers they had lost, unless he found them able exactly to specify and describe them; and then often insisted on more than half their value. And, lastly, that he had often sold human blood, by procuring false witnesses to swear away the lives of those who were obnoxious to him, or otherwise to obtain the reward given by government on the conviction of offenders. Some of his old associates were ready to substantiate several of these heavy charges; but, while in Newgate, Jonathan committed the particular act for which he died. Having before his apprehension been concerned in robbing the shop of Catherine Stetham, in Holborn, of fifty yards of lace, value forty pounds, he received ten guineas from that lady, while under confinement, for the recovery of her property, but without discovering the persons who committed the deed. In order to magnify his public services, and make a favourable impression on the minds of the jury, he distributed a printed paper, just before the trial commenced, stat-

ing the number of unfortunate wretches whom he had legally murdered ; thirty-five were for robbing on the highway, twenty-two for housebreaking, and ten for returning from transportation. Mrs. Stetham's evidence, however, very clearly developed the hero's villany, with respect to his ostensible occupation. After having paid him for the recovery of the box, which did not contain all the lace—"Now, Mr. Wild," said she, "what must I give you for your trouble?"—"Not a farthing," answered Jonathan, "not a single farthing. I don't do these things for worldly interest, but solely for the benefit of poor persons who have met with misfortunes. And as you are a widow and a good Christian, I desire nothing but your prayers, for I have many enemies, and God only knows what will be the consequence of this imprisonment!" Fortunately for mankind, Jonathan's prophetic fears were realized by a public execution at Tyburn, the 24th of May, 1725, amidst the execrations of an enraged populace, who pelted him with stones to the last moment of his existence.

Wild had, from first to last, six wives, or at least women who lived successively with him under that title. By his first marriage, at Wolverhampton, he had one son. Mary Milliner was his second. Judith Nun was the third, and by her he had a daughter. The fourth was Sarah Grigson, *alias* Perrin. The fifth was Elizabeth Mann, who cohabited with him four or five years, and then died. The sixth, and last, survived him, and afterwards married a second time. His son, by the first wife, was nineteen years old at the time of his father's death. He was of so turbulent a disposition, that it was thought necessary to confine him during the execution, lest he should do some mischief among the mob. This youth, not long after, sold himself as a servant to go out to the plantations abroad, and was never heard of more.

It is easy to appreciate the character of this infamous man. Fielding says, that he picked the ordinary's pocket of a cork-screw, at the gallows, and died with it in his hand : but, perhaps, this is an exaggeration. Jonathan's ruin could by no means be attributed to his want of depth in the ocean of villany. His body was covered with wounds and scars ; his throat had been cut, and his skull fractured in two places ; accidents which happened in various heroic contests between this great man and his pupils, nearly one hundred of whom he not only trained for, but personally arrested, convicted on his own oath, and, as it were, led to the gallows. Perjury was an undertaking which he considered as innocent, whether directed to the ruin of an industrious tradesman, or to save or take away the life of a friend and coadjutor. Insolent and haughty in prosperity, he became dejected and timid in adversity ; for unable either to bear the stings of conscience, or the approach of dissolution, he had recourse to intoxicating liquors, which deadened without dispelling his fears. Jonathan, as the awful period drew near, delighted in talking of

the glorious acts of suicide which the Greeks and Romans had performed; and in order to imitate such great examples—or rather to procure an easy and tranquil death—he swallowed an immoderate dose of laudanum; but the quantity proving antidotal, by rising again from his stomach, our wretched hero earned nothing by it but the honour of the intention; while a second hero, the executioner, obtained the real credit of exterminating the greatest miscreant that nature ever produced. A complete history of his public enormities would fill several volumes.





JACK SHEPPARD



HIS celebrated criminal was of a different character from Jonathan Wild, but he figures not less prominently in the Newgate Calendar. Wild was cool, cautious, and selfish. Sheppard, on the contrary, was ardent, reckless, and generous. He became very early a thief and burglar, and was quite unrivalled for the variety of his professional exploits in the metropolis and its vicinity. He was of respectable parentage, his father being a carpenter in Spitalfields, of a very fair character. The death of his father, however, while Jack was yet a boy, plunged his surviving parent into difficulties, and all the education he received was reading and writing, under the tuition of a Mr. Garret, with whom he remained about two years. He was then put out as an apprentice to a cane chair-maker in Houndsditch, but his master dying, he was transferred to a Mr. Owen Wood, carpenter, in Wych street, near Drury Lane. Here he remained about four years, and conducted himself with much propriety; but having arrived at that time of life when youth generally begin to think for themselves, and being without friends to give him good advice, he unfortunately became associated with a prostitute, who led him into a reckless course of dissipation, and so completely enslaved him, that he stuck at nothing to provide money to gratify her extravagance. This led to a system of pilfering, while engaged in the business of his employer, which he carried on until he became an expert thief. After committing various felonies without being detected, his conduct was at last so irregular that frequent

quarrels occurred between him and his master, and he accordingly left his service without completing his time. He now fell in with a notorious gang of thieves and pickpockets, in company with whom he commenced a regular system of plunder and depredation, and carried it on until he was considered the most dexterous member of the gang. He had a brother called Thomas, who became one of his associates, and was concerned in some of his robberies. Both brothers were repeatedly in the hands of justice, but always contrived to evade the more serious penalty of the law, and Jack's notoriety was greatly increased by several dexterous escapes from prison. "At this time," says Caulfield, "he was so eminent that there was not a prig in St. Giles's but thought it an honour as well as an advantage to be admitted into his company."

Sheppard, though often fortunate in escaping the fangs of justice, was at last caught. In August, 1724, he was indicted for three different burglaries. He was acquitted of the first and second for want of evidence. On the third charge, after a short trial, the jury returned a verdict of guilty—*Death*. On Monday morning the warrant came down to Newgate, for his execution. A little within the lodge, in old Newgate, there was, on the left hand, a hatch with large iron spikes; this opened into a dark passage, from which a few steps led into the condemned cell. The prisoners were permitted to come to this hatch to speak with their friends. Sheppard being provided with implements, found means to cut one of the spikes in such a manner that it would easily break off. In the evening two female friends coming to see him, he broke off the spike, and thrusting his head and shoulders through the space, the women pulled him down, and thus he effected his escape. Sheppard immediately went into the country, but returned in a week to his old haunts in the metropolis, where he was soon recognised and caught. Being again taken to Newgate, he was secured in a strong room, called the castle, heavily ironed and chained by a staple to the floor. Vast numbers now visited him daily in consequence of the notoriety acquired by his last escape, and few left him without giving him a gratuity, as they were generally highly entertained with the account he gave them of his rogueries. Many would have doubtless given him the means of attempting another escape, but they were too well watched to render that practicable. Jack himself, however, did not despair of an opportunity. When the sessions began, he knew that the keepers would be so busily occupied while the court was sitting, that they would have less leisure to visit him, and of course could not exercise their usual vigilance. He accordingly determined to make another bold push for his liberty. On the 15th of October, about two in the afternoon, one of the keepers brought him his dinner, and having, according to custom, examined his irons and found all fast, left him. Jack instantly went to work, and having

first disencumbered himself of his handcuffs, he opened the great padlock that fastened his chain to the staple, by means of a crooked nail which he had found upon the floor. He next twisted asunder a small link of the chain between his legs, and drawing up his feet-locks as high as he could, he made them fast with his garters. He now attempted to get up the chimney, but had not advanced far, when he found his progress stopped by an iron bar that went across within. He was therefore obliged to descend, but falling to work on the outside, he managed, by means of his broken chain, to remove a stone or two about six feet from the floor, and having thus got out the iron bar, which was an inch square, and about a yard long, it greatly facilitated his further progress. He presently made so large a breach, that he got into the red-room over the castle, where he found a great nail, which proved another useful auxiliary. The door of this room had not been opened for several years, but in less than seven minutes Jack wrenched off the lock, and then got into the entry leading to the chapel. Here he found a door bolted on the other side, upon which he broke a hole through the wall, and pushed the bolt back. Coming now to the chapel door, he broke off one of the iron spikes, which he kept for further use, and so got into an entry between the chapel and the lower leads. The door of this entry was very strong, and fastened with a great lock, and what was worse, the night had overtaken him, and he was forced to proceed in darkness. Nevertheless, in half an hour he managed to force off the box of the lock, and open the door, which, however, led him to another still more difficult, for it was not only locked but barred and bolted. When he had tried in vain to make this lock and box give way, he wrenched the fillet from the main post of the door, and the box and staples came off with it. St. Sepulchre's chimes now went eight, and there was yet another door betwixt him and the lower leads, but it being only bolted within side, he opened it easily, and mounting to the top of it, he got over the wall, and so to the upper leads. His next consideration was how to get down. For this purpose looking around him, and finding that the top of the turner's house adjoining to Newgate was the most convenient place to alight upon, he resolved to descend upon it. To take a leap would have been very dangerous; he therefore went back to the castle the same way he came, and brought a blanket which he used to lie upon. This he made fast to the wall of Newgate with the spike he stole out of the chapel, and so sliding down, he dropped upon the turner's leads. Just as he had performed this feat the clock struck nine. Luckily the turner's garret door on the leads happened to be open; he therefore went in, and having crept softly down stairs, he heard company talking in a room below. His irons giving a clink, a woman started and exclaimed, Lord, what noise is that? Somebody answered, it is the dog or the cat; when Sheppard crept back to the garret and continued there about two

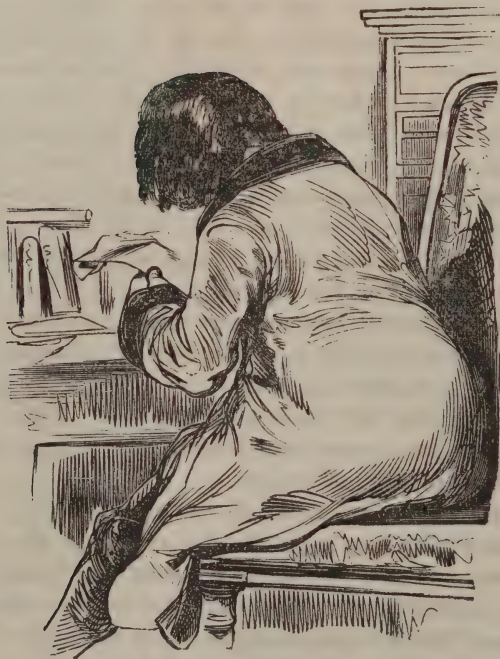
hours. Having then ventured down a second time, he heard a gentleman take leave of the company, and saw the maid light him down stairs. As soon as the maid returned and had shut the chamber door, he made the best of his way to the street door, unlocked it, and thus once more effected his escape, just as it had struck twelve at night.

It has often been remarked, that criminals hover round the purlieus of justice like the moth round a candle, constantly alive to their danger, yet unable to avoid their fate. Even so it was with the infatuated Sheppard, who again betook himself to his old haunts and his wonted trade. "A few nights after his escape," says Caulfield, "he committed a burglary in Monmouth street, and stole a quantity of wearing apparel. On the 20th of October, he broke open the house of a pawnbroker in Drury Lane, from whence he took a sword, a suit of clothes, several snuff-boxes, rings, watches, and other goods to a considerable value. And now he resolved to cut a figure as a gentlemen among his old friends. Although he well knew that the officers of justice were in search of him, he strutted about in a fine suit of black, a light tie-wig, and a ruffled shirt, with a silver hilted sword by his side, a diamond ring on his finger, and a gold watch in his pocket. On the 21st he dined with two female favourites, Cook and Keys, at a public house in Newgate street, when they were very merry together, and about four in the afternoon took coach for the Shears ale-house in Maypole-alley, where he sent for his mother and treated her to brandy. She knowing the danger he was in, strongly advised him to keep out of the way. But Jack by this time was tipsey, and too valiant to fear any thing, as well as too wise to take counsel. Accordingly, leaving his mother, he staggered from ale-house to gin-shop till he was apprehended by means of an ale-house boy, who had accidentally seen him. The wretched man was then so drunk that he was totally unable to make any resistance, and so was once more conveyed to Newgate.

The rest of his story is soon told. He had now more visitors than ever, and many of the nobility went to see him from curiosity. He entertained a hope, but it was a vain one, that some of the latter would apply to the king for a remission of his sentence. Nothing of this kind was attempted.

On the 10th of November he was placed at the bar of the King's-bench at Westminster, when Mr. Justice Powis awarded sentence of death against him, and a rule of court was made for his execution on the Monday following. The day came, but Jack had still hopes of eluding justice. Somebody had furnished him with a penknife, which he put naked into his pocket, with the point upwards, and (as he told one whom he thought he could trust) his design was, to lean forward in the cart, and cut asunder the cord that tied his hands together, and then when he came near Little Turnstile, to throw himself over among the crowd, and run through the narrow passage, where the officers could not follow on horseback, but must be

forced to dismount; and in the mean time, by the mob's assistance, he should make his escape. This scheme, however, was rendered abortive by his pockets being searched in the Press-yard, Newgate, just as he was going into the cart. The officer who examined them cut his own fingers in the search. Jack was accordingly executed at Tyburn, on the 16th of November, 1724, suffering much before life was extinct. He was only twenty-three years old, and never was the fate of any criminal so sincerely commiserated by the mob.





JAMES WHITNEY,

A CELEBRATED HIGHWAYMAN.



HIS person belonged to that class of criminals who were at one time distinguished by the title of *gentlemen of the road*. He committed a great variety of depredations, and became very notorious. Being bred a butcher, his first adventure was an attempt, along with a companion, to steal a calf. The animal belonged to an innkeeper, and they had endeavoured to drive a bargain with its owner in the morning; but as he asked an exorbitant price, they resolved to return at night and carry it off clandestinely. The night was very dark. After some parley, Whitney agreed to enter the stable and steal the calf, while his companion watched without. He entered, accordingly, and began feeling about for their prey. He soon felt something rough, and taking it for the calf, began to tickle it in order to make it rise. Suddenly the animal seemed to get upon its hind legs, and anon grasping Whitney with its fore paws, gave him a most loving Cornish hug. In this posture he was forced to stand, lost in astonishment, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, lest he should alarm the innkeeper or some of his family, the other thief without, wondering all the while at his delay. The latter at length putting his head in at the door, said, "What the devil keeps you—are we to be all night stealing a calf?" "A calf!" exclaimed Whitney; "why I believe it is the devil himself, for he

has got his paws about me, and hugs me so close that I can't stir a step." "Poh!" cried the other, "what nonsense; but devil or no devil, I should like to see him—so make haste and fetch him out at once." Whitney was too much alarmed to be pleased with this jesting tone, and immediately rejoined, "O curse you, be quiet and come to my assistance, for I'll be d——d if I half like him." The other accordingly entered, and after a little examination they discovered, to their amazement, that they were bit—a muzzled bear, belonging to an itinerant showman, having been accidentally placed in the stable during the day, and the calf removed to make room for him. By their joint efforts Whitney got relieved from the bear's grasp, when both made off with all speed, half resolved never again to try their hand at thieving, since the trade had thus so luckless a beginning.

Sometime after this affair, Whitney took the George Inn at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, but the company that frequented it being of a very equivocal description in point of character, he soon found it necessary to shift his camp, and accordingly removed to London, as a more congenial field for a man of his views. Here he found kindred spirits, and it was not long ere he became thoroughly versant in every species of fraud and villany. He was the more successful, as he always appeared in the garb and possessed a good deal of the easy address of a gentleman. It was sometime ere he took to the road, as it was called, and became a highwayman, but after he did so, he was known to be the most determined, yet, at the same time, the most gentlemanly member of the profession. According to an anecdote told of him by Caulfield, he appears to have been also a man of some humour. "Whitney," says the writer, "met with one Mr. Hull, an old usurer in the Strand, as he was riding across Hounslow heath. He could hardly have encountered a wretch more in love with money, and, consequently, who could have been more unwilling to part with it. When the usual dreadful words were spoken, he trembled as if suffering under paralysis, but recovering himself, he expostulated in the most moving terms he was master of, professing that he was a very poor man with a large family of children, and that he would be utterly ruined if his money were taken from him. He pointed out, too, the illegality of stopping persons on the highway, and how dangerous it was to engage in such evil courses. Whitney, who knew his character, interrupted him in a most determined tone, and asked how he dared to preach morality to an honest man than himself. "Why, sir," continued he, "you make a prey of all mankind, and grind them to death with eight and ten per cent. This once, however, I shall compel you to lend what you have without bond, consequently without interest; so no more words, but deliver." Hereupon the old gentleman pulled out about eighteen guineas, which he gave with a great deal of grumbling. When Whitney was just about to make off, he heard

his victim muttering something about perhaps riding one day up Holborn-hill backwards. He instantly dismounted, and having pulled the usurer off his horse, compelled him to remount with his face to the horse's tail, and in this attitude tied his legs together, so as to prevent his getting off without assistance. "Now," said Whitney, "you old rogue, we see what a figure a man makes when he rides backwards, but I have the pleasure at least of seeing you ride first in that posture." So giving the horse three or four smart cuts with his whip, he set him off with his rider at a gallop, and he never stopped till he reached Hounslow town, where the people loosened the old boy's legs, after making themselves merry with the sight.

Whitney always affected generosity, and got the reputation of it. Having robbed a gentleman one day on Newmarket-heath, of a hundred pounds in silver, tied up in a great bag, on his victim explaining that he had a long way to go and would be put to much inconvenience on the road, if obliged to go on without money, Whitney opened the mouth of the bag, and told him to take what would bear his expenses. The gentleman accordingly took out as much as both hands could hold, to which Whitney made no objection, only remarking with a smile, "I thought you would have had more conscience, sir."

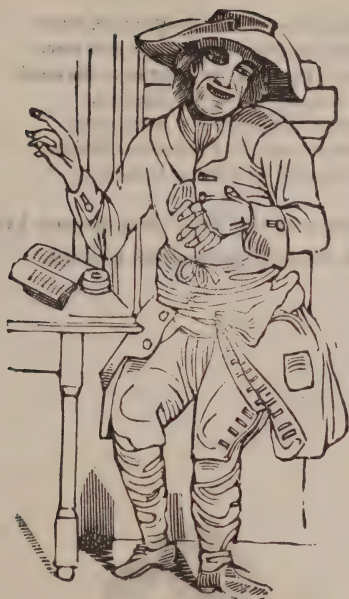
Among the last of his feats, was a dexterous trick by which he swindled the landlord of the Red Lion Inn, at Doncaster, out of forty guineas. He had been living at the Inn in a dashing style, and seemed full of money. On his arrival he had deposited with the landlady a box carefully sealed. She being from home a few days after, Whitney came suddenly upon the landlord wanting his box, but as it was under the lady's lock and key, it could not be got. He then pretended he had just been bargaining for a horse, and wanted money out of his box to pay for it. The landlord lent him the cash, and never saw him more! The box was afterwards examined, and found to contain nothing but sand and stones.

Whitney was at length betrayed, in the metropolis, by the famous mother *Cozens*, whose house he frequented in Milford-lane, near St. Clement's church. On the information of that woman he was committed to Newgate, and being brought to trial at the Old Bailey, he was found guilty and received sentence of death. He was carried to the place of execution, which was then at Porter's Block, near Smithfield, on the 19th of December, 1694, and executed in presence of a vast crowd, whom he addressed in a mild and penitent tone, as follows:—"I have been a very great offender, both against God and my country, by transgressing all laws, human and divine. I believe there is not one here present, but has often heard of my name, before my confinement, and has seen a large catalogue of my crimes, which have been made public since. Why should I then pretend to vindicate a life stained with so many enormous

deeds? The sentence passed upon me is just, and I can see the footsteps of a Providence, which I had before profanely laughed at, in my apprehension and conviction. I hope the sense which I have of these things has enabled me to make my peace with heaven, the only thing that is now of any concern to me. Join in your prayers with me, my countrymen, that God will not forsake me in my last moments."

When he had finished this address, he prayed for a little, apart by himself, and then submitted calmly to the executioner. He was only thirty-four years of age.





RICHARD DICKINSON,

GOVERNOR AT SCARBOROUGH SPA.

THIS person, whom nature seems to have formed in one of her sportive moods, was long a public character at Scarborough Spa. His figure and his humour were equally singular and amusing. He became, of course, a prodigious favourite with all the fashionables who visited the Spa, and ultimately so useful to them, that his services became indispensable. Dickey, as he was familiarly called, having scraped together as much money as enabled him to erect public office-houses, which he himself superintended, he ever afterwards bore the mock title of *Governor*. This made him *necessarily* more and more familiar with the fashionables of both sexes, and so famous did he become among that class, that poets and painters alike contributed to his renown. Hysing painted his portrait and Vertue engraved it. A full-length etching was

also taken of him, of which the above sketch is a copy, and to this last likeness were subjoined the following lines :—

Behold the Governor of Scarborough Spaw,
The strangest phiz and form you ever saw,
Yet, when you view the beauties of his mind,
In him a second *Æsop* you may find.
Samos unenvied boasts her *Æsop* gone,
And France may glory in her late Scarron,
While England has a living Dickinson.

This facetious governor of the Spa office-houses lived about 1725, and was 56 years old when Hysing painted his portrait.

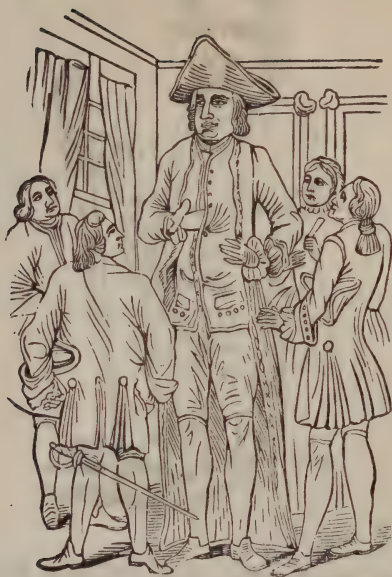




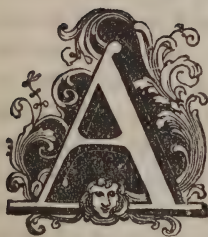
OWEN FARREL, AN IRISH DWARF.



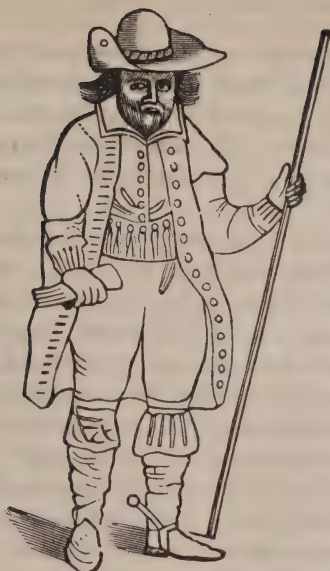
HIS singular *lusus naturæ* was born in Cavan, of very humble parents. He was hideously ugly, and so slow was his growth, that when he reached manhood, he was only three feet nine inches high. His figure was so remarkable, that whenever he appeared in public, he instantly attracted the attention of every beholder, while his uncouth manners contributed either to increase curiosity or to excite alarm and disgust. According to the description of Caulfield, "Children were frightened, and dogs snarled at him as he passed them in the streets; and he excited the surprise and wonder of all whom he accidentally encountered." Nature, as if to compensate for his stunted stature and other defects, gave this remarkable being prodigious muscular powers. When a youth, he gave such proofs of his strength, that he was advised to exhibit his feats in this way for money. He accordingly travelled the country for a considerable time as a show, and finally arrived in London. There, however, the expense of his exhibition soon exceeded the profits, and he was obliged to betake himself to the streets. For a long time he subsisted as a mendicant, his remarkable appearance being seconded by the usual arts resorted to in the metropolis to excite compassion. He died in the year 1742, shortly before which his portrait was painted by Gravelot, and engraved by Hulett. His skeleton was preserved in the museum of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter.



HENRY BLACKER.



AMONG those persons who have greatly exceeded the ordinary stature of mankind, Mr. Henry Blacker holds a distinguished place, in consequence of having combined symmetry of form with his great height. The foreign giants who have exhibited themselves in this country, including those of Ireland, were all unwieldy men, and clumsily made. Mr. Blacker, on the contrary, might be called a well-proportioned man, and is said to have pleased as well as astonished the beholders. He was commonly called the British giant, in contradistinction to Cajanus, a German, who was shown and received with much applause as a prodigy some time before Blacker's exhibition. This German was not so tall by a few inches; and hence Blacker was considered at the time by his own countrymen as bearing away the palm among the race of giants. He was seven feet four inches high, was born near Cuckfield, in Sussex, and began to exhibit himself in 1751, when he was twenty-seven years of age. In London, he was greatly encouraged, being visited by all the nobility and gentry, and patronised by William, Duke of Cumberland, who was at that time a public character of great notoriety, in consequence of his victory a few years before, at Culloden, and the complete suppression of the unhappy rebellion which broke out in Scotland, in 1745.



HENRY HASTINGS,
CHIEF FORESTER TO CHARLES I.



HIS singular character, who was descended from one of the barons of Runymede, was the second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and possessed a fine estate in Dorsetshire, in right of his mother. He was born in 1537, and from his earliest youth had a strong attachment to the athletic sports of the field. When king Charles I. made him his forester, he was reckoned the best sportsman of his time. He constantly resided at his lodge in the New Forest, in Hantsphire, during the hunting season, where he entertained all that chose to call upon him, being also purveyor of the king's hunting parties. But his principal residence was at Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, where he had a capital house. One of his nearest neighbours was Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. Two men could not be more opposite in their principles and pursuits, yet they often associated amicably and disputed pleasantly, and seldom parted in anger, though with mutual upbraidings, and the most vulgar epithets. Opposite in their sentiments and in every thing, Hastings must be looked upon by posterity as the honester man. "The minutes from whence this extract is made," says the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, "were written by Lord Shaftesbury, who survived him some years." If Mr. Hastings had been the survivor, and had lived to have seen his lordship one of the most corrupt ministers of Charles II.'s

dissipated court, he must then have had a complete triumph. In the British Museum is a fine drawing of these two characters at Woodlands, in high contest, by which it appears Mr. Hastings was of low stature, but strong, muscular, and active. His clothes were always of green cloth, and he was so proud of his forest appendages that he was never seen abroad without some.

His house, which though then lately built, was in the old-fashioned style, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had there a narrow bowling-green in it, and a post to pitch quoits at, and round hand bowls, for such as, like himself, preferred them to balls.

Here, too, he had a banqueting-room, built like a stand, in a large oak-tree. He kept all sorts of hounds and other dogs that ran game or badged. His hawkery was the admiration of all the sportsmen of the age, and he had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall corresponded in all points with the rest of the apartments of his house; the floor was strewn over with marrow bones, and other remains of good living. In every corner were implements of sporting, such as fire-arms, hawk-perches, nets, and different sorts of bows and arrows. The upper end of it was hung with fox, otter, badger, and pole-cat skins, quarter-staffs and hunter's poles, with abundance of horns and calls in every place. His parlour was a large room completely furnished in the same style, with remains of various birds, some preserved for their size and beauty, and dissections of several four-footed animals. On the brick hearth, which was broad after the fashion of those days before coals were used, lay his choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. In the great chairs were his cats with their litters of kittens, none of which were to be disturbed on any account. Of these three or four constantly attended him at dinner, when a small white wand was laid by his trencher, in order to defend himself if they became too troublesome. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting poles, over which hung his bugle horns of different compass. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use all the season; for he never failed to eat oysters twice a day, at noon and night; and every Friday he had fish, all which was furnished him by the neighbourhood of Poole.

At the other or upper end of the room, stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a church Bible, the other the Book of Martyrs; on other tables in this room lay hawks' hoods, bells, dogs' collars, whistles, whips, with sundry old hats that had had their crowns thrust in, and were filled with partridge and pheasants' eggs, which nobody dared touch in his presence. The rest of the furniture was of a piece, and if a table was not encumbered, as before related, it had at least a dice-box, cards, and copper-cans, or glasses for drinking.

Tobacco pipes being but just introduced into fashion, he had tastefully

selected a few, which he kept in a glass case. In reference to these he always talked of his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, as the greatest genius in the world for inventing smoking.

But the most singular part of this humourist's mansion was the chapel, long disused as a place of worship. This was a small decent apartment appropriated in former times to the purposes of worship, but converted by Mr. Hastings into a store-room of dainties. The altar was covered with bottles of strong beer, wines, and other liquors, which never came out but in single small glasses, for it was the rule of his own drinking to have two at a time with his guest, and which he never exceeded. In the pulpit, at the securest place, was to be found collared beef, chine, hocks of bacon, salt beef, and pork, dried tongues, and large venison pies; gammons and flitches of bacon ornamented the outside, pendant from hooks all round.

His table, with all this profusion of provisions, cost him but little; yet it was good to eat at, his sports supplying him with every thing but beef and mutton; and his greatest luxury was a huge apple-pie, which, after it had been on table, was constantly removed to the chapel. Sunday he always honoured with a London plum-pudding, and he usually sang it in with, "My heart lies in, oh therein a." He was very moderate in eating and drinking, seldom using more than two glasses of wine at a meal, after which he took a pipe. He kept by him a cordial made of gilly flowers and sack, of which he was very proud, always recommending it to his acquaintance as invigorating. Wherever he sat, he had a tun glass of his own small beer, which was very good: this he stirred about with a bunch of rosemary, of the virtues of which he had a great opinion.

He lived in this manner to exceed a hundred, and never lost his sight. He rode in at the death of a stag after his 90th year, and to the last never wanted help to get on horseback. He died about 1639.





ORATOR HENLEY.



HIS clergyman enjoyed great notoriety while in life, but as he deviated widely from the path usually pursued by members of the clerical profession, in order to acquire distinction, posterity have agreed to consider him in the light of an extravagant charlatan, rather than a man of legitimate genius. He was unquestionably a very eccentric character ; but, nevertheless, possessed great learning as well as natural talents of no ordinary description.

Henley received an academical education, and after taking his degree of M. A., was admitted to priest's orders by Dr. Gibson, bishop of Lincoln. He had previously begun his "Universal Grammar," and finished ten languages with dissertations prefixed. His poem on "Esther" had also appeared, and was well received by the public. Hitherto he had only acquired some distinction in the country, and he became impatient to breathe the atmosphere of London, as more congenial with his high aspirations both of fame and profit. To the metropolis he accordingly went, and at once entered on a career of popularity, which may fairly be ascribed to his indefatigable industry, as much as to his talents, though the latter were cei-

tainly not without effect, as he introduced a new style of pulpit oratory, and was at once familiar, eloquent, and witty. According to his own account, he preached more charity sermons in one year, was more numerous followed, and raised more money for poor children than all the dignified clergymen put together. Henley's popularity, however, was a bar to his preferment, as it excited the jealousy of his metropolitan superiors, who were moreover enraged to find that his new style of pulpit oratory was likely to throw each and all of them into the shade. To use his own words, "these were the true causes why some obstructed his rising in town, from envy, jealousy, and a disrelish of those who are not qualified to be complete spaniels. For there was no objection to his being tossed into a country benefice by the way of the sea, as far as Galilee of the Gentiles, like a pendulum swinging one way as far as the other." Finding that there was thus no chance of preferment, and perhaps feeling sore under disappointment, he entered on a new career by opening what he called his Oratory, near Lincoln's-inn-fields, in which he lectured on theological subjects on Sundays, and on all other subjects every Wednesday evening. The prospectus which he published smells strongly of puffery, but the lectures took with the public. He describes his own powers, and, in the same breath, the alarm of his clerical brethren, "that he should still proceed and mature this bold scheme, and put the church, and all that, in danger."

The Orator did proceed, and for years levelled his shafts of wit, satire, and abuse, so effectively, that he became the most notorious public character of the day. He spared neither rank nor condition, and even had the courage to attack Pope. The latter retaliated in the following well-known lines:—

"But where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, Divinity his pipe;
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley stands," &c

Henley appears also to have provoked the satire of Hogarth. In the print of the Oratory, the former is represented on a scaffold with a monkey by his side, over which is written *Amen*; lying near him are a box of pills, and the Hyp-doctor; over his head "The Oratory."—*Inveniam viam aut faciam*—(the motto on the medals, which the orator dispersed as tickets to his subscribers.) Over the door, "*Ingrederet ut proficias*;" the inscription over the outer door of St. Paul's school. A parson receiving the money for admission; under him "the Treasury;" a butcher stands as porter. On the left hand, modesty in a cloud; folly in a coach; and a gibbet prepared for merit. People laughing—one marked the scout, introducing a puritan divine; and a boy easing nature. Several grotesque figures, one

of them (marked TEE HEE) in a violent fit of laughter; underneath, the following inscription:—

AN EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM, MADE AT THE ORATORY.

O, Orator! with brazen face and lungs,
Whose jargon's form'd of ten unlearned tongues,
Why stand'st thou there, a whole long hour, haranguing,
When half the time fits better men for hanging!

Hogarth seems to have thought Henley a good subject for his satirical pencil, since he introduces him repeatedly. In another print, he is painted in the act of christening a child, with the following lines beneath;—

“Behold Vilaria, lately brought to bed,
Her cheeks now strangers to their rosy red,
Languid her eyes, yet lovely she appears!
And oh! what fondness her lord's visage wears!
The pammer'd priest, in whose extended arms
The female infant lies with budding charms,
Seeming to ask the name ere he baptize,
Casts at the gossips round his wanton eyes,
While gay Sir Foppling, an accomplish'd ass,
Is courting his own dear image in the glass;
The midwife busied, too, with mighty care,
Adjusts the cap, shows innocence fair;
Behind her stands the clerk, in whose grave face
Sleek Abigail cannot forbear to gaze;
But master, without thought, poor harmless child,
Has on the floor, the holy water spill'd,
Thrown down the hat, the lap-dog gnaws the rose;
And at the fire the nurse is warming clothes.
One guest inquires the parson's name; says Friendly,
Why, don't you know, Sir, 'tis Hyp-doctor Henley.”

The clergyman in the “Modern Midnight Conversation,” is generally understood to have been meant for Henley; but the bitterest cut of all, was his introduction into the last plate of the *Harlot's Progress*, where he is represented as drinking gin with a prostitute and female robber, while attending in his clerical character the ceremony of the funeral!

The soubriquet of the Hyp-doctor was given to Henley in consequence of his being editor of a weekly paper under that title. This publication was intended to counteract the effect of the “*Craftsman*,” and it is said that the ministry of the day allowed him £100 a year for his services; but there is no evidence of his having been thus remunerated, and the known parsimony of government towards literary men at that period renders it very improbable.

Henley died 14th October, 1756. His character has been variously painted, but the dark shades predominate in every portraiture. A late

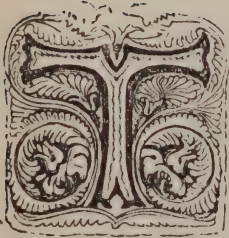
reviewer has summed up its most prominent points as follows:—"He was a scholar of great acquirements, and of no mean genius; hardy and inventive; eloquent and witty; and might have been an ornament to literature, which he made ridiculous; and the pride of the pulpit, which he egregiously disgraced. But, the truth is, that having blunted and worn out that interior feeling which is the instinct of the good man, and the wisdom of the wise, there was no balance in his passions, and the decorum of life was sacrificed to its selfishness. He condescended to live on the follies of the people, and his sordid nature had changed him till he crept licking the dust with the serpent." This is exceedingly severe, but on the whole, just.





SARAH MAPP,

A REMARKABLE FEMALE BONE-SETTER.



HIS woman is a conspicuous character in the annals of quackery. Possessing masculine habits and much personal courage, she distinguished herself accidentally by two or three extraordinary cures, and speedily rose into notoriety as *the* bone-setter or shape-mistress. Her father, whose name was Wallin, followed the same line of business in Wilts, but having quarrelled with him she left his establishment, and fixed her residence at Epsom. She soon visited London, and her success was beyond expectation. In fact, her progress almost exceeded credibility, as she started into public notice, got married, and set up a carriage, all within a few months of her arrival. Her husband was in the employment of Mr. Ibbotson, mercer, Ludgate-hill, and, it is supposed, must have married her on speculation, as she was hideously ugly. His name was Hill Mapp, and if we can credit the newspaper reports, he first robbed, and then deserted her. In spite of this untoward event, Mrs. Mapp's fame continued to increase, and she divided the suffrages of the town with the famous quacks, Ward and Taylor, who were then also running the race of popularity with pretensions equally well-founded to infallibility. In the newspapers of the time, we find numerous paragraphs either indicative of her popularity and success, or in ridicule of her pretensions. Of these the following may serve as specimens:—

September 23, 1736.—“Mrs. Mapp continues making extraordinary cures; she has now set up an equipage, and on Sunday waited on her majesty.”

Saturday, October 16, 1736.—“Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, with Dr. Taylor, the oculist, was at the play-house, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, to see a

comedy called, "The Husband's Relief, with the Female Bone-setter and Worm Doctor," which occasioned a full house, and the following epigram :—

" While Mapp to th' actors show'd a kind regard,
On one side Taylor sat, on th' other Ward :
When their mock persons of the drama came,
Both Ward and Taylor thought it hurt their fame,
Wonder'd how Mapp could in good humour be—
Zounds ! cries the manly dame, it hurts not me ;
Quacks without art may either blind or kill,
But demonstration shows that mine is skill."

This last line is in allusion to three surprising cures which she performed before Sir Hans Sloane, at the Grecian coffee-house, where she came once a week from Epsom, in her chariot drawn by four horses. The first was of a man in Wardour street, whose back had been broke nine years, and stuck out two inches. The second was of a niece to Sir Hans Sloane himself, in a similar condition. And the third of a gentleman who went with one shoe heel six inches high, having been lame twenty years of his hip and knee, whom she set quite straight, and brought his leg down even with the other.

The following song was also sung upon the stage :

Ye surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates,
To ride in your coaches, and purchase estates ;
Give over for shame, for your pride has a fall,
Since the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all.

Derry down, down, &c.

What signifies learning, or going to school,
When a woman can do without reason or rule ;
What puts you to non-plus, and baffles your art,
For petticoat practice has now got the start.

Derry down, down, &c.

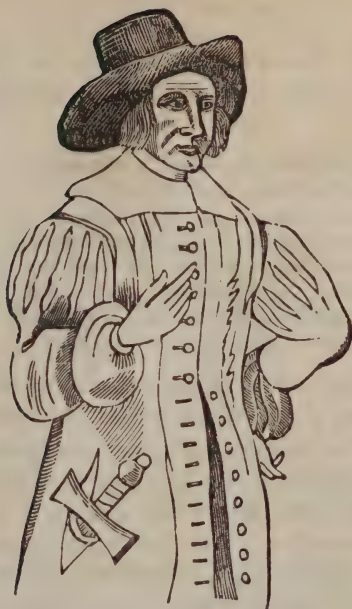
In physics, as well as in fashions, we find,
The newest has always the run with mankind :
Forgot is the bustle 'bout Taylor and Ward ;
Now Mapp's all the cry, and her fame's on record.

Derry down, down, &c.

Dame Nature has given her a doctor's degree,
She gets all the patients, and pockets the fee ;
So if you don't instantly prove it a cheat,
She'll loll in her chariot whilst you walk the street.

Derry down, down, &c.

The career of Mrs. Mapp, however, was very brief, as we find that she married on the 11th of August, 1736, that her fame was at its acme in October, when crowds went to see her at the theatre, and that in December, the same year, she paid the great debt of nature, at obscure lodgings, near the Seven Dials, where she had suddenly sunk into poverty and distress !



MOLL CUT-PURSE.



MARY FRITH, alias Mal, or Moll Cut-purse, was a notorious character in the reign of Charles I. She was infamous as a prostitute and procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods. She made this trade very advantageous, acting nearly upon the plan pursued by Jonathan Wild, in the reign of George I. She kept up a close intercourse with most of the thieves of her day; and was particularly intimate with Mull'd Sack, a well-known chimney-sweeper and thief, who once left her in pawn for a considerable tavern reckoning; from which time she dropped his acquaintance. She was also concerned with a dexterous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She well knew, like many robbers in high life, how to make the produce of her accumulated crimes the means of her protection, and to live luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. Her biographers notice, as a remarkable feature, her passion for smoking tobacco; in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself. It was, at that time, almost as rare a sight to see a woman with a pipe, as to see one of the sex in man's apparel. Nat. Field, in his comedy, called *Amends for the Ladies*, has displayed some of the *Merry Pranks of Moll Cut-purse*. She died of dropsy in her 75th year.



TOBIAS HOBSON,
THE CELEBRATED CAMBRIDGE CARRIER.

HOBSON, though only a carrier, was a man of property. By the help of common prudence, and a constant attention to a few frugal maxims, he realized a much greater fortune than a thousand men of genius and learning, educated at Cambridge university, ever acquired or were ever capable of acquiring. He was, to use the citizen's phrase, "a much better man" than Milton, who wrote two quibbling epitaphs upon him. But even if that great poet had never lived, Hobson's name would have been always remembered; as he took an effectual method of perpetuating his memory by erecting a handsome stone Conduit at Cambridge, supplying it by an aqueduct, and settling seven lays of pasture ground towards the maintenance of the same for ever. He died in the time of the plague, 1630, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. There is a poem called "Hobson's Choice," which we have seen printed in a folio pamphlet, with "The Choice," by Pomfret, one of the finest poems, by the bye, in our language. His will is among Peck's Collections.

The following account is from the *Spectator*, No. 509:—"Mr. Tobias Hobson was a very honourable man, for we ever shall call the man so who gets an estate honestly. He was a carrier, and being a man of great abili-

ties and invention, saw where there might good profit arise, though duller men overlooked it; this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived at Cambridge; and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well-served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice; from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's Choice." This memorable man stands drawn in fresco, at the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate street, and an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the bag:—

"The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who Sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had many times these ten years full
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd:
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed."

BY ANOTHER HAND.

"Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthensome,
That e'en to his last breath, (there be that say't.)
As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier."



OLD SCALEITS ALIAS SCARLET,

SEXTON OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.



HIS person, who lived to the great age of ninety-eight, acquired immortality by officiating as sexton at the sepulture of two queens, Catherine, Queen of Henry VIII., and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. In the Cathedral of Peterborough, there is an ancient full-length portrait of him, from which the above sketch is copied, and under it are the following lines :

“ You see old Scaleits’ picture stand on hie,
But at your feet, there doth his body lye ;
His gravestone doth his age and death-time shewe,
His office, by these tokens, you may know ;
Second to none for strength, and sturдые limm,
A scare-babe mighty voice, with visage grim.
Hee had interred two Queens within this place,
And his Towne’s Householdiers in his life’s space
Twice over : But at length his own turne came,
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done : No doubt his soul doth live for aye
In heaven, though here his body’s clad in clay.”

On a square stone below these verses is the following inscription, “ July 2, 1594, R. S. Ætatis 98.”

The remains of royalty, referred to above, although originally buried at Peterborough, were afterwards removed to Windsor.



JEMELJAN PUGATSCHEW.



THE career of this remarkable man, who, during the reign of Catherine the Second, gave the Russian court no small degree of uneasiness, exhibits a series of adventures equally singular and romantic. He has been generally considered little better than a barbarian, without knowledge or abilities, but the following sketch will give a very different impression of him.

Jemeljan Pugatschew was the son of Ismailow Pugatschew, a chief of the Cossacks on the banks of the river Don, who was remarkable for his bravery and conduct in the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden. He died as he had always wished, in the field, covered with wounds, which he received in the battle between the Russians and Turks, near Bucharest, towards the end of the year 1734, leaving Jemeljan, his only son, then an infant, under the care of his mother; who, in consequence of a new attachment, neglecting him in a most inhuman manner, he was taken by an uncle to Poland, and placed in the family of a nobleman, where he was taught the French, Italian, Polish, and German languages, and became remarkable for the liveliness of his parts. He then

returned to his own country with his uncle, and settled among the Cossacks that inhabit the forests of the Ukrain.

Jemeljan, upon the death of his uncle, was elected chief of these erratic people, and, from his superior knowledge, established a government which considerably increased the happiness of his dependents, who lived, like most of the Cossacks on the banks of the Don, in continual warfare with the neighbouring Tartars. Among the strangers belonging to the tribe which Jemeljan commanded, were two men of abilities, who, from a spirit of enterprise, had accompanied him from Poland; the one Boispré, a Norman; and the other Capelini, a native of Florence. These persons were of considerable use to him in instructing and civilizing his savage followers. In one of their excursions Pugatschew had destroyed a large settlement of Tartars, and carried off a considerable booty, and a great number of prisoners, among whom was a female remarkable for her beauty, called Marvea, whom Jemeljan soon after became so fond of, that he married her according to the custom of those people.

The charms of this woman made an impression upon the chief's Italian friend, who, not seeing any probability of succeeding to his wishes, from the unaffected virtue of Marvea, determined at any rate to gratify his criminal desires. A fatal opportunity offered some time after, as Pugatschew had determined to extirpate a troop of his enemies who had frequently annoyed him from one of the small islands in the Don; and, collecting the greatest part of his force together, he proceeded on the expedition, leaving his family in one of the towns on the uncultivated banks of that river. Nagowski, a Polish officer, was left to take care of the settlement, and Capelini, pretending illness, found it easy to excuse himself from the expedition. In the heart of an immense forest, which was near the place of their abode, the Italian had discovered a large cavern almost covered with trees, which he pitched upon as the spot on which he intended to act his future villany. According to a plan settled between them, Nagowski left the settlement, and not returning for some days, was supposed to have deserted the party.

One morning Marvea walked out alone with one of the company, Capelini having refused to be of the party, under pretence that he was more indisposed than ordinary, and therefore stood in want of repose. Marvea and her companion returned no more. A general alarm took place. Capelini, whose disorder seemed augmented by this accident, acted his part to a miracle; and in his pretended despair, accused the Polander of having debauched the wife of his friend. The truth is, these two villains had agreed, that while Capelini should feign an increase of his malady, Nagowski should go to his cavern and wait with precaution for an opportunity of seizing Marvea. This circumstance presently occurred. The sight of the woman who accompanied Marvea a little embarrassed the

villain, who, through a thicket behind which he was posted, observed all their movements; notwithstanding, he determined not to let this occasion escape him. The monster saw them with a barbarous pleasure gradually advance towards the place which was to secrete the beautiful Tartar. When they had proceeded so far that their cries could not be heard, he came from his post, and walked softly behind the trees; having arrived within a few paces of the unfortunate women, with one stroke of the pommel of his sword, he extended at his feet, without motion, and almost without life, the affrighted companion of Marvea, whom he took in his arms, and, without uttering one word, conveyed into the cavern which was not twenty paces distant. His first care was to recover the unfortunate lady, who, from her terrors, had fainted away. When she came to herself, he returned to the other woman, and brought her also into the cavern. Marvea, overwhelmed with grief, for a considerable time refused to take any nourishment; but her companion, who comprehended nothing of what she had seen, and had a soul less elevated than the wife of Pugatschew, consoled herself in her misfortunes, and readily refreshed herself with the provisions the Polander presented to her. At length Capelini arrived, and threw his unfortunate victim into such a situation as is not easy to describe; in short, he immediately proceeded to violence, and endeavoured to intimidate the object of his wishes by threats of the cruelest kind; but, despairing to triumph over the virtue of the prisoner, he lost all sense of shame and decency, and enjoyed his prize in the most brutal manner.

The time for Pugatschew's return now approached, and Capelini, who had occasionally attended his duty at the settlement, began to feel the severest apprehensions of his villany being discovered. As one crime leads to another, this inhuman wretch, for fear of detection, was impelled to destroy the companion of his wickedness, Nagowski, by a stroke of his sabre, and soon after murdered the unhappy woman who accompanied her mistress to this dreary place. Marvea, who was witness of this dreadful scene, prepared herself with joy to submit to the same fate; but Capelini, still finding her necessary to his happiness, determined to quit the forest, and find some method of conveying the unhappy lady to Poland. Pugatschew at this period returned from his expedition, crowned with victory, when the hypocritical Italian, after many entreaties, and with an appearance of the utmost sensibility, informed him, that during his absence his wife had eloped with Nagowski, and that he had made the strictest search after them to no purpose. Penetrated with grief at this piece of information, the gallant Cossack burst into tears, which at the same time were also plentifully shed by his perfidious associate.

Two days elapsed before Capelini found an opportunity of repairing to the cavern, where he was cautiously followed by Boispré, who had fo

some time suspected his criminal passion for Marvea, and disbelieved the plausible tale he had related to Pugatschew. On entering this dreary abode, Boispré and his two attendants, with some difficulty, discovered the unfortunate victim, who had just life enough to implore their assistance. The Italian, confounded at his detection, fell at the feet of this brave man, who had formerly been his friend, confessed his crimes, and requested immediate death from his hand, or liberty to make his escape. Without deigning him an answer, Boispré ordered his servants to secure him, and immediately despatched one of them to Pugatschew, with the news that he had discovered Marvea, with whom he continued, and endeavoured to administer comfort to her in her expiring moments.

The Cossack chief immediately repaired to the melancholy place, followed by several of his troop, when Boispré taking him by the hand, and pointing to Capelini, "See there," says he, "the ravisher of thy wife." Pugatschew, astonished at these words, was going to wreak his vengeance on the Italian, but was restrained by Boispré and his followers, who conducted him to his faithful consort, who no sooner saw him approach, than she pronounced his name with enthusiastic rapture, and expired in his arms. This affecting scene filled the hearts of these unpolished people with grief and horror. Pugatschew, unable to sustain the shock, fell senseless upon the ground, and was carried by his friends to the settlement, where he continued some time oppressed with a melancholy, which would probably have terminated fatally, but for the strength of his constitution and the care of his friends.

The odious Capelini was condemned by the Cossacks to a singular punishment for his atrocious offences. He was adjudged to be fastened to the dead body of the infamous Nagowski, and suspended by the arms till he was starved to death. The generosity of Pugatschew, however, felt for human nature under such dreadful circumstances, and he directed that the wretch should be put out of his misery with a sabre, the day after he had been suspended, according to his sentence.

We have no further account of this extraordinary man, till he entered into the Russian service some time after, where he gave many proofs of his courage and conduct. He was at the siege of Berlin, which was taken by the Generals Tottleben, Czernichew, and Lascy, in the month of October, 1760, and was the first man that mounted the ramparts, at the head of a party of Cossacks. His behaviour during the siege recommended him so much to the favour of General Tottleben, that he frequently conversed with him. The notice this eminent commander took of Pugatschew, singular as it may appear, was the original cause of his assuming, some years afterwards, the title of Peter the Third, and of the rebellion of Orenburg. The anecdote is as follows. When Tottleben sent for this brave Cossack to his tent, in order to thank him for the example of intrepidity which he had

shown, he was suddenly struck with the similarity which his person bore to that of the emperor, and expressed his surprise upon that occasion to all the officers about him. After having learnt Pugatschew's parentage, the General remarking he might be taken for the Emperor's brother from the extraordinary likeness of their faces and make, jocosely asked him, whether his mother was ever at the court of Holstein, (the birth-place of Peter the Third.) "No, and please your excellency," returned Pugatschew with great readiness, "but my father has often been there." The adroitness of this reply gave the company no indifferent opinion of his talent for repartee. Tottleben, addressing himself to Count Lasey, thus proceeded :—" But, raillery apart, I have never seen any one who resembled another so much as this young fellow does our sovereign; and, if by an unfortunate event, which heaven forbid, we should lose our monarch as the Portuguese formerly did their King, Don Sebastian, this Jemeljan would not find it very difficult to impose upon the ignorant part of mankind, who would doubtless readily believe him to be the first personage in the empire."

This conversation, which Tottleben was far from regarding as a presage of the part which would be played some years after by Pugatschew, made a deep impression on the mind of the latter, who solemnly declared, previous to his execution, that he never ceased thinking on the above declaration, and, when he heard of the death of the unfortunate Peter the Third, he looked upon the words of General Tottleben, to make use of his own emphatic expression, as the voice of an oracle which called him to empire and to glory.

While this singular character was in the Russian service, he lived in strict intimacy with his old friend Boispré, who left the Ukrain with him, and had since been employed as an engineer against the Prussians. Soon after the siege of Berlin, Pugatschew, accompanied by his friend, left the army, in consequence of having wounded a Russian officer of superior rank. They passed with the utmost expedition to Vienna, where our Cossack assumed the character of a noble Venetian, and played his cards so well, that he was received without suspicion into the first families in that capital. His company was particularly agreeable to the ladies, and the young Countess of C—— showed him so much partiality, that Boispré encouraged him to ask her in marriage of her father. This lady was descended from a very distinguished family, and was so far imposed upon as to believe that an alliance with Count Zanardi, as Pugatschew then called himself, would be very advantageous. In short, after some time, our adventurer had address enough to persuade the father of the lady that he was really the nobleman he pretended to be, and the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp.

Upon a dispute occasioned by the Venetians supposing their rights infringed by the imperial court, the former sent an envoy to Vienna, in

order to settle the matter amicably. This minister was not a little surprised at hearing that Count Zanardi had been lately married to a lady of distinction in that city, when he well knew that the family of that name had long been extinct. Suspicions now began to be entertained that our count was an impostor; and it was no doubt lucky for him, that at the time of the ambassador's arrival, he had been some days with the old count, at his estate in the country. Boispré immediately posted thither, and acquainted his friend with the danger that threatened him. Without seeming alarmed, the pretended Zanardi told his wife and her father that one of his particular friends had in an affair of honour dangerously wounded his adversary, and taken refuge in the hotel of the Venetian ambassador: "I must depart immediately," said he, "for the metropolis, in order to thank that minister for his kindness, and conduct my friend hither as to a place of greater security." This reason satisfied the old count and his daughter, and our two adventurers directly departed for Vienna, which was several leagues distant.

When they reached the capital, Zanardi privately entered his father-in-law's palace, and possessed himself of a quantity of jewels and plate which he immediately sold to some Jews. Then quitting Vienna, and taking their route for the borders of Poland, where they soon after arrived, they completely eluded the search of the old count, who was justly exasperated at their base conduct.

In the year 1773, the inhabitants of Casan and Orenburgh, in the Asiatic portion of the Russian empire, having manifested great discontent on account of the impost laid on them for the war with the Turks, and the continual draughts of men for the armies, Pugatschew endeavoured to convert their disaffection into an engine for the promotion of his ambitious designs. The observations of General Totleben, though made so many years before, had left an impression upon his mind which time had not been able to erase. Relying upon his strong resemblance to the dethroned emperor, he had the boldness to assume the name and character of that unfortunate monarch, and openly aspired to the crown. Notwithstanding the palpable nature of the imposture, he was soon joined by great numbers of partisans.

This insurrection became so formidable, that the Empress Catherine was obliged to send a considerable force against the rebels. During the whole of the year 1774, Pugatschew contrived to find employment for the Russian forces, though his adherents were defeated in several obstinate engagements. At length, through the treachery of some of his followers, he was delivered into the hands of the Russians, and conveyed in chains to Moscow, where he and four of his accomplices were executed according to their sentences. Pugatschew and his principal associate, named Perfilieff, were beheaded; the three others were hanged. Eighteen of their followers were knouted and sent to Siberia.

In the Russian official account of the insurrection, there is a studied attempt to depreciate Pugatschew's character as a leader, and to represent him as little better than a bandit. But this is evidently inconsistent with the rest of the narrative, which describes the difficulties experienced by various distinguished Russian generals in their efforts to put down the rebellion. It is also inconsistent with the confession, that he met his fate like a hero. "In the face of Pugatschew," says the official scribe, "not the smallest trace of fear was discoverable; his aspect was serene, and his deportment such as showed a soul quite undaunted in the hour of approaching dissolution. His presence of mind was astonishing; his unconcern thunderstruck the beholders; and, as he passed through the crowd, he expressed a wish, that if he had done aught amiss, the people would pardon him for the love of God."

By a singular mistake of the executioner, Pugatschew's head was struck off *before* instead of *after* his hands and feet, in terms of the sentence. He thus escaped the more barbarous part of his intended punishment. The head was fixed on an iron spike over a wheel, on which his body and Perfilieff's remained till the following day, when they were burned, together with the scaffold





FRANCIS GROSE.



THE union of wit, humour, and fancy, with the most persevering and laborious research, combined to make this eminent antiquary a very remarkable man. While visiting Scotland in 1789, to collect information regarding its antiquities, he was introduced to Burns. They were kindred spirits; and, to use the poet's own phrase, they at once became *pack and thick thegither*. The social as well as literary qualities of the antiquary seem to have made a powerful impression on Burns, since nothing was ever more truly graphic and discriminative than the verses in which he has recorded his feelings in reference to both, as follows:—

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
 If there's a hole in a' your coats
 I rede you tent it;
 A chiel's amang you takin notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light,
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 An' wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, howlet-haunted biggin,
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,

It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, Gude safe's ! colleaguin'
 At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
 Ye gipsy-gang, that deal in glamour,
 And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches,
 Ye'll quake at his conjurin' hammer,
 Ye midnight ———.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 An' ta'en the *Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
 Rusty airn caps, an' jingling jackets,
 Wad haud the Louthians three in tackets,
 A towmond gude,
 And parritch pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the flood.

O' Eve's first fire he has ae cinder ;
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender ;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's Ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg,
 The cut o' Adam's philibeg ;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig,
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleg
 Or lang kail-gully.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Gude fallows wi' him ;
 And *port*, O *port* ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the powers of verse and prose !
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose !
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee,
 I'd tak the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, shame fa' thee

Such was Grose, the antiquary, as described by his friend Burns, and according to all accounts, the picture was not overcharged. A portrait of him, in which he is represented asleep in his chair, attributed to the Rev

James Douglas of the Antiquarian Society, was inscribed to the members of that body, who met at the Somerset Tavern, and had the following lines under it. Though not so characteristic, they are fully as complimentary as those of Burns:—

Now Grose, like bright Phœbus, has sunk into rest,
Society droops for the loss of his jest;
Antiquarian debates, unseason'd with mirth,
To genius and learning will never give birth.
Then wake, brother member, our friend from his sleep,
Lest Apollo should frown, and Bacchus should weep.

The biographers of this gentleman have done little more than describe his works, for although his conversational facetiæ are said to have been unrivalled, yet almost nothing of this kind has been preserved. His first work was the *Antiquities of England and Wales, and the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey*, illustrated by 389 views, and 40 plans, in 6 vols. 4to., and afterwards re-published in 8 vols. 4to. The success of this work induced him to undertake the *Antiquities of Scotland*, illustrated by 190 views, in 2 vols. 4to., to which Burns contributed the materials for his native county, Ayrshire, and also his inimitable poem of *Tam O' Shanter*, which was written expressly for the work. Grose next turned his attention to Ireland, and was just preparing materials for completing his design, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy, with which he was seized in Dublin, on the 12th of May, 1791. The following epitaph, proposed for him, appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle*, May 26:—

Here lies Francis Grose.
On Thursday, May 12, 1791,
Death put an end to
His *Views and Prospects*.

Perhaps the humorous inscription, which had, by anticipation, been penned by Burns, would have been more appropriate. It is, at least, far more pointed. Grose was enormously fat, and in allusion to that physical peculiarity of his nature, the poet, at one of their nocturnal orgies, wrote as follows:—

The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons old Satan came flying;
But when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burthen a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, by ———,
I'd want him, ere take such a d——le load.

Grose was born in 1731. His father, Mr. Francis Grose, of Richmond, left him an independent fortune, but he did not possess the art of improving it. Having kept no vouchers as paymaster of the Surrey Militia, in which he early received a commission, the balance against him exhausted his inheritance, and thus he was constrained by necessity to become an author for bread:



CHEVALIER DESSEASAU.



AMONG the singular characters who have occasionally attracted public notice in the British metropolis, the Chevalier Desseasau is perhaps not the least remarkable. He was a native of Prussia, of French extraction, and early in life bore a commission in the Prussian service. This he found himself under the necessity of quitting abruptly. A disagreement between him and a brother officer was carried to such a height that a duel ensued, in which his antagonist was dangerously wounded. Uncertain of the event, and dreading the consequences should the wound prove fatal, he ensured his safety by flight.

The chevalier sought a refuge in England, and contracted so great a partiality for this country, that he resolved to pass in it the remainder of his days. The singularity of his dress and character soon drew the attention of the curious. He was well acquainted with Burke, Johnson, Murphy, Goldsmith, and most of their contemporaries, eminent for genius and talent in the walks of literature and the drama: nor was there a bookseller of any note who did not know the Chevalier Desseasau. His chief places of resort were Old Anderton's Coffee-house in Fleet street, the Barn, in St. Martin's Lane, and various coffee-houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden. His originality and good-nature caused his company to be much courted.

He either had, or fancied that he possessed a talent for poetry, and used to recite his compositions among his friends. On these occasions his vanity often got the better of his good sense, and led him to make himself the hero of his story. As an instance of this it is said that he frequently repeated the following lines with an emphasis which indicated the most self-complacent satisfaction :—

Il n'y a pas au monde que deux heros'
Le roi de Prusse, et le Chevalier Desseasau—

which may be thus rendered :—

In all the world but heroes two I know,
Prussia's famed King, and Chevalier Desseasau.

He never submitted any of his performances to the public, but confined them to the circle of his friends. He would often rehearse them himself before select companies, and during the last year of his life, he derived his principal means of subsistence from the presents made him in return.

At this period he was reduced by misfortunes, and perhaps also by the infirmities of age, to a residence within the rules of the Fleet prison ; but such was the confidence placed in his honour, that he was suffered to go wherever he pleased. He appeared in the streets in the singular dress and accoutrements delineated in the sketch which is prefixed to this brief memoir. His clothes were black, and their fashion had all the stiff formality of those of an ancient buck. In his hand he generally carried a gold-headed cane, a roll of his poetry, and a sword, or sometimes two. The reason for this singularity was, according to his own expression, that he might afford an opportunity to his antagonist, whom he wounded in the duel, to revenge his cause, should he again chance to meet with him. This trait would induce a belief that his misfortunes had occasioned a partial derangement of the chevalier's intellects.

With respect to his figure, he was short in stature, slender in the lower extremities, and not very unlike the lady, who was said to be a natural daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia, and well known in London, where she appeared in male attire, by the name of the Chevalier de Verdion :—

She who for bread, or some mysterious plan,
Boldly laid aside the woman for the man.

A life and character of this eccentric female will be found in another portion of this work.

Desseasau died at his lodgings in Fleet Market, aged upwards of 70, in February, 1775, and was interred in St. Bride's churchyard. The Gentleman's Magazine of that month contained the following notice concerning him : "Died, the Chevalier Desseasau, commonly called the French Poet ; he has left a great personage, a curious sword, a gold medal, and a curious picture." Whether these articles were ever disposed of conformably to his bequest, we are not informed, and who the great personage was has never been explained,—probably "le roi de Prusse."



EDWARD ALLEYN,

A CELEBRATED ACTOR AND PHILANTHROPIST.



N the history of the drama it is rare to find religion and piety the characteristics of an actor. This gentleman was distinguished for both, as well as for great eminence in his profession. He flourished in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and was born in London, September 1, 1566. Dr. Fuller says, that he was bred a stage-player, and that his father would have given him a liberal education, but that he was averse to a serious course of life. He was, however, a youth of excellent capacity, of a cheerful temper, a tenacious memory, a sweet elocution, and in his person of a stately port and aspect. He was also a man of great benevolence and piety; so devout, that when he received his quarterly accounts, he acknowledged it all to be the gift of God, and resolved to dedicate it to the use of his fellow creatures. This resolution he carried into effect by founding Dulwich College. From various authorities it appears that he must have been on the stage some time before 1592; for he was then in high favour with the town, and greatly applauded by the best judges, particularly by Ben Jonson.

It may seem surprising, how one of Mr. Alleyn's profession should be enabled to erect such an edifice as Dulwich College, and liberally endow it for the maintenance of so many persons. But it must be observed that he had some paternal fortune, which, though small, might lay a foundation for his future affluence; and it is to be presumed, that the profits he

received from acting, to one of his provident and managing disposition, and who, by his professional excellence, drew after him such crowds of spectators, must have considerably improved his fortune. Besides, he was not only an actor, but master of a play-house in Whitecross street, built at his own expense, by which he is said to have amassed considerable wealth. He was also keeper of the king's wild beasts, or master of the royal bear garden, which was frequented by vast crowds of spectators; and the profits arising from these sports are said to have amounted to five hundred pounds per annum. He was thrice married; and the portions of his two first wives, who left him no issue to inherit, might probably contribute to his benefaction.

Foundations of this kind have been frequently thought to proceed more from vanity and ostentation than real piety; but Mr. Alleyn's has been ascribed to a very singular cause, for the devil is said to have been the first promoter of it. Mr. Aubrey mentions a tradition, "that Mr. Alleyn playing a demon, with six others, in one of Shakspeare's plays, was, in the midst of the piece, surprised by an apparition of the devil, which so worked on his fancy, that he made a vow, which he performed by building Dulwich College." He began the foundation of this college, under the direction of the famous Inigo Jones, in 1614; and on the buildings, gardens, &c., finished in 1617, he is said to have expended about £10,000.

After the college was built, he met with some difficulties in obtaining a charter for settling his lands in Mortmain; for he proposed to endow it with £800 per annum, for the maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows, three of whom were to be clergymen, and the fourth a skilful organist; also six poor men, and as many women; besides twelve poor boys, to be educated till the age of fourteen or sixteen, and then put out to some trade or calling. The obstruction he met with, arose from the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who wished King James to settle part of those lands for the support of two academical lectures; and he wrote a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated August 18, 1618, entreating him to use his influence with his majesty for that purpose. Mr. Alleyn's solicitation was, however, at last complied with, and he obtained the royal license, giving him full power to lay the foundation of his intended hospital at Dulwich, called "The College of God's Gift." The rules prescribed for this foundation are, that all future benefactions are excluded; and the visitors are to be the churchwardens of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and St. Saviour's, Southwark; who, upon any difference arising between them, are to refer the decision of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was himself the first master of his college, so that, to use the words of Mr. Haywood, one of his contemporaries, "He was so mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own pensioner, humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and clothes

which he had bestowed on others. There is no reason to think he ever repented of this distribution of his substance, but, on the contrary, that he was entirely satisfied, as appears from a memorandum, in his own handwriting, found among his papers:—"May 26, 1620, my wife and I acknowledged the fine at the Common Pleas bar, of all our lands to the college: blessed be God that he has given us life to do it." His wife died in the year 1623, and about two years afterwards he married Constance Kinchtoe, who survived him, and received remarkable proofs of his affection, if we may judge of it by his will, in which he left her considerable property. He died November 25, 1626, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in the chapel of his new college.

In this college, by the statutes, the warden succeeds the master, and takes upon him the office immediately on the master's death. The founder directed that the master and warden shall both be of the name of Allen, or Alleyn, and every person of that name is eligible to become a candidate. Celibacy is a *sine qua non*. The election is in the surviving fellows, who choose two persons. Two rolls of paper are then put into a box and each candidate takes one, and the person who takes the paper upon which the words "God's Gift" are written, is the warden elected. The late master, William Allen, Esq., enjoyed his situation upwards of fifty-two years. The revenues of this college are large and increasing. The master's apartments in the college are extremely grand; at his taking possession of the place, he is obliged to purchase the furniture, which is as elegant as can be imagined; and, being lord of the manor, he lives in all the state of a mitred abbot. Notwithstanding the singular severity of the rules, by which both he and the warden are to remain unmarried, yet there is always a sufficient number of candidates for the office, among those of the name of Alleyn. The library is well furnished with classical and modern books, and behind the college is a good garden, where there are pleasant walks and fruit trees.

The picture-gallery in Dulwich College, which contains the collection of the late Sir Francis Bourgeois, and goes under his name, is an object of great interest to amateurs of the fine arts. It is extremely rich in the works of the old masters, particularly Poussin, Teniers, Vandyke, Claude, Rubens, Cuyp, Murillo, Velasquez, Annibal Caracci, Vanderveldt, Vanderwerf, and Vanhuysen. The lover of truth, nature and art combined, may here luxuriate for days and weeks in the contemplation of the finest specimens of all three that ever were produced by the hand of genius. A mausoleum, designed by Soane, and well worthy of his talents, adds to the interest of the gallery. Here lie Sir Francis Bourgeois, and Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans, surrounded in death by all that taste and wealth had collected for their gratification while alive. A full description of the pictures in this gallery would fill a volume.



FORSTER POWELL,
THE CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN.



MR. POWELL was born at Horseforth, near Leeds, in 1734. He came to London and articulated himself to an attorney in the Temple, 1762. After the expiration of his clerkship, he remained some time with his uncle, Mr. Powell of New Inn, and at his decease, he was successively in the employment of Mr. Stokes and

Mr. Bingley, both of the same place.

Previous to his engagement with Stokes, he undertook, but not for a wager, in the year 1764, to go fifty miles on the Bath road in seven hours, which he accomplished within the time, having gone the first ten miles in one hour, although encumbered with a great coat and leather breeches.

It is asserted that he visited several parts of Switzerland and France, and gained much praise there, though his fame, as a pedestrian, was not as yet publicly established; but, in the year 1773, he travelled on foot, it being the first time, as it is imagined, for a wager, from London to York and back again, a distance of 402 miles, in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1778, he attempted to run two miles in ten minutes for a wager; he started from Lea Bridge, and lost it by only half a minute. In 1786, he

undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath road in 24 hours—50 miles out and 50 miles in—he completed this journey three quarters of an hour within the time.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge, and back again, in 24 hours, the distance being 12 miles more than his former journey; and he accomplished it to the great astonishment of thousands of anxious spectators.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favourite journey from London to York, and back again, in six days, which he executed in five days and twenty hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till the year 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York, and back again; he was allowed six days to do it, and accomplished it in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1792, he was determined to repeat his journey to York and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world that he could do it in a shorter time than ever, though now at the age of 58 years. Accordingly he set out, and performed the journey in five days, fifteen hours, and one quarter. On his return he was saluted with the loud huzzas of the astonished spectators.

In this same year he walked for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in fifty-five minutes and a half, on the Clapham road. Shortly afterwards he went down to Brighton, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes—he walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in five minutes and twenty-three seconds, by which he was seventeen seconds within the time allowed him.

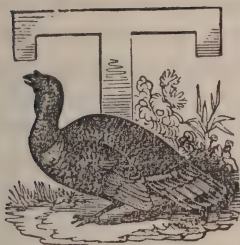
Having undertaken a journey to Canterbury, by unfortunately mistaking the road from Blackheath to London, which considerably increased it, he unavoidably lost the wager; yet he gained more by this accident than by all the journeys he accomplished; for his friends, feeling for the great disappointment he experienced, got up a subscription for his benefit.

Powell despised wealth; and notwithstanding his many opportunities of acquiring money, forty pounds was the largest sum he ever made by any of his feats.

In 1793, he was suddenly taken ill, and died, April 15th, at his apartments in New Inn, in rather indigent circumstances; for notwithstanding his wonderful feats and the means he had of obtaining wealth, poverty was his constant companion. The Faculty attributed his sudden dissolution to his great exertions in his last journey to York. In the afternoon of the 22d, his remains were brought, according to his own dying request, to the burying-ground of St. Faith, St. Paul's churchyard. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New Inn, through Fleet street, and up Ludgate-hill. The ceremony was conducted with much decency, and a very great concourse of people attended.



THOMAS LAUGHER.



HIS venerable person is another instance of metropolitan longevity, having lived nearly the whole of his long life in London. But his great age must no doubt be ascribed partly to a sound constitution, and partly to his systematic temperance. He was born at the village of Markley, in the county of Worcester, and was baptized, as appears by the register, in January, 1700. His parents were natives of Shropshire, and were themselves examples of unusual longevity, his father dying at the age of 97, and his mother at 108. In the year following that of his birth they removed with him to London, where he resided ever afterwards.

In the early part of his life, he followed for many years the business of a liquor merchant in Upper Thames street. Although wines and spirits of every description were thus plentifully at his command, he never drank any fermented liquor, during the first fifty years of his life, his chief beverage being milk, milk and water, coffee and tea. This business he was at length obliged to relinquish in consequence of some heavy losses which he experienced.

Laugher remembered most of the principal occurrences of the last century, but latterly, from his extreme age, his memory occasionally failed him: his other faculties he enjoyed in a surprising degree. His residence

was in Kent street, in the Borough, from which he walked every Sunday morning, when the weather permitted, to the Rev. Mr. Coxhead's chapel in Little Wild street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

To all appearance he had been a remarkably well-made man in his youth, and rather above the middle stature, though towards the close of his life he was somewhat bent by the weight of years. Having lost his teeth, he faltered a little in speaking, but his lungs appeared to be very strong and sound. It is not less surprising than true, that after a severe fit of illness, at the age of eighty, he got a fresh head of hair and new nails both on his fingers and toes; a contraction, which took place at the same time in the finger of each hand, never afterwards left them. His hair was thick and flowing, not thoroughly white, but gray on the outside and brown underneath. The colour of the eye-brows exhibited the same peculiarity.

During the latter part of his life he was supported by the donations of charitable and well-disposed persons. From a spirit of independence, he used for several years to sell laces for stays, garters, and other little articles of that nature, for which he found customers among his friends, who always encouraged his industry.

Laugher had a son who died some years before himself at the age of eighty. This son, whom he called his "poor Tommy," had the appearance of being considerably older than his father, which occasionally produced curious mistakes. The following anecdote is well authenticated. Walking one day together in Holborn, the difficulty which the son found to keep up with the father drew the attention of a gentleman, who went to old Laugher and began to expostulate with him for not assisting his father. When informed of his mistake, he would not give credit to the old man till convinced by some person, who knew them both, of the truth of his testimony.

This inversion in the order of nature was attributed, by the old man, to his son's having lived rather too freely in his younger days. He was often heard to say, "If the young fool had taken as much care of his health as I have always done, he might now have been alive and hearty."

As far as his memory served, the old man was, at all times, extremely willing to answer any questions that might be proposed to him by strangers, and never exhibited any of that austerity and peevishness which so frequently accompany extreme old age. He used to be much pleased to hear anecdotes of Old Jenkins and Old Parr, and dwelt with self-complacent garrulity upon the circumstance of his family having come from the same county as the latter. His inoffensive manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness gained him the respect both of old and young in the neighbourhood of his residence.



JOHN ELWES.



THE life of Mr. Elwes furnishes an example, as memorable as any recorded in history, of the inconsistency of man. It shows that the most sordid parsimony may be combined with the most extravagant negligence and profusion, and that principles of the purest honour may be associated with a degree of meanness that is utterly degrading to the human character. But we need not anticipate the reflections that cannot fail to occur to every intelligent reader while perusing the following sketch of this extraordinary compound of frailty and excellence.

The father of Mr. Elwes, whose family name was Meggot, was an eminent brewer in Southwark. He died when his son was only four years old, so that little of the penurious character by which the latter was afterwards distinguished, can be attributed to his father. The precepts and example of his surviving parent doubtless exercised more influence; for though she was left a hundred thousand pounds by her husband, she starved herself to death. But another cause, which will presently be noticed, must also have contributed to instil into the mind of Mr. Elwes that saving principle by which he was so eminently distinguished.

At an early period of life he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years, and became a good classical scholar; yet it

is not a little extraordinary, that at no future period was he ever seen with a book, nor did he leave behind him, at all his different houses, two pounds' worth of literary furniture. Of accounts he had no knowledge whatever, and this may perhaps have been, in part, the cause of his total ignorance of his own concerns. From Westminster School he removed to Geneva, to complete his education, and after an absence of two or three years, he returned to England.

At this time his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, resided at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of penury that perhaps ever existed. To this gentleman he was introduced, and as he was to be his heir, it was of course policy to endeavour to please him. A little disguise was now sometimes necessary even in Mr. Elwes, who, as he mingled with the gay world, dressed like other people. This, however, would not have gained him the favour of Sir Harvey. His hopeful nephew used, therefore, when he visited him, to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, where he dressed in a manner more likely to ensure his uncle's approbation. He made his appearance at Stoke in a pair of small iron buckles, darned worsted stockings, an old worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat, and was contemplated with a miserable satisfaction by Sir Harvey, who was delighted to see his heir bidding fair to rival him in the accumulation of useless wealth. There they would sit with a single stick on the fire, and indulge occasionally with one glass of wine between them, while they inveighed against the extravagance of the times; and when night approached, they retired to bed because they thus saved the expense of candle-light. The nephew, however, had then, what he never lost, a very keen appetite, and this, in the opinion of his uncle, would have been an unpardonable offence. He therefore first partook of a dinner with some country neighbour, and then returned to his uncle with a little diminutive appetite, which quite charmed the old gentleman.

Sir Harvey at his death left his name and his whole property, amounting to at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, who at the time possessed a fortune very little inferior. For fifteen years previous to this event, Mr. Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis. His numerous acquaintance and large fortune conspired to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member of a club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. His propensity for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the passion. Few men, according to his own acknowledgment, had played deeper and with more various success: He once played two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the late Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting Mr. Elwes lost some thousands.

No one will be disposed to deny that avarice is a base passion. It will

therefore be the more difficult to conceive how a mind organized like that of Mr. Elwes could be swayed by principles of such peculiar honour and delicacy as often influenced his conduct; the theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he adhered to in practice, and this feeling he never violated to the last. Had he received all he won, he would have been richer by many thousands, for large sums owing him by persons of very high rank were never liquidated. Nor was this the only pleasing trait in the character of Mr. Elwes; his manners were so gentlemanly, so mild and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude oblige him to cease the observance of his usual attentions.

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, surrounded with splendour and profusion, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Thaydon-hall, a mansion he possessed in Essex. There, forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or rain squabbling with a butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not yet arrived, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, which was seventeen miles from London, without stopping, after sitting up the whole night.

The principal residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was at his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire. Here he had two sons born by Elizabeth Moren, his housekeeper; and these natural children at his death inherited, by will, the greatest part of his immense property. In his excursions to this seat he always travelled on horseback, and to see him preparing for a journey was a matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, together with a few scraps of bread; then mounting one of his hunters, his next care was to get out of London into that road where there were the fewest turnpikes. Stopping on these occasions, under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his beast together.

On the death of this uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which his nephew, the late Colonel Timms, used to relate the following anecdote:—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through, and perceived that the rain was dropping from the ceiling on the bed. He rose and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found he was just as much exposed as before. At length, after making the tour of the room with his bed, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morn-

ing. At breakfast he told Elwes what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old man, seriously, "I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

On his removal into Suffolk, Mr. Elwes first began to keep fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters was, at that time, considered the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here, every thing was managed in the most frugal manner. His huntsman led by no means an idle life; he rose at four every morning; and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends he might happen to have with him; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house, he would lay the cloth and wait at dinner. This business being despatched, he again hurried into the stable to feed the horses, and the evening was diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. It may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that this man should live in his place some years, though his master often used to call him an idle dog, and say, the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing. Thus the whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. In the summer, the dogs always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had more meat and less work, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept hounds, which was for a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided almost entirely at Stoke, in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness which he performed on one of these occasions ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for £7000, which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made an offer of the money, which he accepted and won his engagement.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire, to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for any thing it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often declaring, that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out of their pockets." That he was not, however, overburdened with natural affection, the following anecdote appears to prove. One day he had sent his eldest boy up a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy took the precaution to go up to the village to the barber and get bled. On his return, being asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his

arm, he informed his father that he had got bled.—“Bled ! bled !” cried the old gentleman ; “but what did you give ?” “A shilling,” answered the boy. “Pshaw !” returned the father, “you are a blockhead ; never part with your blood !”

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary’s bill, were equal objects of Mr. Elwes’s aversion. The words “*give*” and “*pay*” were not found in his vocabulary ; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through with his leg cut to the bone ; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, hard day ! part with some money for advice.

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent ; but as he knew scarcely any thing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust a great deal to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme, with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaux filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Thus there was a reflux of some portion of that wealth which he was denying himself every comfort to amass. All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London, he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach, and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher ; and at one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked up out of a rut in a lane, and which had apparently been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, (his uncle’s father,) from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves ; and there he sat at dinner in boots, and the green velvet, with his own white hair appearing round his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some house property in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year. He was the founder of great part of Marylebone, Portman Place, Portman Square, and many of the adjacent streets : and had not the fatal American war put a

stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. To save the premiums he became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagration. He soon became a philosopher upon fire ; and, on a public house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, " Well, there is no great harm done ; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and when any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into another. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these movables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble ; for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose ; and, besides, the colds she took were amazing ; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great house in Portland Place ; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. It might with truth be said of the old woman, that she was " here to-day and gone to-morrow ;" and the scene which terminated her life, is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and, as usual, had taken up his abode in one of his empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London ; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he inquired at his banker's and at other places ; some days elapsed, and he at length learned from a person whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough street. This was some clue to the colonel, who immediately posted to the spot. As the best mode of gaining intelligence he applied to a chairman, but he could obtain no information of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person, but no gentleman had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable and locking it after him, and from the description it agreed with the person of Mr. Elwes. The colonel proceeded to the house, and knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent ; but on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, on

an old pallet bed, they found Mr. Elwes apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible ; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary who was sent for, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days, " that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other had not been near him ; that she had herself been ill, but he supposed she had got well and was gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journeys, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets, and had, to all appearance, been dead about two days. Thus died the servant, and thus, had it not been for this providential discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes, who, though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want !

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire ; but to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, but on the express stipulation, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in parliament for the moderate sum of eighteen pence ! He now left his residence in Suffolk, and again went to his seat at Marcham. He took his fox-hounds with him, but finding that his time was likely to be much employed, he resolved to part with them, and they were soon afterwards given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour, that in every part of his parliamentary conduct, and in every vote he gave, he sought no other guide than his conscience, and proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

In his attendance on senatorial duties, Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual ; he always stayed out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount Coffee-house. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred which furnished him a whimsical opportunity of displaying his disregard of his person. The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and a surgeon was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. " Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes ; " but Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt ; now you think they are ; so I will make this agreement. I will take one leg, and you shall take the other : you shall do

what you please with yours, I will do nothing to mine ; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours." He exultingly beat the surgeon by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes, when he conceived that he had obtained a seat in parliament for nothing, had not taken into account the inside of the house ; for he often declared that three contested elections could not have cost him more than he lost by loans to his brother representatives, which were never repaid. His parsimony was the chief cause of his quitting parliament, for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expense would have restored him to his seat. He therefore voluntarily retired from a parliamentary life.

About this time he lost his famous servant of all work. He died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor, for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used, "If you keep one servant, your work is done ; if you keep two it is half done ; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house ; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he for a time consoled himself for the loss of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons ; he moreover experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was no less satisfactory, that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expense.

Mr. Elwes therefore passed much of his time in the Mount Coffee-house. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasions, to disappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same of himself, and on much better grounds, for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perseverance which avarice alone could inspire, he rose the loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to believe that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised ; although the benefit of this consideration was thrown away upon him, since his maxim, which he frequently repeated, always was, "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving*, for of that a man could be sure."

Among the sums which Mr. Elwes occasionally vested in the hands of others, some solitary instances of generosity are upon record. When his

son was in the guards, he was in the habit of dining frequently at the officers' table. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer of the corps. Among these was Captain Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but as money cannot always be raised immediately on landed property, it was imagined that he would have been obliged to suffer some other officer to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes one day hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest and liked his manners, and he never once spoke to him afterwards concerning the payment, but on the death of that officer, which soon followed, the money was repaid.

At the close of the spring of 1785, he again wished to see his seat at Stoke, which he had not visited for some years; but the journey was now a serious object. The famous old servant was dead; out of his whole stud he had remaining only a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself no longer possessed such vigour of body as to ride sixty or seventy miles upon two boiled eggs. At length, to his no small satisfaction, he was carried into the country, as he had been into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as himself. On his arrival he found fault with the expensive furniture of the rooms, which would have fallen in but for his son, Mr. John Elwes, who had resided there. Afterwards, if a window was broken he suffered no repair but that of a little brown paper, or piecing in a bit of broken glass; and to save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields, to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

When the season was still farther advanced, his morning employment was to pick up stray chips of wood, and other things, to carry to the fire in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose. The gentleman expressed his wonder why he gave himself such trouble, to which he replied, "Ah, sir, it is really a shame that these creatures should commit so much waste."

To save the expense of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed, and so eat mutton to the end of the chapter. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer one to be thrown in again, observing that if he did, he should never see them more. Game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than

have new provisions before the old were exhausted. With this diet his dress kept pace. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and in the middle of the night would go down stairs to see if they were safe. There was nothing but the common necessities of life which he did not deny himself; and it would have admitted of a doubt whether, if he had not held in his own hands manors and grounds which furnished him a subsistence, he would not have starved rather than have bought any thing. He one day dined on the remnant of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat; and another ate the undigested part of a pike, which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state in a net. On the latter occasion, he observed with great satisfaction, "Aye, this is killing two birds with one stone."

Mr. Elwes spent the spring of 1786 alone, at Stoke, and had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, he would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way; his thoughts were incessantly occupied with money, and he saw nobody that he did not think was deceiving and defrauding him. As he would not allow himself any fire by day, so he retired to bed at its close, to save candle; and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life,—the perfect vanity of wealth!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Thaydon-hall, a scene of greater ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. Here he fell ill; and as he refused all assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, indulging, even in the prospect of death, that avarice which nothing could subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will. On his arrival in London, he put his design into execution, and devised all his real and personal estates, exclusive of his entailed property, to his two sons, equally between them.

Soon after this Mr. Elwes gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing all his concerns into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his attorney, and his youngest son, who had been his chief agent for some time. This step had become highly necessary, for he entirely forgot all recent occurrences; and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inconceivable. Of this the following anecdote may serve as an instance. He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head during the night that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walked about the room with that feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waiting with the utmost impatience for the morning; when, on going to the bankers' with an apology for the great

liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion to apologize, as he happened to have in their hands at that time the small balance of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.*

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark that extreme conscientiousness which, amidst all his anxiety about money, did honour to his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial amount, he was never easy till it was paid, and he was never known on any occasion to fail in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security.

Mr. Elwes had now attained seventy-six; and a circumstance occurred which, considering his disposition and advanced age, was not less extraordinary than many already recorded. He, who during his whole life had been such an enemy to giving, now gave away his affections. One of the maid-servants with whom he had for some time been accustomed to pass his hours in the kitchen, had the art to induce him to fall in love with her; and had it not been discovered by his friends, it is doubtful whether she would not have prevailed upon him to marry her.

During the winter of 1788, his memory visibly weakened every day; and his anxiety about money became so intense, that he began to apprehend he should die of want. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day when this gentleman waited upon him, he said with apparent concern, "Sir, you see in what a good house I am living, yet here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!"

Mr. George Elwes, having married and settled at his seat at Marcham, was naturally desirous that in the assiduities of his wife his father might at length find a comfortable home. A journey with any expense annexed to it was, however, an insurmountable obstacle. This was fortunately removed, by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient seat in Berkshire, with his purse perfectly whole. Still there was another circumstance not a little distressing; the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his last coat, and could not afford to buy a new one. His son, therefore, with pious fraud, requested Mr. Partis to buy him a coat and make him a present of it. Thus formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and at last no coat at all, he was glad to accept one from a neighbour.

Mr. Elwes, a day or two before he took his gratuitous journey into Berkshire, delivered to Mr. Partis that copy of his last will and testament, which he himself had kept, to be carried to Messrs. Hoares, his bankers.

At his departure he took with him a sum of five guineas and a half,

and half a crown. Lest the mention of this sum may appear singular, it must be noted that on the previous day he had carefully wrapped it up in various folds of paper, that no part of it might be lost. To hoard it was now his chief concern.

On the arrival of the old gentleman, his son and his wife neglected nothing that was likely to render the country a scene of quiet to him. But he carried that within his bosom, which baffled every effort of the kind. His mind, cast away on the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extending beyond the bounds of his calculation, amused itself with fetching and carrying a few guineas, which in that ocean were indeed but a drop.

The first symptom of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. He was frequently heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" If any one of the family entered the room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and as if waking from a troubled dream, hurry into bed again, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had concealed his money to see if it was safe.

In the autumn of 1789, he lost his memory entirely; his senses sunk rapidly into decay, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of the most violent passion began to usurp the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head. On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

His singular appetite he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles only a fortnight before he died.

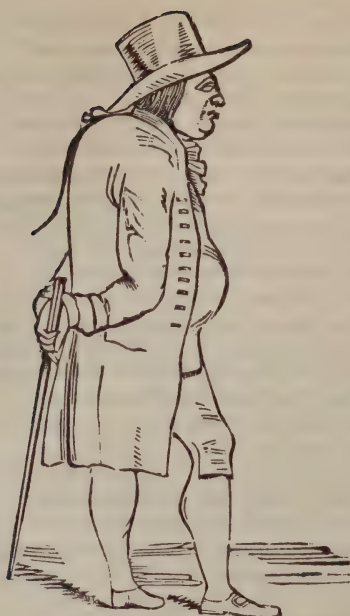
On the 18th of November, he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave. He lingered till the 26th, when he expired without a sigh; leaving property to the amount of above £800,000. The value of that which he had bequeathed to his two sons, was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to Mr. Timms, son of Lieutenant-colonel Timms, of the Horse Guards.

The following Epitaph on Mr. Elwes appeared in the Chelmsford Chronicle. It is altogether a just and striking picture of the singular being whose memory it is intended to perpetuate:—

Here, to man's honour or to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race

In ELWES' form ;—whose spirit, heart, and mind,
 Virtue and vice in firmest tints combined ;
 Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
 And base the mass—that many a diamond bore :
 Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
 And av'rice coupled with benevolence ;
 Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
 Were sometimes warmly kind—and always just ;
 With power to reach Ambition's highest berth,
 He sunk a mortal grovelling to the earth ;
 Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
 Poor to the poor—still poorer to himself :
 Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
 Ne'er in his country's plunder dug for wealth ;
 Call'd by her voice—but call'd without expense,
 His noble nature roused in her defence ;
 And in the Senate labouring in her cause,
 The firmest guardian of the fairest laws
 He stood ;—and each instinctive taint above,
 To every bribe preferr'd a people's love ;
 Yet still with no stern patriotism fired,
 Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retired.
 By Penury guarded from Pride's sickly train,
 Living a length of days without a pain,
 And adding to the millions never tried,
 Loved—pitied—scorn'd—and honour'd—ELWES died !
 Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene
 Man is a compound of the great and mean ;
 Discordant qualities together tied,
 Virtues in him and vices are allied :
 The sport of follies, or of crimes the heir,
 We all the mixtures of an ELWES share.
 Pondering his faults—then ne'er his worth disown,
 But in *his* nature recollect *thine own* ;
 And think—for life and pardon where to trust,
 Were God not MERCY, when his creature's dust.





BARON D'AGUILAR.



HE Baron d'Aguilar may justly be classed among the most singular characters of the age in which he lived. The elements were so mixed up in him as to form a truly extraordinary combination of vice and virtue; of misanthropy and benevolence; of meanness and integrity; of avarice and liberality; of pride and humility; of cruelty and kindness. Courted during the early part of his life in the walks of elegance and fashion, he rendered himself despised towards the conclusion of it by his meanness and degeneracy.

Ephraim Lopes Pereira d'Aguilar, descended of Jewish parents, was born about the year 1740, at Vienna. His father was a native of Portugal, but, in 1722, quitted that country on account of his religion, and came to England. In 1736, he went to Vienna, where he submitted to the imperial court proposals for farming the duties on tobacco and snuff. In this undertaking he was so successful, that he afterwards became not only a confidant of the Empress Maria Theresa, but was appointed her cashier. About the year 1756 he returned to England with a family of twelve children, and in 1759 died, very rich, leaving his title to his eldest son, the late baron, and the subject of these pages.

In 1758, the baron was naturalized, and married the daughter of the late Moses Mendes da Costa, Esq., whose fortune was stated, by report, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was settled on her previous to marriage. By this lady the baron had two daughters, both of whom were living at his death, and inherited his large property.

Having been left a widower in 1763, the baron a few years afterwards married the widow of Benjamin Mendes da Costa, Esq., who likewise brought him a considerable fortune. During his first, and for some time after his second marriage, the baron lived in the highest style of fashion, in Broad street Buildings, being extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and keeping several carriages, and upwards of twenty servants. But on the commencement of the American war, having lost an estate of fifteen thousand acres on that continent, this, and other losses, together with domestic disagreements, induced him to alter his plan of living. On the expiration of his lease he removed from Broad street Buildings, totally withdrawing himself from his family connections and the society of the gay world.

This, and a total change in his manners and temper, led to a separation from his wife, who possessed an independent income. Though he had quitted his elegant mansion, he had still abundant choice of a residence, being the owner of several other splendid houses in London and its vicinity. He had also some ground close to the New River, which he converted into a farmyard.

Having relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman, the baron took it into his head to adopt those of the farmer: but his farming speculations he carried on in a manner peculiar to himself. His farmyard at Islington was a real curiosity of the kind. From the state in which the cattle were kept, it received the characteristic appellation of the "Starvation Farm Yard." These wretched animals, exhibiting the appearance of mere skin and bone, might be seen amidst heaps of dung and filth, some just ready to expire, and some not yet reduced so low, preying upon others. His hogs would often make free with his ducks and poultry; for though brought up a Jew, the baron had always plenty of pork and bacon for his own consumption. The miserable situation of these animals, doomed to this state of living death, frequently excited the indignation of passengers, who would often assemble in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron, who generally appeared in a very mean and dirty dress.

After his removal to Islington, he would either feed the hogs, cows, and fowls himself, or stand by while they were fed, conceiving that nothing could be properly done unless he were present. His cows he used sometimes to send from the Starvation Yard, to his field at Bethnal Green, to grass, sending a servant that distance to milk them. Here his cattle in the winter time were absolutely perishing, and rather than sell any he would suffer them to die,

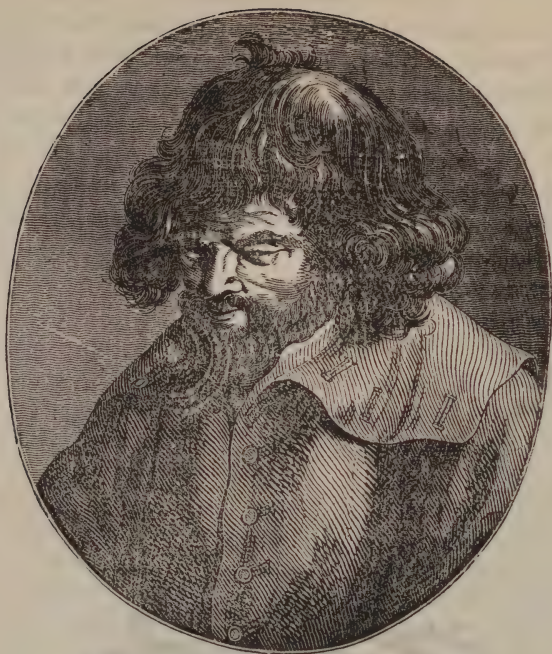
one after another, of want. In all cases of this kind, the man whom he employed to look after them was ordered to bury the carcass. Once, however, he ventured to transgress this injunction, and sold the flesh of a starved calf to a dealer in dog's meat. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of the baron, he sent to the fellow, and charged him with selling his property. The man confessed that he had sold the calf for one shilling and tenpence, which the baron deducted from his wages, and then discharged him from his service. Notwithstanding this apparent meanness, he never would claim his large property in America, nor would he suffer any other person to interfere in the business. He was not destitute of charity, for his contributions to the poor were manifold and secret. He was also a liberal patron of public institutions, and though his cattle attested that he did not always feed the hungry, yet he was seldom backward at clothing the naked, frequently inviting home ragged and distressed females, for whom he provided comfortable garments. He has been known to take into his houses fatherless children, whom he occasionally made his servants, increasing their wages with their years. So far his conduct might have excited the emulation of the Christian, but what followed disgraced the character of man; too often treachery was concealed beneath the mask of benevolence, and the hapless orphan found a deceiver in her supposed benefactor.

After a separation of twenty years, the baron called one day to see his wife. A partial reconciliation was effected; and after repeated visits, he took up his abode entirely at her house. No sooner had he established himself there, than he began to treat her with a rigour she could not endure. She, therefore, quitted him, and repaired to her relations at Hackney, and, by their advice, instituted legal proceedings against him. The baron was present in the Court of Queen's Bench, and calmly listened to the whole of the trial, to the great astonishment of the court, who not only decided unanimously in favour of the lady, but declared that he must be hardened in the extreme to show his face upon the occasion. But he contrived to render himself still more conspicuous; for, at the conclusion, he boldly advanced to petition the court that the costs might be equally divided between him and his wife. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "make her pay half the expenses, for I am a very poor man, and it would be cruelty to distress me."

The baron's large stock of goods was sold at auction after his death. His *lean* cattle fetched £128; his diamonds were valued at £30,000, and his plate amounted to seven hundred weight. Among his effects were found forty-two bags of cochineal and twelve of indigo, worth together about £10,000. These articles he had purchased many years before, at a high price upon speculation, and had hoarded, resolving never to part with them till he could have a desirable profit.

The *poor* baron survived his wife six or seven years, and died in March, 1802, leaving property estimated at upwards of £200,000. His illness, an inflammation of the bowels, lasted seventeen days, during which he had a doctor, whom he would not admit into his presence, but sent him his urine every day, accompanied with a guinea for his fee. His youngest daughter sent several times, in his last moments, requesting permission to see him; but with dreadful imprecations he declared she should never enter his presence.





PETER, THE WILD BOY.

ON the continent of Europe, the regions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have at different times been discovered in a state no better than that of the brute creation. With nearly all of them this has been the case to such a degree, that it has been found impossible to obtain from them any information respecting the circumstances which reduced them to such a deplorable situation, or of the manner in which they contrived to preserve their lives amidst the numerous perils by which they were surrounded. Most of these unfortunate beings were so completely brutalized as to be utter strangers to the faculty of speech, and totally incapable of acquiring it—a fact which demonstrates how much man is indebted to the society of his fellow-creatures for many of the eminent advantages possessed by him over the other classes of animated nature.

One of the most singular of these unfortunate creatures, was Peter, the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must, for the reasons already mentioned, remain for ever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel,

and feeding on grass and moss; and, in the month of November, was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the house of correction, at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provisions as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king, and many of the nobility. In this country, he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter, the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been baptized; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech or the pronounciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.

The ill success of these efforts seems to have laid curiosity asleep, till Lord Monboddo again called the public attention to this phenomenon. That learned judge had been collecting all the particulars he could meet with concerning Peter, in order to establish a favourite but truly whimsical hypothesis. The plan of his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language," necessarily involved the history of civilization and general knowledge. His lordship carried his researches to a period far beyond the records of history, when men might be supposed to possess no means of the vocal communication of their thoughts but natural and inarticulate sounds. Abstracting, in imagination, from the rational superiority of man, whatever seems to depend on his use of artificial language, as a sign of thought, he represents the earlier generations of the human race, as having been little, if at all, exalted in intelligence above the ape and the ouran-outang, whose form bears a resemblance to the human. The spirit of paradox even inclined him to believe that those rude men, who wanted articulate language, must have had tails, of which they might gradually have divested themselves, either by attentions to the breed, like those of a Culley or a Bakewell, or by continual docking, till the tale was utterly extirpated.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece, by Dean Swift, entitled, "It cannot

rain but it pours," he gives an account of this wonderful wild man, as he calls him, replete with satire and ridicule, but containing many particulars concerning him that were undoubtedly true. Lord Monboddó, therefore, concluded that the other facts mentioned by that witty writer, though nowhere else to be found, are likewise authentic, whatever may be thought of the use and application he makes of them: such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the king, and laid hold of the lord chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself, and particularly that he neighed something like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing sometimes. These facts, his lordship contends, the Dean must have known, for he was at London at the time; and of Swift's integrity in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humour, his lordship had no doubt.

In Peter, the Wild Boy, Lord Monboddó conceived that he had discovered a corroboration of his eccentric opinion. His lordship, accordingly, went to see him, and the result of his inquiries is thus stated in his "Ancient Metaphysics:"—"It was in the beginning of June, in the year 1782, that I saw him in a farm-house called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, kept there on a pension of thirty pounds, which the king pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches, and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable, and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house or saunters about the farm. He has been during the last thirteen years, where he lives at present, and before that, he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me he had been put to school somewhere near Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and the name of King George, both of which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is, for the man happened not to be at home, told me he understood every thing that was said to him concerning the common affairs of life, and I saw that he readily understood several things she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing *Nancy Dawson*, which he accordingly did, and another tune that she named. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the

farmer and his wife do, but, as I was told by an old woman, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be about fifty-five years before, he then fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbages, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present he not only eats flesh, but has acquired a taste for beer, and even for spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. The old farmer with whom he lived before he came to his present situation, informed me that Peter had that taste before he came to him. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and showing great disorder before it comes on."

His lordship afterwards requested Mr. Burgess, of Oxford, to make farther inquiries for him on the spot, concerning Peter, and that gentleman transmitted him an account which was as follows:—

Peter, in his youth, was very remarkable for his strength, which always appeared so much superior, that the stoutest young men were afraid to contend with him. His vigour continued unimpaired till the year 1781, when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side. I met with an old gentleman, a surgeon of Hampstead, who remembers to have seen Peter in England between the years 1724 and 1726. He told me, when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of raw flesh and bones, and was always dressed in fine clothes, of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retains his passion for finery; and if any person has any thing smooth or shining in his dress, it soon attracts the notice of Peter, who shows his attention by stroking it. He is not a great eater, and is fond of water, of which he will drink several draughts immediately after breakfasting on tea or even milk. He would not drink beer till lately; but he is fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin, and likewise of onions, which he will eat like apples. He does not often go out without his master; but he will sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop, where the people know his errand, and treat him. Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do any thing with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor, and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice. He cannot bear the sight of an apothecary who once attended him, nor the taste of physic, which he will not take but under some great disguise.

If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild, frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which

is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it. His answers to questions never exceed two words, and he never says any thing of his own accord. He has likewise been taught when asked the question—What are you? to reply, Wild Man—Where were you found? Hanover—Who found you? King George. If he is desired to tell twenty, he will count the numbers exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number: but after another person he will say one, two, three, &c., pretty distinctly.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude; and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the inquiry, whether he has or seems to have any idea of the great author of all these wonders. I thought this a question of so much curiosity, that when I left Broadway, I rode back several miles to ask whether he had ever betrayed any sense of a Supreme Being. I was told, that when he first came into that part of the country, different methods were taken to teach him to read, and to instruct him in the principles of religion, but in vain. He learned nothing, nor did he ever show any feeling of the consciousness of a God.

He is very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fire-place would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place.

He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shown any attention to women; and I am informed that he never did, except when purposely or jocosely forced into an amour.

He ran away several times since he was at Broadway, but never since he has been with his present master. In 1745 or 1746, he was taken up as a spy from Scotland; as he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London, acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them whither to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young roots of trees.

He is very much attached to his master, often going out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in any thing that can assist them. But he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart. The latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.

This remarkable being died at the farm in the month of February, 1785, at the supposed age of seventy-three years.

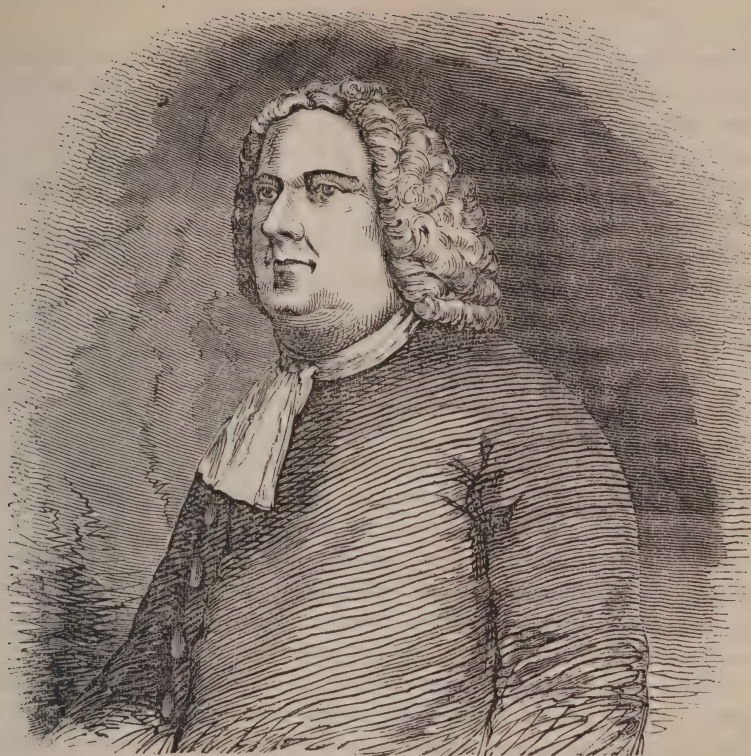




JOHN KELSEY.



HIS singular fanatic, who was familiarly known by the appellation of John the Quaker, lived in the reign of Charles II. He conceived no less a design than that of converting the Grand Signior to the Christian faith, and for this purpose actually went to Constantinople. Having placed himself at the corner of one of the streets of that city, he preached with all the vehemence of a fanatic ; but speaking in his own language, the crowd that gathered round him could only stare with astonishment, without being able to guess at the drift of his discourse. He was soon considered insane and was taken to a madhouse, where he was closely confined. At length his case was made known to Lord Winchelsea, our ambassador to the Porte. His lordship immediately sent for him, and he appeared in an old dirty hat, very much torn, which no persuasion could induce him to take off. The ambassador thought that a little of the Turkish discipline might be of some service to him, and accordingly gave orders that he should receive the bastinado. This had the desired effect, and caused a total change in his behaviour, and he even confessed that the drubbing had a *good effect upon his spirit*. Soon after undergoing this discipline, he was put on board a ship for England, but he artfully found means to escape in his passage, and got back again to Constantinople. He was instantly re-shipped, however, and means taken to prevent a second escape.



WILLIAM PENN,
FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THIS remarkable man was born in the parish of St. Catharines, near the Tower of London, on the 14th day of October, 1644. His father, who served, in the time of the Commonwealth, in some of the highest maritime offices, was knighted by Charles the Second, and became a peculiar favourite of the then Duke of York. Young Penn received a liberal education; and being of an excellent genius, made such early improvement in literature, that about the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered a student in Christ's-church College, in Oxford, where he continued two years, and delighted much in manly sports at times of recreation; but meanwhile being influenced by an ardent desire after pure and spiritual religion, of which he had before received some taste or relish, through the ministry of Thomas Loe, one of the people denominated Friends, but vulgarly called Quakers, he, with certain other

students of that University, withdrew from the national way of worship, and held private meetings for the exercise of religion, where they both preached and prayed among themselves. This gave great offence to the heads of the college, and young Penn, being but sixteen years of age, was fined for non-conformity, and at length, for like religious practices, expelled from the college.

Having in consequence returned home, he still took great delight in the company of sober and religious people, which his father knowing to be a block in the way to preferment, endeavoured both by words and blows to deter him from ; but finding those methods ineffectual, he was at length so incensed, that he turned him out of doors. Patience surmounted this difficulty, till his father's affection had subdued his anger, who then sent him to France, in company with persons of quality that were making a tour thither. He continued there a considerable time, till a quite different conversation had diverted his mind from the serious thoughts of religion ; and, upon his return, his father finding him not only a good proficient in the French tongue, but also perfectly accomplished with a polite and courtly behaviour, joyfully received him, hoping his point was gained ; and indeed for some time after his return from France, his carriage was such as justly entitled him to the character of a complete gentleman.

"Great about this time," says one of his biographers, "was his spiritual conflict. His natural inclination, his lively and active disposition, his father's favour, the respect of his friends and acquaintance, strongly pressed him to embrace the glory and pleasures of this world, then, as it were, courting and caressing him, in the bloom of youth, to accept them. Such a combined force might seem almost invincible ; but the earnest supplication of his soul being to the Lord for preservation, he was pleased to grant such a portion of his holy power or spirit, as enabled him in due time to overcome all opposition, and with a holy resolution to follow Christ, whatsoever reproaches or persecutions might attend him. About the year 1666, and 22d of his age, his father committed to his care and management a considerable estate in Ireland, which occasioned his residence in that country. Thomas Loe, whom we before mentioned, being at Cork, and Penn hearing he was to be shortly at a meeting in that city, went to hear him, and by the living and powerful testimony of this man, which had made some impression upon his spirit ten years before, he was now thoroughly and effectually convinced, and afterwards constantly attended the meetings of that people, even through the heat of persecution. Being again at a meeting at Cork, he, with many others, were apprehended, and carried before the mayor, who, with eighteen others, were committed to prison ; but he soon obtained his discharge. This imprisonment was so far from terrifying, that it strengthened him in his resolution of a closer union with that people, whose religious innocence was the only crime they suffered for.—And now his

more open joining with the Quakers, brought himself under that reproachful name. His companions' wonted compliments and caresses were turned into scoff and derision. He was made a bye-word, scorn and contempt, both to professors and profane."

His father receiving information, what danger his son was in of becoming a Quaker, remanded him home; and the son readily obeyed. His manner of deportment, and the solid concern of mind he appeared to be under, were manifest indications of the truth of the information his father had received, who now again attacked him afresh, but finding him too fixed to be brought to a general compliance with the customary compliments of the times, seemed inclinable to have borne with him in other respects, provided he would be uncovered in the presence of the king, the Duke of York, and himself. This being proposed, he desired time to consider of it, which his father supposing to be with an intention of consulting his friends, the Quakers, about it, he assured him that he would see the face of none of them, but retire to his chamber till he should return him an answer. Accordingly he withdrew, humbling himself before God, with fasting and supplication, to know his heavenly mind and will, and became so strengthened in his resolution, that, returning to his father, he humbly signified that he could not comply with his desire.

All endeavours proving ineffectual to shake his constancy, and his father seeing himself utterly disappointed in all his hopes, again turned him out of doors. After a considerable time, his steady perseverance evincing his integrity, his father's wrath became somewhat abated, so that he winked at his return to, and continuance with his family; and though he did not publicly seem to countenance him, yet when imprisoned for being at meetings, he would privately use his interest to get him released. In the twenty-fourth year of his age, he became a minister among the Quakers, and continuing his useful labours, invited the people to that serenity and peace of conscience he himself witnessed, until the close of his life.

A spirit warmed with the love of God and devoted to his service, ever pursues its main purpose, for when restrained from preaching, he applied himself to writing. The first of his publications appears to have been entitled, "Truth Exalted." Several treatises were also the fruits of his solitude, particularly that excellent one entitled, "No Cross, no Crown." Even to enumerate their titles one would here occupy too much room, but to those inclined to peruse his writings, we refer to his works, in 5 vols. 8vo.

In the year 1670, came forth the Conventicle Act, prohibiting Dissenters' meetings, under several penalties. The edge of this new weapon was soon turned upon the Quakers, who, not accustomed to flinch in the cause of religion, stood most exposed. Being forcibly kept out of their meeting-house in Gracechurch street, they met as near it in the street as

they could: and William Penn there preaching, was apprehended and committed to Newgate, and at the next sessions at the Old Bailey, was, together with William Mead, indicted for "being present at, and preaching to, an unlawful, seditious, and riotous assembly." At his trial he made a brave defence, discovering at once both the free spirit of an Englishman, and the undaunted magnanimity of a Christian, insomuch that notwithstanding the most partial frowns and menaces of the bench, the jury acquitted him. Not long after this trial and his discharge from Newgate, his father died perfectly reconciled to his son, and left him both his paternal blessing, and an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

He took leave of his son with these remarkable words: "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world. Bury me by my mother; live all in love; shun all manner of evil; and I pray God to bless you all: and he will bless you."

In February, 1670-1, Penn, preaching at a meeting in Wheeler street, Spitalfields, was pulled down and led out by soldiers into the street, and carried away to the Tower, by order of Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, and examined before him and several others, and committed by their orders to Newgate for six months. Being at liberty at the expiration of that time, he soon after went to Holland and Germany, where he zealously endeavoured to propagate the principles of the Quakers.

In March, 1680-1, he obtained from Charles II. a grant of the territory which now bears the name of Pennsylvania. This was in compensation of a crown debt due to his father, as well as for public services. Having previously published an account of the province, inviting emigrants to accompany him thither, he set sail in June, 1682, with many friends, especially Quakers, and after a prosperous voyage of six weeks, they came within sight of the American coast. Sailing up the river they were received by the inhabitants with demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. Having landed at Newcastle, a place mostly inhabited by the Dutch, Penn next day summoned the people to the court-house, where possession of the country was legally given him. He previously exhibited the plan of the province, granted him by the king, to the delegates of the American Indians, who had appointed many chiefs and persons of distinction to represent them, and to the latter he presented many valuable presents, the produce of English manufacture, as a testimony of that treaty of amity and good understanding, which, by his benevolent disposition, he ardently wished to establish with the native inhabitants at large. He then more fully stated the purpose of his coming, and the benevolent objects of his government, giving them assurances of a free enjoyment of liberty of conscience in things spiritual, and of perfect civil freedom in matters temporal recommending to them to live in sobriety and peace, one with another.

After about two years' residence there, all things being in a thriving and prosperous condition, he returned to England; and James II. coming soon after to the throne, he was taken into favour by that monarch, who, though a bigot in religion, was nevertheless a friend to toleration.

At the Revolution, being suspected of disaffection to the government, and looked upon as a papist or Jesuit, under the mask of a Quaker, he was examined before the Privy Council, December, 1688; but on giving security, was discharged. In 1690, when the French fleet threatened a descent on England, he was again examined before the council, upon an accusation of corresponding with King James; and was held to bail for some time, but discharged in Trinity Term. He was attacked a third time the same year, and deprived of the privilege of appointing a governor for Pennsylvania, till upon his vindication of himself, he was restored to his right of government. He designed now to go over a second time to Pennsylvania, and published proposals in print for another settlement there; when a fresh accusation appeared against him, backed by the oath of one William Fuller, who was afterwards declared by parliament to be a notorious impostor. A warrant was granted for Penn's apprehension, which he narrowly escaped, at his return from George Fox's funeral, (the founder and head of the Quakers, in the year 1650,) the 16th of January, 1690, upon which he concealed himself for two or three years, and during his recess wrote several pieces. At the end of 1693, through the interest of Lord Somers and others, he was admitted to appear before the king and council, when he represented his innocence so effectually that he was acquitted.

In 1699, he again went out to Pennsylvania, accompanied by his family, and was received by the colonists with demonstrations of the most cordial welcome.

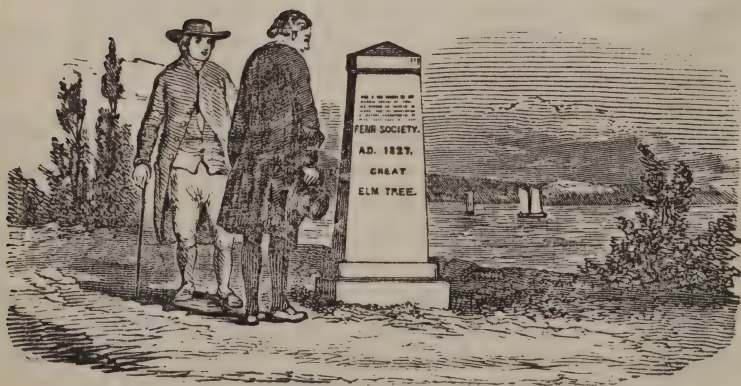
During his absence, some persons endeavoured to undermine both his and other proprietary governments, under pretence of advancing the prerogative of the crown, and a bill for that purpose was brought into the House of Lords. His friends, the proprietors and adventurers then in England, immediately represented the hardship of their case to the parliament, soliciting time for his return to answer for himself, and accordingly pressing him to come over as soon as possible. He, seeing it necessary to comply, summoned an assembly at Philadelphia, to whom, September 15, 1701, he made a speech, declaring the reasons for his leaving them; and the next day took shipping for England, where he arrived about the middle of December. After his return, the bill, which, through the solicitations of his friends, had been postponed the last session of parliament, was wholly laid aside.

In the year 1707, he was unhappily involved in a suit at law with the executors of a person who had formerly been his steward; against whose demands he thought both conscience and justice required his endeavours to

defend himself. But his cause, though many thought him aggrieved, was attended with such circumstances, that the Court of Chancery did not think it proper to relieve him; wherefore he was obliged to dwell in the Old Bailey, within the rules of the Fleet, some part both of this and the next ensuing year, until such time as the matter in dispute was accommodated.

In the year 1710, the air of London not agreeing with his declining constitution, he took a seat at Rushcomb, in Buckinghamshire. Here he had three fits of apoplexy in 1712, the last of which sensibly impaired his memory and his understanding. Yet his religious zeal never abated; and up to 1716, he still frequently went to the meeting at Reading. Two friends calling upon him at this time, although very weak, he expressed himself sensibly, and when they took leave of him said, "My love is with you; the Lord preserve you; and remember me in the Everlasting Covenant."

After a life of ceaseless activity and usefulness, Penn closed his earthly career on the 13th of May, 1718, in the 76th year of his age. He was buried at Jourdans, in Buckinghamshire, where several of his family had also been interred.





WILLIAM BRODIE.



HE career and fate of this man afford a memorable instance of the truth of the adage, that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and that perseverance in vice, however speciously disguised, is sooner or later followed by severe retribution. They also exhibit the humiliating spectacle of one who was on the high road to civic honour and distinction, forgetting his station in society, and either from heedless

infatuation or the basest cupidity, not only associating with common thieves and burglars, but actually participating in their crimes. This melancholy exhibition took place in "moral and religious" Scotland, in the year 1788.

William Brodie was the son of Francis Brodie, Convener of the Trades, and many years member of the City Council of Edinburgh. The father died in 1780; and William, being his only son, succeeded to the extensive business, which he had carried on as a wright and cabinet-maker in the Lawn-market. The son also succeeded to his father's civic influence, for in the following year he was elected a Deacon-councillor of the city. This fair beginning was followed up for a few years by a specious outward ob-

servance of the duties of society ; but the young Deacon had unfortunately contracted, while yet a youth, and in the lifetime of his father, an insidious and dangerous habit, which grows by indulgence, and which in his case became equally incurable and fatal. In other words, he was a regular thorough-paced gambler, and had from practice become so completely versant in all the tricks of those who pursue gambling as a trade, that for several years he had made it a source of revenue. His passion for play, however, did not make him neglect his business, and for a long time it did not affect his character ; for though his nights were generally devoted to it, the persons in whose company these were spent differed so widely in point of rank and character from those with whom he necessarily associated through the day, that they had no opportunity of coming in contact, and hence his gambling practices remained a profound secret, and were quite unknown to his customers and fellow-councillors. So completely did he succeed in concealing this vice from the public, that it was not till after his trial and conviction that his gambling practices were ascertained and exposed. So correct, too, was his outward deportment as a tradesman, that up to his flight as a criminal, he preserved a fair character among his fellow-citizens, continued to hold the office of councillor, and discharged all the duties of his station with apparent propriety. Nay, as a proof that his character lay under little or no suspicion by the public at large, it may be stated as a remarkable fact, that up to within little more than six months of his own trial, he actually sat as a juryman upon another criminal, in the very hall of justice in which he himself received sentence of death !

Brodie, although privately living the dissipated and irregular life of a gambler, did not commence his depredations upon the public till about seven years after his father's death. At the gaming-table or in the cockpit, he had necessarily become acquainted with persons of equivocal character ; among these were George Smith, who afterwards suffered with him, and two thorough-bred scoundrels named Ainslie and Brown. With these three he entered into a compact for the purpose of housebreaking and robbery, he himself being at once their leader, and the contriver of the various plans of depredation they might adopt. The motives that led Brodie to enter into this atrocious league were quite a mystery at the time, and have never since been clearly explained. He was not by any means in straitened circumstances, and unless it were sheer cupidity, there was nothing that could be at all supposed adequate to prompt him to such desperate and infamous courses, while, on the other hand, his position in society furnished every possible inducement, from rank and respectability, to revolt, not merely at the purposed criminal practices, but even at the most distant association with wretches like those by whom he was to be assisted in carrying them into effect.

During the winter of 1787, housebreaking and robbery prevailed in

Edinburgh and its vicinity, to a most unusual extent. The dwellings of private individuals, as well as shops and warehouses, were entered, as if by magic, and property of every description was carried off without the owners being able to obtain the slightest trace of the depredators. In nearly the whole of these, Brodie and his associates were engaged. His business as a wright, or house-carpenter, gave him extraordinary facilities, both from local knowledge, and his skill as a tradesman, and accordingly every thing was done in so quiet and mysterious a manner that the authorities were as much confounded and alarmed as the inhabitants. One instance of the coolness with which he went to work in this way, may be quoted as equally characteristic and amusing. A lady, confined to her house by indisposition, being unable to go to church on Sunday, was sitting by the fire, in the absence of her servant, when she was suddenly alarmed by the entrance of a man with a crape over his face. He bowed slightly as he entered, and, without saying a word, deliberately took up a bunch of keys which were lying on the table, then went to her bureau, and having taken out all the money that was in it, relocked it and withdrew, bowing most respectfully to her as he retired. The lady was so astonished and alarmed, that she had not the power of uttering a syllable during the whole operation. But no sooner was the depredator gone, than she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "Bless me! that surely could na be Deacon Brodie!" But it was just Deacon Brodie himself, and no other. He was acquainted in the family, and knew where the money was to be found. The lady, however, remained in doubt, and being unwilling to compromise the character of so respectable a man, by even hinting her suspicions, she continued silent till these were fully confirmed by subsequent events.

The numerous robberies which had been committed during the winter months, continued to be a subject of general interest to the people of Edinburgh, even in the following spring, when similar depredations became less frequent. The wonder everywhere was, that no clue could be discovered that might lead to the detection of the robbers. At length, an event occurred, which solved the mystery, by laying open the whole proceedings of Brodie and his associates. This was the robbery of the Excise-office which had been originally planned by him in November, 1787, but not carried into effect till the 7th of March following, the interval being occupied in manufacturing keys, and making experimental visits to the office, by way of ensuring success. The details of this robbery, as given in the newspapers of the time, prove that Brodie had arrived at a high pitch of reckless daring. According to previous arrangement, the parties were to meet at seven o'clock, in the house of George Smith, but Brodie did not arrive till eight. He was then in high spirits, and in full feather for such an undertaking, being armed with a pair of loaded pistols, disguised in an

old-fashioned suit of black. It is said that when he entered, he began to sing Macheath's famous ditty :—

“ Let us take the road,
Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !
The hour of attack approaches ;
To arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold ;
Let the chemists toil like asses—
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns our lead to gold.”

Having chaunted this prologue in a gay strain, he produced some skeleton keys and a double picklock. The parties then arranged their plan of attack, by which it was fixed that Ainslie should keep watch in the courtyard, Brodie within the outer door of the Excise-office, while Brown and Smith should proceed to ransack the room of the cashier, and bring away the money. The result of this enterprise may be told in a few words. They made good their entry, though twice accidentally scared, succeeded in obtaining £16 of cash, instead of a booty of £1600 as they expected, and with this trifling sum they got clear off. There was £800 lying in a concealed drawer which in their hurry they did not observe.

The next morning the robbery was known all over Edinburgh. Every officer of the law was on the alert to discover the perpetrators, but even in this case they would have been baffled, had not Brown, one of the gang, tempted by the large reward offered for the discovery of a previous robbery, and also with the hope of obtaining pardon for a crime he had committed in England, gone on the Saturday following to the office of the public prosecutor, and disclosed the whole affair, as above detailed. Ainslie and Smith, with the wife and servant-maid of the latter, were in consequence apprehended and committed to prison ; but Brodie having received an early hint of what was going on, instantly left Edinburgh, and for a time eluded pursuit. He went first to London, and afterwards to Holland, where he was discovered and apprehended, just when about to take his passage for America. But for his indiscretion in sending letters by a private hand, addressed to some of his old friends in Edinburgh, all search after him would have been vain. He was brought to London in the beginning of July, by Mr. Groves, a king's messenger, and consigned by him to the care of Mr. Williamson of Edinburgh, who had been specially deputed by the authorities of that city to take charge of him. According to Mr. Williamson's account, Brodie was in good spirits during the whole of the journey home, and enlivened it with many amusing anecdotes of his residence in Holland.

The whole parties engaged in the Excise robbery being now secured, preparations were made for the trial of Smith and Brodie, the other two having agreed to become evidence for the crown. It took place on the

27th of August, 1788. All the facts were distinctly proved, and the jury returned a unanimous verdict of GUILTY, against both pannels. They were accordingly sentenced to be executed at Edinburgh, on Wednesday, the 1st of October, 1788. The demeanour of Brodie, both during the trial, and on receiving sentence, was firm and collected, and perfectly respectful to the court. Smith, who was a coarse, uneducated man, from Berkshire, was greatly depressed throughout. Their conduct at the place of execution is thus described in one of the periodicals of the day:—"About a quarter past two, the criminals appeared on the platform, preceded by two of the magistrates in their robes, with white staves, and attended by the Rev. Mr. Hardy, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, the Rev. Mr. Cleeve, of the Episcopal persuasion, and the Rev. Mr. Hall, of the Burghers. When Mr. Brodie came to the scaffold, he bowed politely to the magistrates and the people. He had on a full suit of black—his hair dressed and powdered. Smith was dressed in white linen, trimmed with black. Having spent some time in prayer with the clergymen, Mr. Brodie prayed a short time by himself.

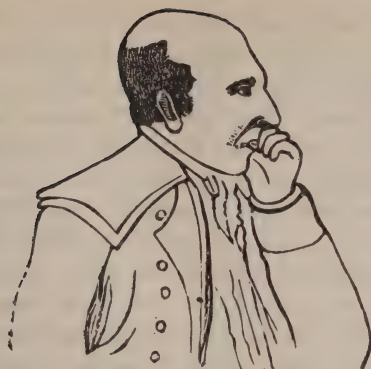
"Having put on white night-caps, Brodie pointed to Smith to ascend the steps that led to the drop; and, in an easy manner, clapping him on the shoulder, said, 'George Smith, you are first in hand.' Upon this, Smith, whose behaviour was highly penitent and resigned, slowly ascended the steps, and was immediately followed by Brodie, who mounted with briskness and agility, and examined the dreadful apparatus with attention, and particularly the halter designed for himself. The ropes being too short tied, Brodie stepped down to the platform and entered into conversation with his friends. He then sprang up again, but the rope was still too short; and he once more descended to the platform, showing some impatience. During this dreadful interval, Smith remained on the drop, with great composure and placidness. Brodie having ascended a third time, and the rope being at length properly adjusted, he deliberately untied his neckcloth, buttoned up his waistcoat and coat, and helped the executioner to fix the rope. He then took a friend (who stood by him) by the hand, bade him farewell, and requested that he would acquaint the world that he was still the same, and that he died like a man. He now pulled the night-cap over his face, and placed himself in an attitude expressive of firmness and resolution. Smith then let fall the signal, and a few minutes before three, they were launched into eternity."

Brodie, during his confinement in jail, never lost his self-possession and firmness. He even affected to be gay on the subject of his ultimate fate, talking of it as a mere "leap in the dark." But there were occasions in which he also showed that he was not altogether hardened nor devoid of sensibility. When his daughter, a girl of about ten years old, was brought to him in prison, he pressed her to his bosom, burst into tears, and blessed

her with the warmest emotion. In one of the intercepted letters to his friends, too, the feelings of the father predominated, and he thus tenderly alluded to his children:—"They will miss me more than any other in Scotland. May God, in his infinite goodness, stir up some friendly aid for their support, for it is not in my power at present to give them any assistance. Yet I think they will not absolutely starve in a Christian land, where their father once had friends, and who was always liberal to the distressed."

It is a curious fact that an attempt was made to resuscitate Brodie immediately after the execution. The operator was Degrauers; a French surgeon, whom Brodie himself had employed. His efforts, however, were utterly abortive. A person who witnessed the scene, accounted for the failure by saying that the hangman having been bargained with for a short fall, his excess of caution made him shorten the rope too much at first, and when he afterwards lengthened it, he made it too long, which consequently proved fatal to the experiment.





JAMES MACKEAN.



FEW criminals have earned a more infamous notoriety than this cool, calculating, cold-blooded murderer. His crime was rendered doubly atrocious by the circumstances under which it was committed. It had been planned and premeditated for months before it was carried into execution; never was any deed more deliberate and passionless; it was perpetrated, too, for the sole purpose of robbing its victim of his money; but worst of all, it was perpetrated under the specious mask of friendship and hospitality!

Mackean was a shoemaker, residing in the High street of Glasgow, a little way from the University, grave in his deportment, exemplary in his conduct, and strictly religious. He was intimate with James Buchanan, the Lanark carrier, who was also an exemplary man, and knew that in the course of his business, he was frequently intrusted with considerable sums of money by the merchants of Glasgow and Lanark. Having ascertained that on a particular day the carrier was likely to have a larger amount than usual under his charge, he resolved to carry into effect a plan which he had sometime entertained of inviting him to drink tea, and then murdering and robbing him. The invitation was accordingly given and accepted, and on the 7th day of October, 1796, the unsuspecting carrier reached Mackean's house, about six o'clock in the evening. He was ushered into a room in which there was neither fire nor candle, and Mackean apologized for the want of preparation, by stating that his wife had gone to get materials for tea. In the mean time, he said they would take a drink of porter, which was produced. The carrier assented, and was in the very act of drinking, just after saluting his treacherous friend, when

the monster drew a sharp razor, prepared for the purpose, rapidly across his throat, nearly severing the windpipe. The unfortunate man fell dead in an instant; and his murderer did not lose a moment in consummating his purpose. He instantly rifled the carrier's pockets, and then thrust the body into a closet. Meanwhile the floor of the room was inundated with blood, which he attempted to dry up with a green crumb-cloth. Finding this ineffectual, and expecting the immediate return of his wife, who knew nothing of the deed, he took his hat and fled. When Mrs. Mackean arrived, she was horrified at discovering the blood upon the floor, part of which had by this time reached the kitchen, and immediately screamed out "Murder!" The alarm soon reached the neighbours, who were numerous in that quarter, and a crowd of people assembled on the spot. Search being made to ascertain whence the blood was flowing, the body of the hapless carrier was discovered in the closet. In less than an hour the news of the shocking event had spread all over the city. The authorities were immediately on the alert, and officers were despatched in every direction in pursuit of the murderer.

Mackean's first consideration seems to have been to get over to Ireland, and afterwards to ship himself from that country to America. He therefore crossed the Clyde, and bent his steps towards the Ayrshire coast. Having stopped at a house on the road, about nine miles from Glasgow, he remained there till about four o'clock in the morning, and then departed, taking the road to Saltcoats. The people of the house were struck with the restlessness of his manner, and had observed some spots of blood upon his clothes.

Having reached Saltcoats, he found a vessel just about to sail for Dublin. He accordingly bargained for his passage thither, and went immediately on board. No sooner, however, had the vessel got fairly out to sea than a violent storm arose; and, after beating about for some time, the master was constrained to take shelter in Lamlash bay. Here, as the weather promised to be rough, and it was likely the vessel would be sometime wind-bound, the passengers were landed, Mackean among the rest, and the whole took up their quarters in Lamlash inn.

In the mean time the magistrates of Glasgow had displayed the utmost vigilance and activity in despatching officers in every direction by which it was possible for the murderer to escape. Fortunately two of the officers, Graham and Munro, without any previous information, followed by mere accident the identical track in which he had fled, and reached Saltcoats soon after the vessel in which he had taken his passage had sailed. Suspecting, from the information they received in Saltcoats, that they were now on the right scent, they at first proposed to proceed direct for Dublin; but on conversing with two or three experienced seamen on the quay, one of the latter remarked, that it was probable, from the sudden chopping about

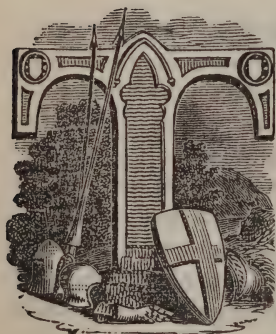
of the wind after the vessel had sailed, and the extreme roughness of the weather, that she must have been obliged to run for Lamlash bay, they determined on proceeding thither directly. Having accordingly hired a wherry, they set sail and soon reached their destination, where the conjecture of the old seaman was found to be correct; for on going up to the inn they discovered the wretched object of their search, resting in an arm-chair at the fire-side, in company with the other passengers. As the officers were well-known in Glasgow, Mackean recognised them at once, and seemed aware of their errand, for he immediately surrendered to Graham, saying, "John, I know what you want." The officers then took him into a private room, where he delivered up Buchanan's pocket-book, containing £118 in bank notes, his watch, and several papers. The party now returned without delay to Glasgow, Mackean preserving the utmost composure during the whole journey.

Arrived at Glasgow, where the populace expressed their satisfaction by cheering, he was taken before the magistrates, and underwent an examination, in which he frankly confessed the murder, but endeavoured to palliate his guilt. His demeanor was calm and respectful while under examination, and his answers to interrogatories were given with a precision and accuracy that betokened a shrewd and intelligent mind. He was then committed to prison till his case should be reported to the Lord Advocate at Edinburgh.

As Mackean was seized almost red hand, as the Scotch lawyers term it, there could be no reason for delaying his trial. Accordingly it took place before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on the 12th of December, when he appeared at the bar, dressed in a brown coat, black silk waistcoat, and breeches, and wearing a striped green greatcoat. His behaviour during the trial was calm and composed, and showed that he had made up his mind to his fate. He firmly declined the aid of counsel, offered him by the court, when it was understood that he had neither counsel nor agent to take charge of his defence. "No;" said he, "I will have no counsel but the Almighty. I am guilty of the crime laid to my charge in all its circumstances. If the court, as a matter of form, appoint an advocate for me, I will have none of his assistance. I am determined to plead guilty, and submit to my fate." Mackean accordingly had his plea of guilty recorded, but the court, for the satisfaction of the country, entered fully into the details of the case, and substantiated by witnesses the whole facts which we have narrated above. The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be executed at Glasgow, on the 24th of January following. An immense crowd assembled from all parts of the country to witness his execution—particularly from Lanark and its vicinity, where Buchanan, the carrier, had been much respected and esteemed. Mackean was between forty and fifty years of age.

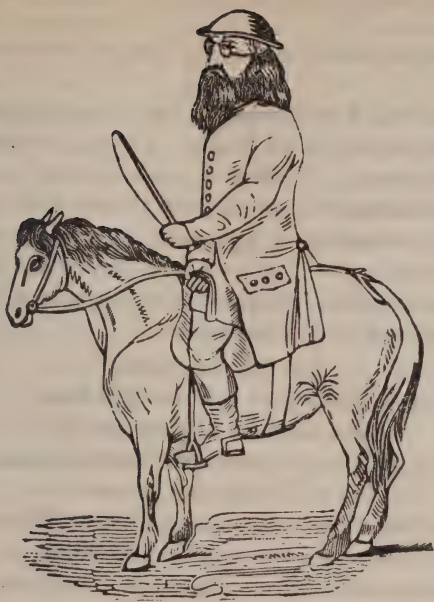


OLIVER CROMWELL'S PORTER.



HE gloom which religion too often spreads over the human mind, is generally the effect of narrow conceptions of the Deity, whose mercy is over all his works. It has frequently filled the cells of Bedlam and hospitals for the insane, with the most wretched of all patients. The wild enthusiast, whose portrait is given above, appears to have had his mind totally unhinged in this way. His Christian name was Daniel, (his surname is not recorded,) and he was porter to Oliver Cromwell, in whose service he learned much of the cant that prevailed at that period. He frequently preached, and sometimes prophesied; and was said to have foretold several remarkable events, particularly the fire of London. The nature of the books he read necessarily made him an enthusiast, being chiefly on divinity, and those, too, of the most mystical description. They at last turned his brain, for he was many years in Bedlam, where he was allowed, after some time, the use of his library, as there was not the least probability of his cure.

Mr. Charles Leslie, who has placed him in the same category with Fox and Muggleton, tells us that the people often went to hear him preach, and "would sit many hours under his windows with great signs of devotion."



MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.



HE strange and eccentric humours of this gentleman savoured so much of quackery, that strangers were often disposed to consider him a mere charlatan, while, in point of fact, he was a man of science and ability.

The family of Van Butchell was originally from Flanders, and the father of Martin was well known at the beginning of the reign of George II., as tapestry-maker to the king. Martin Van Butchell was born on the 5th of February, 1735, in Eagle

street, Red Lion Square, but afterwards removed with his family to a large house, then called the Crown House, situated a short distance on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge. Having received an education suited to the circumstances of his parents, and disliking his father's profession, he obtained a recommendation to Sir Thomas Robinson, as a travelling companion to his son. On this occasion the candour, integrity and independence, which afterwards distinguished Mr. Van Butchell through life, were remarkably displayed; for hearing an unfavourable, and as it happened an unjust account of the temper and disposition of Sir Thomas, he declined the engagement. Not long after this he entered in capacity of groom of

the chambers into the family of Lady Talbot, in which he lived nine years.

The economy of Mr. Van Butchell in that situation, enabled him, on leaving it, to devote himself to his favourite studies, mechanics, medicine, and in particular, anatomy. Under the tuition of those eminent masters, the late celebrated Doctors William and John Hunter, he enjoyed an excellent opportunity of obtaining a competent knowledge of the various branches of the healing art. The latter gentleman he has thus commemorated in one of the singular advertisements, which he was for many years in the habit of sending forth into the world :

“The first Magistrate
And other sincere lovers of this State
Are now informed most respectfully
That some years ago MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL
had an appointment to meet
(—At Lady Hunloke’s house in Strafford Place—)
his able teacher JOHN HUNTER, Esq.,
Who overtook him in Grosvenor Square, and
bade him get into his chariot: Soon as he was
seated

John said: What mischief are you about now?

Martin. Curing the king’s evil.

John. I can’t cure the king’s evil.

Martin. I know you can’t cure the king’s evil. If you could cure the king’s evil, I should not trouble myself about the king’s evil: but I want to do

What you cannot do!

John. That is right. Do you try to get first, (we know nothing compared to what we are ignorant of,) make yourself of consequence, and then everybody will make you of consequence; but if you don’t make yourself of consequence, nobody else will. I do assure you many are in very high esteem and very full practice that (comparatively) know no more about healing than dray-horses: they have not powers.

“You try to be first!”

The first public appearance of Mr. Van Butchell was in the profession of a dentist, having been led to make human teeth a principal object of his attention, by the accidental breaking of one of his own. It is related that in a very early, and consequently not the most lucrative period of his practice, a lady being dissatisfied with some teeth which he had furnished her, he voluntarily returned the money (ten guineas) she had paid for them. It was not long, however, before she came back, requesting as a favour, that she might have them again at the original price. So eminently successful

was Mr. Van Butchell in this line, that for a complete set of teeth, he is known to have received so high a price as eighty guineas.

Mr. Van Butchell next turned his attention to the treatment of ruptures; and in this practice acquired so extensive a reputation, that a Dutch physician paid a visit to this country, for the express purpose of placing himself under his care. In return for the relief he received, he instructed Mr. Van Butchell in the art of curing fistulas, which he afterwards practised with unparalleled success.

The numerous inventions of Mr. Van Butchell are sufficient demonstrations of a mechanical genius. While he was engaged in the making of trusses for ruptures, he contrived what he denominated elastic bands, or braces for small clothes. He was also the inventor of spring girths for saddles, of cork bottoms to iron stirrups to prevent the feet from slipping, and many other things of a similar description.

The ingenuity and eccentricities of Mr. Van Butchell often attracted the notice even of majesty. He says of himself, in one of his curious advertisements, that "your majesty's petitioner, about ten years ago, had often the high honour, before your majesty's nobles, of conversing with your majesty, face to face, when we were hunting of the stag, in Windsor Forest."

The conduct of Mr. Van Butchell after the death of his first wife, served to render him more than ever an object of public notice. We have heard of an Irish gentleman who was so distractedly fond of a beautiful wife prematurely snatched from him by death, that he had her embalmed, and kept in a closet adjoining his room. He never sat down to table without having a chair and a plate, with knife and fork, placed for her; nay, so powerful was the effect of his grief on his intellects, that when he wished perfectly to enjoy himself, he would place her in a chair opposite to his own, and talk to her as though she had still been alive. Whether Mr. Van Butchell was actuated by the same feelings as this fond and unfortunate husband, we cannot pretend to decide, but certain it is that he had the corpse of his wife embalmed, and kept it for many years in a parlour in his house, where it was inspected by great numbers of curious visitors. This singularity gave rise to a report, that by a clause in the marriage settlement he was entitled to the disposal of certain property as long as she remained above ground.

Like the late Lord Rokeby, Mr. Van Butchell was a decided enemy to the razor, which was never allowed to touch his chin after an early period of his life. It has been asserted that this singularity was not the mere effect of caprice, but the result of a philosophical conversation with Dr. John Hunter, in which it was agreed that this natural appendage is conducive to the strength and vigour of the human body. His allusions to this ornament in the eccentric compositions of which we have already given

a specimen, were frequent and amusing. He was fond of using the following quotation from the entertaining Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* :—

“BEARDS THE DELIGHT OF ANCIENT BEAUTIES.

“When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion.

“To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herself by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne : and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French nation about three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.”

In another of his advertisements he says :—“Girls are fond of hair : (and love *comforters*.) See their *bosom friends* :—large waists—*muffs*, *tippets*. Let your beards grow long that ye may be strong in mind and body.” Again he exhorts his readers to “leave off deforming : each himself reform : wear the marks of men : incontestable. Jesus did not shave ; for he knew better. Had it been proper our chins should be bare, would hair be put there by wise Jehovah, who made all things good ?”

But the most extraordinary, and perhaps the reader may conceive the most unintelligible of Mr. Van Butchell's effusions on this subject, is the following : “Am not I the first healer (at this day) of bad fistulæ ? With an handsome beard, like Hippocrates ! The combing I sell one guinea each hair. (Of use to the fair, that want fine children :—I can tell them how ; it is a secret.) Some are quite auburn ; others silver-white :—full half-quarter long, growing—(day and night—) only fifteen months.” This appears, from the concluding words, to have been written only a year and a quarter after he first began to cherish the excrescence, and when it had attained the length of half a quarter of a yard, or four inches and a half. About two years afterwards he describes himself as “a British Christian man, with a comely beard, full eight inches long.”

The favourite exercise and recreation of Mr. Van Butchell was riding. The principle on which he retained his beard he extended also to animals, which, he contended, should never be docked, nicked, or trimmed. His steed was a gray pony, which, it is said, he sometimes took into his head to paint with spots or streaks of purple, black, or other colours. The *tout*

ensemble of the rider, with a shallow, narrow-brimmed hat, nearly white with age, a venerable flowing beard, a rusty brown coat, and boots of the same complexion, and the pony, with the above-mentioned whimsical decorations, had a most ludicrous effect, and often attracted a considerable number of spectators. A bridle, which he occasionally used, was a curious contrivance. A blind was fixed to the head, and this he could let down over the horse's eyes, and draw up again at pleasure, in case the animal had taken fright, or to prevent him from seeing any particular object.

Mr. Van Butchell resided between thirty and forty years in Mount street, Berkley Square, the singular inscription on which often arrested the attention of the passengers. His success in the various branches of his practice was very great, and the sphere of his utility, as well as his own profits, might have been much increased, had he not taken the resolution, to which he inflexibly adhered, of seeing patients only at his own house. On this subject it is related, that he was once sent for to attend a gentleman of eminence in the law, but he referred to the notice in his advertisement—"I go to none." Five hundred guineas were offered to induce him to alter his resolution, but in vain. The sum was doubled, but with truly admirable consistency, he still replied, "I go to none." When it is recollected that Mr. Van Butchell had a large family to support, this may well be considered the most remarkable instance of self-denial upon record.

In his domestic habits, he is said to have preserved the same characteristic singularity as marked the rest of his conduct; making it an invariable practice to dine by himself. His wife and children also dined by themselves, and the only way in which he used to call the latter was by whistling. It is likewise reported, that on his marriage with each of his two wives, he gave them the choice of the two extreme colours for clothes, white or black; and after they had made their election, never suffered them to wear any other. The first chose black, and the second white, in which she constantly appeared.

As a further proof of the eccentricity of Mr. Van Butchell, we subjoin another of his strange advertisements:—

EMPERORS,—*Princes*,—DUKES, and MARQUISES

May want our aid. We are paid, as others are not :

We have said, what others dare not.

The Great JOHN HUNTER* Taught Me to Get First :

Excentrically :—In Neat Healing-Art !

To SAVE FEELING BLOOD—Is the GIFT of GOD :

And the WILL of Man :—Concerning HIMSELF :

So we do much good :—Curing FISTULÆ.

Without Confinement, Fomentation, Risk ;

Injection, Poultice, Caustic, or Cutting.

FEE is Two per CENT.—ON FIVE YEARS' PROFIT.

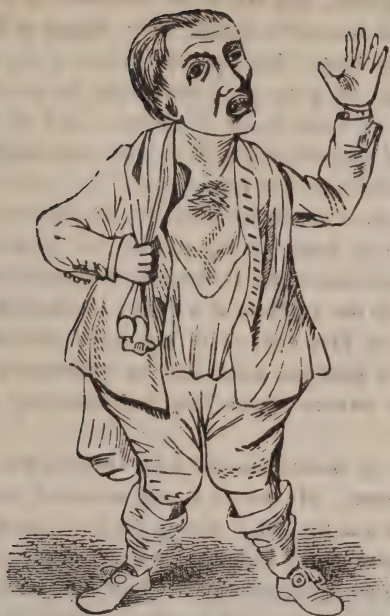
☞ All the Money down :—Before I begin!
Ananias, Fell!—Dead: For KEEPING Back!

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

***SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING:**
And Surgeon General to His FORCES.

We cannot dismiss the remarkable subject of this article, without noticing the severe domestic affliction which befel him in the summer of 1806, in the death of one of his sons, an amiable young man, of twenty-two, while on a party of pleasure in a boat on the Thames. The same accident also proved fatal to two young ladies of the company. The premature end of the youth was the more deeply regretted on account of the act in which he lost his life. The boat was overturned, and perceiving his mother sinking, he directed all his efforts to her preservation. Rising with her in his arms, he struck his head against the side of a barge with such force as to fracture his skull, which caused his immediate death





SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN.



HE notoriety of this mock political hero had its origin in the sham elections for Garrat, in the neighbourhood of London, which took place about fifty or sixty years ago, and of which Sir Richard Phillips has given the following account, in "A Morning's Walk to Kew:"—"Southward of Wandsworth, a road extends nearly two miles to the village of Lower Tooting, and nearly

midway are a few houses or hamlets, by the side of a small common, called *Garrat*, from which the road itself is called *Garrat Lane*. Various encroachments on this common led to an association of the neighbours, about threescore years since, when they chose a president or *mayor*, to protect their rights; and the time of their first election being the period of a new parliament, it was agreed that the mayor should be re-chosen after every general election. Some facetious members of the club gave, in a few years, local notoriety to this election. And, when party spirit ran high in the days of *Wilkes and Liberty*, it was easy to create an appetite for a burlesque election among the lower orders of the metropolis. The publi-

cans at Wandsworth, Tooting, Battersea, Clapham, and Vauxhall made a purse to give it character; and Mr. Foote rendered its interest universal, by calling one of his inimitable farces, '*The Mayor of Garrat.*' I have indeed been told, that Foote, Garrick, and Wilkes, wrote some of the candidates' addresses, for the purpose of instructing the people in the corruptions which attend elections to the legislature, and of producing those reforms by means of ridicule and shame, which are vainly expected from solemn appeals of argument and patriotism."

Such was the origin of the Garrat elections, the interest, fun, and amusement of which were so great at one period, that upwards of a hundred thousand persons have assembled at them, in vehicles of every description from a donkey-cart to the carriage of a peer; the candidates, dressed like chimney-sweepers on May-day, or in the mock fashion of the period, being brought to the hustings, sometimes in noblemen's carriages drawn by six horses, the owners themselves condescending to become their drivers!

The first Mayor of Garrat was Sir John Harper, who filled the office during two parliaments. He was, it is said, a man of wit, for at his election when a dead cat was thrown at him on the hustings, some one exclaiming that it stunk worse than a badger; "where's the wonder," vociferated Sir John, "don't you see it's a *poll-cat*?" This renowned knight was a retailer of brick-dust in London, and his Garrat honours having improved his trade and the condition of his ass, there were many aspirants in similar occupations who became emulous of the same distinctions.

Among these was the renowned Sir Jeffery Dunstan, whose portrait we have given above, and who, according to Sir Richard Phillips, was the most popular candidate that ever appeared on the Garrat hustings, having been returned for no less than three parliaments successively. "His occupation," says Sir Richard, "was that of buying *OLD WIGS*, once a trade like that in old clothes, but become obsolete since the full-bottomed and full-dressed wigs of both sexes went out of fashion. Sir Jeffery usually carried his wig-bag over his shoulder, and, to avoid the charge of vagrancy, vociferated, as he passed along the street, '*Old Wigs!*' but having a person like *Æsop*, and a countenance and manner marked by irresistible humour, he never appeared without a train of boys and curious persons, whom he entertained by his sallies of wit, shrewd sayings, and smart repartees; and from whom, without begging, he collected sufficient to maintain his dignity of mayor and knight. He was no respecter of persons, and so severely did he cut at the corruptions of those in power, that, though but a street jester, he was prosecuted for using what were then called seditious expressions; nay, more, as a caricature on the times, which ought never to be forgotten, he was, in 1793, tried, convicted, and imprisoned! In consequence of this affair and some charges of dis-

honesty, he lost his popularity, and at the general election for 1796, was ousted by Sir Harry Dimsdale, muffin-seller, a man as much deformed as himself. This was the last of the political buffoons who figured as *Mayor of Garrat*."

Sir Jeffery could not long survive his fall; but, in death as in life, he proved a satire on the vices of the proud, for, in 1797, he died, like Alexander the Great, and many heroes renowned in the historic page—of suffocation from excessive drinking!





BARON TRENCK.



FREDERICK BARON TRENCK was born at Königsberg in Prussia, on the 16th of February, 1726, of one of the most ancient families in the country. His father, who died in 1740, with the rank of major-general of cavalry, bestowed particular care on the education of his son, and sent him at the age of thirteen to the university of his native city, where he made a rapid progress in his studies.

It was not long before he began to manifest that hot and impetuous disposition, and those violent passions which were probably the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. At this period the barbarous practice of dueling was very common in the university of Königsberg, where it was considered honourable to send a challenge. By the time Trenck was sixteen, he had been engaged in three affairs of this kind, and in all of them had wounded his antagonist. In 1742, he was introduced as a cadet into the body guards of the king, who was so highly pleased with the talents which he displayed, as to give him a cornet's commission in the space of six weeks. His majesty likewise equipped him splendidly for the service; and, in 1743, selected him to instruct the Silesian cavalry in the new manœuvres, an honour never before granted to a youth of eighteen.

During the following winter, Trenck's corps was garrisoned at Berlin, where a table was kept at court for the officers, and where he associated with the celebrated literati whom Frederick had assembled around him.

Trenck was now near six feet high, and nature had endowed him with every requisite to please. It was about this time that his heart began to feel a passion which eventually drew down upon him the indignation and severity of his sovereign, though he would himself fain ascribe it to a very different cause. The object of his love was the Princess Amelia, the king's sister, and from the notice which Trenck himself takes of this affair, it is not improbable that the first advances were made by the lady. He informs us that he was appointed to escort another of his majesty's sisters, who had been married to the king of Sweden, as far as Stettin. "Amid the tumult," says he, "inseparable from occasions like these, on which it was my duty to maintain order, a thief had the address to steal my watch, and cut away a part of the gold lace from the waistcoat of my uniform, and escape unperceived. This accident brought on me the raillery of my comrades, and the lady alluded to thence took occasion to console me, saying it would be her care that I should be no loser. Her words were accompanied by a look which I could not misunderstand, and a few days afterwards I thought myself the happiest of mortals."

This amour it was Trenck's interest to keep as profound a secret as possible. His mistress supplied him with more money than he could spend, so that he made the greatest figure of any officer in his corps. The style in which he lived was remarked, and it was known that the income of the estate left him by his father was inadequate to support such an expenditure.

Never did the days of youth glide away with more apparent success and pleasure than those of Trenck during the first years of his residence at Berlin. His good fortune was, however, but of short duration. In the beginning of September, 1744, war broke out between Austria and Prussia. In the course of the campaign the baron received from his sovereign the order of Merit, and when it was ended, returned to Berlin, where he says he was received with open arms. He became less cautious in regard to his amour, and perhaps was more narrowly observed. A lieutenant of the foot-guards having indulged in some impertinent jokes on the subject, Trenck bestowed on him such an epithet as he thought he deserved, on which they drew their swords and his antagonist was wounded. It would appear that his intrigue was no longer a secret to the king, for the next Sunday when the baron presented himself to pay his respects to his majesty on the parade, he addressed him in these remarkable words, "The thunder begins to roll and the bolt may fall—beware." This warning probably made little impression on Trenck, and obliged the king to have recourse to severity; for a short time afterwards, being a few minutes too late on the parade, the king remarked it, and made this neglect a pretext for sending

him under arrest to Potsdam ; nor did he recover his liberty till three days before the army marched to commence the second campaign.

During this campaign some letters passed between the baron and his cousin, who held a command in the Austrian army opposed to that of the Prussian monarch. This correspondence was made the ostensible reason of Trenck's being sent under an escort of fifty hussars from the army to Glatz, and there confined. Whether Frederick had any fresh reason for this act of severity, whether he had received any new provocation from Trenck, or was instigated by the malicious insinuations of persons inimical to the baron, it is impossible to determine.

On his arrival at Glatz, he was not confined in a dungeon, but was lodged in a chamber belonging to an officer of the garrison, and was allowed his own servant to attend him. His first care after this painful reverse was to establish a safe correspondence with the princess, who endeavoured to soothe his mind and sent him a thousand ducats. He wrote to the king, requesting to be tried by a court-martial, and desiring that no favour might be shown, if he should be found guilty. No answer was returned, and Trenck thought himself justified in using every possible means to obtain his liberty. To this end he employed the supplies he had received from the princess in bribing some of the officers of the garrison ; but his plan was ungratefully betrayed by a prisoner, whom he intended to rescue from bondage at the same time with himself.

Trenck's situation now became much more unpleasant. He was closely confined in a chamber, for having endeavoured to corrupt the king's officers, and was guarded with greater caution. This treatment was insupportable to his impatient temper, and he resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of escape.

The window of his apartment looked towards the city, and was ninety feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel. With a knotted pen-knife he sawed through three iron bars ; and with a file, procured from one of the officers, he completed the business of effecting a passage through five more which barricaded the windows. This done, he cut his leathern portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of his bed, and safely descended from this astonishing height. The night was dark, and every thing seemed to promise success ; but a circumstance he had never considered was, that he had to wade through moats full of mud, before he could enter the city. He sunk up to the knees ; and after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate himself, he was obliged to call the sentinel and desire him to go and tell the governor that Trenck was stuck fast in a ditch.

Having failed in a subsequent attempt, the result of sudden indignation and resentment, made in open day and in the face of the guard, the severities of imprisonment were still farther increased. With no better success

he attempted to seduce a part of the garrison, who had secreted arms, with the intention of giving liberty to all the prisoners and retiring into Bohemia. The design was betrayed by an Austrian deserter who had been intrusted with the secret; and Trenck now appeared to his sovereign in the light of a conspirator, desirous of corrupting the officers and soldiers of the king, and involving them in a participation in his treasonable designs. Nor was this the whole of his misfortune. His money was expended; and the princess, with whom he had kept up a continual correspondence, now wrote that she durst do no more for him.

Being thus abandoned entirely to his own exertions, Trenck contrived to procure money from a friend at Schweidnitz; and the inferior officers being still favourable to his views, he prevailed upon one of them, Lieutenant Schell, not only to aid him in his escape, but to be the companion of his flight. This they accomplished successfully; but not without undergoing incredible hardships and running many risks, which the Baron has narrated in his memoirs, in a style equally graphic and interesting. Trenck afterwards went to Vienna accompanied by his friend Schell, who obtained a lieutenant-colonel's commission in an Austrian regiment; but Trenck himself got into various difficulties by interfering in the affairs of his cousin, the famous Colonel of Pandours, who was involved in a lawsuit. To this cousin, who had large estates in Austria, he was next heir. But, disgusted with his bad conduct and ingratitude, Trenck left him to fight his own battle with the lawyers, and went into the Russian service.

At the court of St. Petersburg, Trenck was received with the highest distinction; and was on the road to honours and emoluments, when he received intelligence of the death of his cousin, at the fortress of Spielberg, who left him his heir on condition that he should only serve the house of Austria. Nothing but the immense property which his cousin was known to have possessed, and the persuasions of his friends, could have induced Trenck to return to Vienna, which in his heart he had renounced for ever.

To that metropolis he however returned, and there, by the glorious uncertainty of the law, he found all his expectations disappointed; for out of the large estates and immense wealth of his cousin, he received no more than sixty-three thousand florins, with which in the sequel he purchased the lordship of Zwerbach in Austria.

In the month of March, 1754, his mother died, and he took a journey to Dantzic to settle some family affairs with his brothers and sister, his own estates in Prussia having been confiscated. Here an amicable partition of his mother's effects was made, and he remained with his brothers and sister a fortnight. Trenck's only acquaintance at Dantzic was the Austrian resident, to whom he brought letters of recommendation from Vienna. The politeness of this man's conduct was only a cloak for the basest perfidy; for in conjunction with the Prussian resident, he secretly prevailed on the ma-

gistrates of Dantzic to deliver the baron into the hands of the king of Prussia, who, having been informed of his journey, sent to demand him. The magistrates, too weak to resist, complied with the requisition. Trenck was seized, plundered of his property, and delivered up to a party of Prussian soldiers. A close carriage was provided, and the unfortunate baron was immediately conveyed to Magdeburgh, where, loaded with chains, he was immured in a dungeon expressly prepared for his reception. A small picture of the countess of Bestichef, his most particular friend at Petersburg, set with diamonds, which he had kept concealed in his bosom, was taken from him; the door was shut, and there he was left. Round his neck was an iron collar of a hand's breadth; to the ring of which the whole weight of his irons was pendant. The chains he was obliged to sustain with one hand, day and night, for fear of being strangled.

Above the elbows were two irons to which a chain was fixed behind his back that passed up to the neck collar. These, however, were removed about a month after they were put on, as the baron fell ill.

There was a broad iron rim rivetted round his body, between which and the bar which separated his hands there was another chain. The bar, two feet in length, was ironed to the handcuffs, so that he could only bring the ends of his fingers in contact. The chains were also fixed to a thick iron staple in the wall, a triple row of chains descended to the right foot, and the whole weight, the projecting neck-collar acting as a lever, was enormous. Under the staple was a seat of bricks, on the opposite side a water-jug. Beneath the feet of the baron was his tombstone, with the name Trenck carved over a death's head.

His confinement in this dreadful cell continued for nine years, five months, and some days, during which time he made many attempts to escape by bribing the sentinels and others, but never could effect his purpose, as always when on the point of gaining his liberty, something happened to prevent it; and in consequence of his several times disentangling himself from his irons, and also undermining the prison, every means was taken by adding strength to his fetters, and alterations made in his cell, to keep him perfectly secure.

"This dungeon," says the baron in his memoirs, "was built in a casement, ten feet long and six broad. Two doors shut close on each other, and there was a third at the entrance of the casement. The light came through a window, at the opening of the arch of the vaulted roof, and went through a wall seven feet thick. Though it gave light enough, it was placed in such a manner that I could neither see heaven nor earth, I could only perceive the roof of the magazine. On the inside and outside of this window were bars of iron, and in the substance of the wall between them a grate of wire, worked so close together, that it was impossible to distinguish any object either within or without. Besides all this, the win

dow was guarded with pallisades on the outside, to prevent the sentinels from approaching, and giving me any assistance. My furniture in this horrible abode consisted of a bedstead, fastened to the floor, for fear I should remove it to the window, and get upon it, a matrass, a small stove, and near the stove a box, fixed against the wall, and intended to serve for a seat. I was not permitted to have any instrument of iron, and my allowance for four-and-twenty hours was a pound and a half of ammunition bread, and a jug of water.

"Though I had been always a great eater in my youth, I was nevertheless obliged to throw away half my bread, it was so exceedingly mouldy. This proceeded from the town major's avarice, who sought to derive a profit from this article, of which the number of prisoners made the consumption considerable.

"Judge, reader, of what I suffered from hunger the eleven long months that I lived on this involuntary regimen ! for I should have required at least six pounds of bread a day to satisfy my appetite. I had no sooner received and devoured my allowance, than I felt again the attacks of hunger. I was, however, obliged to wait the revolution of the twenty-four hours, before I could hope for relief. How willingly would I have given a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats, on the money I had at Vienna, to satisfy my appetite for once with dry bread ! Hunger seldom permitted me to sleep ; and when it did, I instantly dreamed that I was sitting at a table covered with the most delicious viands, and that I was devouring them with the greatest voracity : I thought that the company wondered at my appetite. But as my dream did not fill my stomach, the illusion was not of long duration ; I waked, the dishes disappeared, and left me nothing but chagrin. My cravings, however, became every day more pressing. This kind of suffering prevented me closing my eyes, and rendered my situation a thousand times more dreadful ; the want of sleep doubling the duration of time, and consequently that of my torments.

"Prayers and representations were all of no effect. The answer was, 'It is forbid by the king's express order to give you more.' General Borck, commandant of Magdeburgh, a man of a cruel and severe disposition, said to me one day, when I begged him to make a small addition to my portion, 'You gormandized long enough on the king's plate, which your cousin Trenck stole at the battle of Sorau ; but you must now learn to eat our ammunition bread in your dirty hole. Your empress has not sent money for your support, and you neither deserve the bread allowed you, nor the expense you occasion,' " &c.

In consequence of his several attempts to escape, the king ordered a new dungeon to be built in such a manner as to put it out of his power to have any communication with the sentinels. Giving a description of his second dungeon, he says, "My prison having been built of lime and plaster, in

the short space of eleven days, and I having been committed to it immediately after, it was thought that my sufferings could not be of long duration. Indeed, during the first half year, the water dropped continually from the vaulted roof upon my body; and I can assure my readers, that for the first three months I did not know what it was to be dry. My health, however, did not suffer.

"When the officers came to visit me, which was every day after the relief of the guard, they were obliged, before they entered, to leave the doors open for a few minutes, as otherwise the exhalations from the walls, added to the thickness of the air, extinguished the candles.

"Left to myself in this horrid abode, without friends, without assistance, and without consolation, my imagination filled with the most dreadful images, and the most calculated to drive a man to despair, I cannot, to this day, conceive what withheld my hand from completing the tragedy. At length, however, when the clock had struck twelve, one day my tomb was opened for the first time. Pity and commiseration were painted on the faces of my keepers; but the profound silence they observed, and the time they employed in opening the doors, to the locks and bolts of which they were not yet accustomed, inspired terror.

"My chair was removed, and a bedstead, with a mattress, and a good blanket, put in its place. A whole ammunition loaf was given me, weighing six pounds; and the town major said to me, 'that you may not complain any longer that you are starved, you shall have as much bread as you can eat.' A jug of water, containing about four quarts, was also given me; and then the doors were shut, and every body disappeared.

"It would be difficult to describe the excess of my joy, on thinking that I was going to satisfy my appetite, after having for eleven months suffered the torments of hunger. There is no happiness in the world, that, in the first instant, seemed preferable to mine.

"Never did a fond lover, after long sighing in vain, fall with greater pleasure into the arms of his mistress; never did a tiger, thirsting after blood, throw himself with more fury on his prey, than I upon my bread. I ate, I devoured, now and then I stopped for a moment, that I might increase my enjoyment, and then I ate again; I thought my fate less hard; I wept for joy: I swallowed one bit after another, and before the evening came, the whole loaf was devoured.

"O nature! what an inexpressible charm hast thou attached to the satisfying of all our wants! and how happy would the rich man be, if he waited four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours before he sat down to his repast!"

While not occupied with planning the means of escape, Trenck used to amuse himself in composing verses, which, after innumerable difficulties to procure paper and pens, he wrote with his blood. He also engraved curious emblems upon tin cups, with his knife. His great ingenuity excited

the attention of many persons of rank, particularly the empress, Maria Theresa, who ordered her minister to employ all his influence at the court of Berlin to obtain his enlargement; which, however, did not happen till nine months after peace had taken place.

The Baron, in his life, relates the following curious anecdote of a mouse:—"I tamed a mouse so perfectly, that the little animal was continually playing with me, and used to eat out of my mouth. One night it skipped about so much, that the sentinels heard a noise, and made their report to the officer of the guard. As the garrison had been changed at the peace, and as I had not been able to form at once so close a connection with the officers of the regular troops, as I had done with those of the militia, an officer of the former, after ascertaining the truth of the report with his own ears, sent to inform the commanding officer that something extraordinary was going on in my prison. The Town Major arrived in consequence early in the morning, accompanied by locksmiths and masons. The floor, the walls, my chains, my body, every thing, in short, was strictly examined. Finding all in order, they asked me the cause of the last evening's bustle. I had heard the mouse myself, and told them frankly by what it had been occasioned. They desired me to call my little favourite; I whistled, and the mouse immediately leaped upon my shoulder. I solicited its pardon; but the officer of the guard took it into his possession, promising, however, on his word of honour, to give it to a lady who would take great care of it. Turning it afterwards loose in his chamber, the mouse who knew nobody but me, soon disappeared, and hid itself in a hole. At the usual hour of visiting my prison, when the officers were just going away, the poor little animal darted in, climbed up my legs, seated itself on my shoulder, and played a thousand tricks, to express the joy it felt on seeing me again. Every one was astonished, and wished to have it. The Major, to terminate the dispute, carried it away, gave it to his wife, who had a light cage made for it; but the mouse refused to eat, and a few days afterwards was found dead."

After his enlargement, Trenck married an amiable lady, by whom he had eleven children, and settled at Aix-la-Chapelle. On the death of the great Frederick, his august successor immediately granted him a passport to Berlin, and restored his confiscated estates, which he had not enjoyed for forty-two years. He soon set off for Königsberg, his native place, where he found his brother, who was very rich, waiting for him with impatience, and who adopted his children as his heirs. He was received by all his friends with such testimonies of joy as were natural after his long absence, and he fully intended to end his days among them. Events arose, however, which called him into active life, and made him again and again the football of fortune. He returned to Vienna, and subsequently visited Paris, at the commencement of the Revolution, where for some time he was the

lion of the day. The Emperor Leopold had granted him a pension, on condition that he engaged, under his hand, not to publish any thing, either in the Austrian dominions or elsewhere; but, according to his enemies, the baron was guilty of a breach of faith. No sooner was he arrived in Hungary, than at Buda he committed a work to the press in favour of the French revolution, in which he had the temerity to declare that the proceedings of the French ought to serve as a model for other states, and that he had himself contributed much to the revolution. He was in consequence arrested by order of the Hungarian government, and conducted under an escort of twelve grenadiers to Vienna, and confined in a mad-house, where it was supposed he would end his days. In 1791, however, he was again set at liberty, but was obliged to sign a new promise to live quietly, to behave loyally, and not to travel without assigning a reason, or without having obtained permission for that purpose.

Such is the account which has been given of Trenck's conduct on that occasion, in various publications; but he himself relates the circumstances of the business in a very different manner. He states that, on his accession to the Austrian throne, the Emperor Leopold, to whom he was previously well known, required the assistance of his pen in support of certain reforms in Hungary, where a serious ferment had taken place. He accordingly employed his talents with such success that the malcontents, headed by the clergy, were highly exasperated, and even threatened to assassinate him.

Though the emperor secretly approved of all Trenck's proceedings, yet the baron relates that he was obliged to acquiesce in the plan of the above-mentioned engagement, in the form of a bond, and in which he was threatened with confinement if he refused to subscribe. He acknowledges having been sent a prisoner from Buda to Vienna for some neglect of military etiquette, and confined for nineteen days in his own house, in the latter city. Irritated at this treatment, which originated with the Prince of Coburg, the baron demanded public satisfaction or his discharge, renouncing his pension and his rank in the army, and also claiming the bond he had signed on compulsion. The emperor not only returned the bond, but accepted his resignation of his rank, increased his pension from nine to fifteen hundred florins, and gave him permission to employ his talents in whatever manner he pleased.

Trenck informs us also, that Leopold not only treated him with the greatest condescension, but even intimated his design to compensate him for the injustice he had sustained, with respect to the Hungarian estates of his cousin. Unfortunately for the baron's hopes, the monarch died suddenly, after a very short reign, and with him died all the expectations of Trenck.

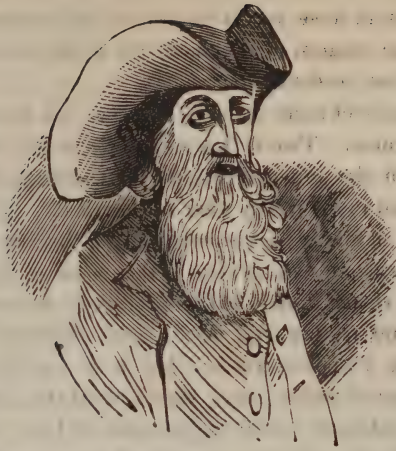
He lived in obscurity a few years, and died in 1797. Thus terminated the career of a man, who, doubtless, possessed an ardent and extraordinary

genius, and who might have raised himself to the greatest honours, under the patronage of the greatest monarchs of the earth, had he possessed less impetuosity and more prudence.

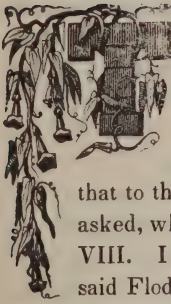
Trenck left a family of eight children out of eleven his wife had brought him during their union. Two of his sons were in the military service of Prussia, and one in the imperial army. His pension of fifteen hundred florins was continued to his family after his decease.

The reader will naturally be curious to learn the fate of the royal lady whose love for the baron was primarily the cause of all his misfortunes. In 1787, when he visited Berlin by permission of the new king, he was received at court and treated with the utmost affability. He had also an interview with the Princess Amelia, but it is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of either, when each beheld the ravages which misfortune and time had made in the appearance of both. Forty years had elapsed since they last met. Age, grief, and anxiety had produced paralysis in the princess, and not a vestige of her former beauty remained. His long imprisonment, and the snows of sixty winters had sadly altered the originally fine form of the baron. Never was there a more melancholy interview. Trenck almost immediately left Berlin, and five days after his departure, the princess expired !

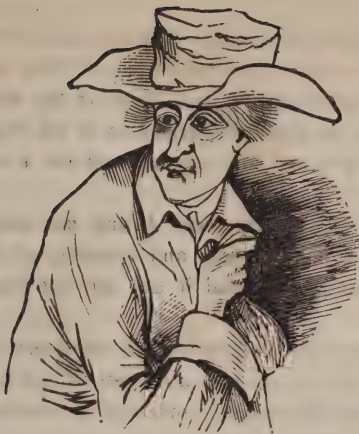




HENRY JENKINS.



HE only account extant of this venerable man is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived. On taking up her residence there, she one day questioned Jenkins about his age. "He paused a little," says she, "and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 3; and I asked, what kings he remembered? He said, as far back as Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flodden-field. I asked whether the king was there? he said, No; he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then; he said, I believe I might be between 10 and 12; for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. He told me, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains Abbey very well, before the dissolution of the monasteries." Jenkins died December 8, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire. The battle of Flodden-field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was then 12 years old. So that he must have lived 169 years, or 16 years longer than old Parr. According to Mrs. Saville, there were four persons in the same parish at the time of his death, who were all reported to be upwards of 100 years old, and their testimony went to establish his great age, as they had known him from their youth upwards, and he was then far advanced in years.



DANIEL DANCER.



IN the life of this wretched miser we have perhaps the most striking instance of the insatiable thirst of gold, recorded in the history of human nature. He was born in 1716, near Harrow, in Middlesex. His father, who possessed considerable property, had four children, three sons and one daughter, of whom Daniel was the eldest. His youth was not distinguished for any particular passion or propensity, and it was not till he succeeded to the fortune which devolved to him by the death of his father, that he manifested the inordinate love of money which rendered him miserable during the remainder of his life. His sister, whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own, continued to reside with him till his death.

The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. They used constantly on a Sunday to boil a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, and this was made to last during the whole week.

Had not Miss Dancer lived in an enlightened age, she would most certainly have run the risk of incurring the penalties inflicted in former times on those unhappy wretches accused of witchcraft: so perfectly did her appearance agree with the ideas attached to a witch. She seldom stirred out of her miserable hut, except when alarmed by the cry of huntsmen and hounds; on such occasions she used to sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, with which she endeavoured to repel the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds: and her appearance was rather that of a moving mass of rags than of a human being.

During her last illness, her brother was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her, and she may as well die now as at any future period."

The only food he offered his sister during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied by the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without.

On the death of his sister, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate £500 out of wages which had never exceeded £10 per annum. At the time he hired with Mr. Dancer, he was about sixty years of age, and his wages were *eighteenpence* per week.

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with those articles of expensive luxury, he used, when the sun shone, to repair to a neighbouring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body. His stockings were so patched, that not a vestige of the original could be perceived, and in cold and dirty weather he wound about his legs ropes of hay, so that his whole figure presented the most striking picture of misery that can possibly be conceived.

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed, but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobbler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

In his rambles, Mr. Dancer gathered all the bones he met with, and rather than return home empty-handed, he would load himself with the dung of the cattle on the common. The bones he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favourite, whom he always called, "Bob, my child," affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swill the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expense of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily. His affection for this domestic was, nevertheless, overpowered by a

consideration which, with him, carried irresistible weight. Complaints were made to him that Bob had worried some sheep. On this, he took the dog to a blacksmith's shop, where he ordered all his teeth to be broken off short, to prevent a repetition of the mischief, for which he might probably have been compelled to make compensation.

The report of his wealth, and the idea of its concealment about the house, once brought a troop of housebreakers, who very easily entered, but could find little property. This man concealed his treasure where no one would think of looking for it. Bank notes usually lay with spiders among the cobwebs in the cow-house; guineas were concealed in holes in the chimney, and about the fireplace, covered with soot and ashes.

This accident probably made some impression, and rendered him desirous of placing his money in a more secure situation than his own wretched hut. Repairing not long after to London, to invest two thousand pounds in the funds, a gentleman who met him near the Exchange, mistaking him for a beggar, put a penny into his hand. Though somewhat surprised at first, yet recollecting that every little helps, he put the money into his pocket, and continued his walk.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for thirteen years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On inquiring the reason, he, after much solicitation, informed her, that his old servant Griffiths had given him sixpence profit for his bargain.

During the illness which terminated his mis-spent life, Lady Tempest accidentally calling upon him, found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck. To her remonstrances against the impropriety of such a situation, he replied, that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant Griffiths to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Thus expired this miserable man, in October, 1794, in the 78th year of his age.

It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escrutoirs was the dung-heap in the cow-house, which contained near £2500, and in an old jacket, carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of £500 in gold and bank notes. In the chimney was about £200, and an old tea-pot contained bank notes to the value

of £600; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

He left in landed property to the amount of £500 per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death, to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-end, Hereford; in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes, was about £3000 per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life.





NATHANIEL BENTLEY.



THIS eccentric person was long the proprietor of a hardware shop in London, known by the characteristic appellation of the *Dirty Warehouse*, he himself being distinguished by that of *Dirty Dick*. He succeeded his father, who carried on the same business. The elder Bentley here lived in considerable style, keeping his carriage, and also a country-house. He gave his son a good education, but being of a tyrannical disposition, treated him as well as his servants in the most unreasonable manner. In consequence of this unmerited severity, young Bentley ran away from home, and was absent several years. How he was employed during that period we are unable to state, but it is supposed that he then contracted that peculiar turn of mind which afterwards manifested itself in such an eccentric manner.

His frugality seems to have been an hereditary endowment. The elder Bentley, though possessed of considerable property in houses at Islington, married a lady for the sake of her fortune, which enabled him to save his own; and he laid down his own coach, that he might make use of her's.

Mr. Bentley died about the year 1760, leaving all his property to his son. At that time the premises formed two distinct shops; these the young man now threw into one, and in 1764 set out for Paris. During his absence, he left a person to attend to his business, who being a cleanly and industrious man, placed every article in proper order, little thinking it would be the last time that some of them would ever be cleaned and dusted.

Previous to the death of his father, and for some years after that event, Mr. Bentley was called the beau of Leadenhall street, and was seen at all public places, dressed as a man of fashion. At this period his favourite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the highest style of fashionable extravagance. He paid several visits to Paris, and was present at the coronation of Louis XVI., to whom he was personally introduced, and was considered one of the handsomest and best dressed English gentlemen then at the French court. He spoke several foreign languages fluently, particularly French, Italian, and German. At this period, he attended masquerades and assemblies, and always appeared in the most fashionable attire.

The last time he visited Paris, he was absent about three weeks. On this occasion, he committed the care of his shop to two people, who transacted the business as usual, but whom he dismissed as soon as he returned, requiring no account, and merely remarking that none was necessary, as they could make any statement they pleased. Now began his career of dirt and penury. Henceforward, nothing was ever permitted to be cleaned or dusted in his shop. He himself generally attended in it without a coat, and the dirtiness of his attire and his skin corresponded with that of the goods in his windows for sale. Out of business, he wore a fustian dress and cocked hat; and on gay occasions, a suit of old-fashioned blue. He frequently powdered his hair in the midst of all his dirt, before a front window, which naturally attracted the notice of the multitude.

In his living it is reported that he never exceeded eighteen pence a day, for he observed, that if he had followed the examples of many other people, or even his own former custom of living, he should inevitably have involved himself in a state of bankruptcy or have to spend the remainder of his days in prison. When told that other people could not live as he did, he would reply, "Every one can that pleases," insisting that it was no hardship to him, though in his early days, he had seven dishes on his table at a time and three servants to attend him.

Mr. Bentley's house, which was of a large size, had originally a front of white plaster, which time had converted into a dingy black. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of its extraordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows, scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters and tea-trays, which Mr. Bentley always took good care to chain to the window frames. Though this method of proceeding may appear to have proceeded from parsimony, yet notoriety rather than avarice seemed to be his ruling principle. By the adoption of this dirty system, he found, by experience.

that he excited much curiosity and attracted considerable notice. He has been heard himself to relate that a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see him, as the most remarkable character she had ever heard of, and it is certain that other ladies have been equally curious. In addition to this, it has been related, that the neighbours, especially those on the opposite side of the street, frequently offered to defray the expense of painting and repairing the front of the house, but this Mr. Bentley as constantly refused, alleging that his shop was so well known abroad, as well as at home, by the denomination of the *Dirty Warehouse* of Leadenhall street, that to alter its appearance would ruin his trade with the Levant and other foreign parts.

The appearance of this extraordinary place, and its no less extraordinary inhabitant, is described with much spirit in the following lines:—

Who but has seen (if he can see at all)
 'Twixt Algate's well-known pump and Leadenhall,
 A curious hardware shop, in general full
 Of wares from Birmingham and Pontipool?
 Begrim'd with dirt, behold its ample front,
 With thirty years' collected filth upon't;
 See festoon'd cobwebs pendant o'er the door,
 While boxes, bales, and trunks, are strew'd around the floor.

Behold how whistling winds and driving rain,
 Gain free admission at each broken pane,
 Save where the dingy tenant keeps them out
 With urn or tray, knife-case, or dirty clout!
 Here snufflers, waiters, patent screws for corks;
 There castors, card-racks, cheese-trays, knives and forks!
 Here empty cases piled in heaps on high;
 There packthread, papers, rope, in wild disorder lie.

Oh! say, thou enemy to soap and towels!
 Hast no compassion lurking in thy bowels?
 Think what the neighbours suffer by thy whim,
 Of keeping self and house in such a trim!
 The officers of health should view the scene,
 And put thy shop and thee in quarantine.
 Consider thou, in summer's ardent heat,
 When various means are tried to cool the street,
 What must each decent neighbour suffer then
 From noxious vapours issuing from thy den.

Say, if within the street where thou dost dwell,
 Each house were kept exactly like thy cell;
 O say, thou enemy to brooms and mops!
 How long thy neighbours could keep open shops,
 If following thee in taste, each wretched elf,
 Unshaved, unwash'd, and squalid like thyself,
 Resolved to live?—The answer's very plain,
 One year would be the utmost of their reign:

Victims to filth, each vot'ry soon would fall,
And one grand jail-distemper kill them all.

Persons there are, who say thou hast been seen
Some years ago, with hands and face wash'd clean;
And wouldst thou quit this most unseemly plan,
Thou art, 'tis said, a very comely man:
Of polish'd language, partial to the fair,
Then why not wash thy face, and comb thy hair;
Clear from thy house accumulated dirt,
New paint the front, and wear a cleaner shirt?

The confusion which prevailed in the interior of this place was not less remarkable than its ruinous appearance without. Gold ear-rings, trinkets, and other valuable articles lay buried among his goods in various parts of the house. Nothing, perhaps, can convey a better idea of the disorder of Mr. Bentley's shop and business than the following anecdote:—The traveller of a mercantile house at Birmingham called upon him and obtained an order to a considerable amount, which was duly executed. About two years afterwards he waited upon him for payment for the goods. Mr. Bentley not recollecting his person, was astonished at the demand, and declared his total ignorance of the transaction. The traveller, after repeated applications, attributing the cause to the apparent confusion of the place, requested permission to search for the goods, which he thought he should know. After spending much time and trouble, he at length discovered the bale of goods, unpacked, exactly as it was sent from Birmingham. The traveller was agreeably surprised at the circumstance, and Mr. Bentley being convinced, honourably settled the account.

The ignorant circulated a report that Mr. Bentley had in his house a blue room, for the same purpose as that mentioned in the popular story of Blue-beard; but this is thought to have been set on foot by himself for the purpose of checking impertinent curiosity. It is, however, asserted as a fact, that he had a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great number of years. Of this singular fancy the following circumstance is said to have been the cause. Mr. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared every thing for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered, bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him, that he closed up the room with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

In this capacious habitation, Mr. Bentley lived alone, without servant or domestic of any kind. For more than twenty years before he quitted business, he had not kept a servant of either sex, and if asked the reason,

he would reply that he was once robbed by a servant, and was, therefore, determined never to keep one again. Some person who inquired whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy any vermin he might have in the house, he answered, with a smile, "No, sir, they only make more dirt and spoil more goods than their services are worth. And as to rats and mice," added he, "how can they live in my house when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?"

Though Mr. Bentley kept no servant in his house, he employed a poor man, by the hour, to watch his door, to prevent the intrusion of impertinent people, carry out his goods occasionally, buy provisions, and hand the shutters, which he himself put up and took down every night and morning. This man had directions, when Bentley was above, shaving or otherwise employed, to call him on the entrance of any customer, when he would come down, just as he was, half shaved, or, perhaps, half naked. Notwithstanding his oddities, he was remarkably polite to his customers, and the ladies, in particular, were loud in their praises of the elegance of his manners.

Amid the mass of filth, which a long series of years had accumulated in his habitation, Mr. Bentley led the kind of life we have already described till his lease of the premises expired, and in February, 1804, he quitted them with great reluctance, being under articles to his successor, Mr. Gosling, to relinquish business in his favour. For thirty years, he had invariably refused admittance to every one, the ground landlord not excepted, declaring that he would not suffer a saint from heaven to go over his house. His lease terminated at Christmas, 1802, and during the next year Mr. Bentley was the tenant of Mr. Gosling, and to him also he denied access till he could no longer withhold it.

Mr. Gosling, on obtaining possession of the premises, indulged the curious with a view of the apartments. This permission attracted great numbers of visitors, by one of whom the following description of the interior of this extraordinary mansion is given:—

"The first objects that attracted attention were the ponderous folding-doors of the shop, and the rusty bolts, bars, and chains for securing them. The ceiling in the hall exhibited traces of former elegance, and the staircase displayed much workmanship. On the first flight of stairs hung the remains of a long-extinguished lamp. The first room on the first floor had been a kitchen, where there was seen a jack, spit, &c., the rusty condition of which demonstrated that it had not moved for many years. It had long been deprived of its chain, with which Bentley secured the tea-trays placed against the broken panes of his shop windows. Here also was a clock, which was once handsome, and, no doubt, regulated the movements of his father's family, but now so disguised with dirt, as to be much better calculated to inform the spectator how many years' filth it

had accumulated, than to point out the fleeting hours and minutes. The kitchen range, once equally good and useful, had only been used to support a frying-pan without a handle, curiously mended with pegs, in which Bentley used to burn a mixture of small-coal and charcoal for cooking his provisions. The furniture of this place consisted of a dirty round table and a bottomless chair, made useful by the cover of a packing box. Except a few articles of broken earthenware, the shelves and dressers exhibited nothing but old shoes, a masquerade wig, cocked hat, and sword. Beside the tin flour vessel, the cleanest article in the house, stood a chemist's pipkin, supplied with soap for shaving, a brush of his own manufacture, and a piece of broken looking-glass, curiously inlaid in wood. This was evidently the only dressing and sitting-room, and here also its extraordinary inhabitant reposed, wrapping himself up in an old coat, and lying upon the floor, which, from the accumulated dirt and rubbish, must have been softer than the bare boards.

"Next to the kitchen was a small study, apparently long inhabited by spiders. The closet was full of dirty bottles, from which it was conjectured that Mr. Bentley had formerly been engaged in chemical pursuits. The ceiling of this room had been elegant, and the ground being blue, he gave it the name of the blue room. The secretaire and bookcase contained some valuable works; the counter-part was his jewelry casket, from which he used to indulge his female customers with little ornaments as presents, which never failed to be very productive in his way of business.

"The dining-room contained a large round mahogany table, at which, as Bentley related, the company were entertained at his christening. Here the looking-glasses and pictures could not be distinguished from the sable walls. The antiquated grate, once of highly polished steel, but for many years a prey to consuming rust, contained nothing combustible, but seemed to groan under an immense burden of mortar and rubbish blown down the chimney. The marble sideboard, relics of chairs, the chimney-piece elegantly carved, and the shades of lustres hung round the ceiling, indicated the former respectability of the place. The carpet in this room was a curiosity, for unless the corner was turned up, the visitor imagined that he was treading on dirty boards. One of the closets was full of pipkins and phials, of which Mr. Bentley charged his successor to be particularly careful, as they contained poison enough to destroy one half of London."

In February, 1804, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Bentley finally quitted that business which for forty years he had conducted in a manner so truly extraordinary. It may be supposed that his time would now hang heavy upon his hands, after being for so long a period accustomed to the active pursuits of trade. But it was not so. Mr. Bentley, notwithstanding his singular habits and eccentricities, possessed an enlightened and well-informed mind, and sufficient resources within himself to pass his time

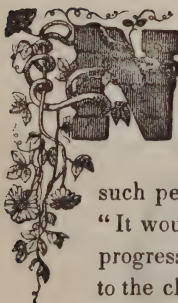
agreeably, either amid the bustle of business or the calmer hours of retirement.

Mr. Bentley had a sister, a very accomplished lady, who, for elegance and neatness, was quite a contrast to himself. Her husband was Mr. Lindgreen, a considerable merchant of Mincing-lane, after whose decease she took up her residence at Durham Place, Chelsea. From this lady some of the particulars above narrated were obtained. She often visited her brother in her chariot, but seldom alighted, being as much an enemy to dirt as he was to cleanliness. On one occasion, while paying him a visit, she bespoke some articles, which she desired him to send to her residence. Mr. Bentley accordingly hired a person in the neighbourhood to take them home, observing, that if he went himself he would not perhaps get payment on delivery. The messenger was surprised at the splendid appearance of the sister's establishment, who politely desired him to give her love to her brother, and tell him that she would soon call to see him, and then settle with himself. "Ay, ay," said Mr. Bentley, when this answer was communicated to him, "I was afraid how it would be, but it's of no use to complain of women."





JOSEPH CAPPUR.



No place can afford a fairer field for the exertions of talent or honest industry, than the capital of the British empire. How many instances might be adduced of persons there raising themselves by those recommendations from the most abject indigence to prosperity and wealth ! Of such persons, however, it is to be regretted that so little is known. "It would be amusing," says the Rev. Mr. Granger, "to trace the progress of a Lord Mayor from the loom or the fishmonger's stall to the chair of the chief magistrate ; to be informed with what difficulty he got the first hundred pounds, with how much less he made it a thousand, and with what care he rounded his plum." Although Mr. Cappur did not attain to such honours or such opulence, yet he affords an example of the truth of these observations. He was born in Cheshire of humble parents ; the family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, to shift for himself, as he used to say, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Cappur soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of his chief boasts, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it. Being of an enterprising spirit, he commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations,

but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Cappur therefore resolved to retire from the bustle of life. This best suited his disposition; for although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, at Kennington, took a chop and spent the day, and asked for a bed, in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Cappur was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the *growling fellow*, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. During many years he talked about quitting this residence within the next twenty-four hours.

His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated.

He called himself the champion of government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing ill-natured. Mr. Cappur's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire: when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they

want, and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready-money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan:—"I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done? I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the house would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Cappur was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane: but as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the company present, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room. From this fly-killing propensity he acquired the name of *Domitian*, among the customers who frequented the house.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health, and it was not until the Tuesday morning before his decease that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house, exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, to which Mr. Cappur then, and at all times, had a great aversion. He asked for pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution was nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Cappur's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all his property. One of the four gentlemen having recollected the address of Mr. Cappur's two nephews, of the name of Dutton, they were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. As soon as the old gentleman's dissolution had taken place, his desks, trunks and boxes, were opened by the Messrs. Dutton and their lawyer; when they found £100 in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government securities, and a will which the parties present proceeded to read. It was curiously worded, and written on the back of a sheet of bankers' checks. His property, which was

upwards of £30,000, he left equally among his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated his executors, and were bequeathed between them £8000 in the three per cents.

From Mr. Cappur's declarations in his lifetime, there was reason to suppose that he had made another will, as the one found was not witnessed. No other was ever found, however; and nothing further appeared that in any way marked the eccentricity of his character. His remains were interred in a vault in Aldgate church.





EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.



EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,* passed through such variegated scenes, that a bare recital of them would savour of the marvellous. From Westminster school, where he was placed for education, he ran away thrice. He exchanged clothes with a chimney-sweeper, and followed for some time that sooty occupation. He next joined a fisherman, and cried flounders in Rotherhithe.

He then sailed as a cabin-boy to Spain; where he had no sooner arrived, than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself to a driver of mules.

* Lady Mary Wortley Montague was eldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh. She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about 1690. Under Bishop Burnet, she acquired considerable knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and French languages. In 1712, she married Edward Wortley Montague, who was sent ambassador to the Porte, in 1716, whither she accompanied him. Here we find from her correspondence, that she had added an acquaintance with the German, Italian, and Turkish languages to her other acquirements. After her return, she introduced inoculation for the small-pox into this country, as she had seen it practised with success in the East. Her wit and literature led her to form intimacies with all the eminent poets and scholars of her brilliant era. Her health declining in 1739, she went to Italy, where she remained till 1761, when her husband died. She then returned to England, but she survived him only till the 21st of August, 1762. In 1763, a collection of her letters were published, which had been surreptitiously obtained, but her grandson, the Marquis of Bute, afterwards gave her entire works to the public, in 5 vols. 12mo, containing her Life, Letters, translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, Poems, and Essays.

After thus vagabondizing it for some time, he was discovered by the consul, who returned him to his friends in England. They received him with joy, and a private tutor was employed to recover those rudiments of learning which a life of dissipation, blackguardism, and vulgarity, might have obliterated. Wortley was sent to the West Indies, where he remained for some time; then returned to England, acted according to the dignity of his birth, was chosen a member, and served in two successive parliaments. His expenses exceeding his income, he became involved in debt, quitted his native country, and commenced that wandering traveller he continued till the time of his death. Having visited most of the eastern countries, he contracted a partiality for their manners. He drank little wine; a great deal of coffee; wore a long beard; smoked much; and, even whilst at Venice, he was habited in the eastern style. He sat cross-legged in the Turkish fashion from choice. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, and the Persian languages, he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces; one on the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;" another on "The Causes of Earthquakes." He had seraglios of wives, but the lady whom he married in England was a washerwoman, with whom he did not cohabit. When she died without leaving issue to him, being unwilling that his estate should go to the Bute family, he set out for England to marry a young woman already pregnant, whom a friend had provided for him, but he died on his journey.





JOHN GUTENBERG,

THE INVENTOR OF PRINTING:

WITH SOME NOTICES OF JOHN FUST, HIS PARTNER.



THE year 1453 is a memorable epoch in history. The middle of the century that witnessed the revival of knowledge and the triumph of classical learning in the south of Europe, was marked also by the final overthrow of the eastern empire, and the establishment of the followers of Mahomet, with a firm footing on the soil from whence the eastern rulers of the dismembered Roman empire were driven. This important event had long been foreshadowed by the luxury and decaying vigour of the eastern empire. The fall of Constantinople, in 1453, accomplished its destiny, and the highways were forthwith crowded with fugitives seeking safety in the unconquered kingdoms of Christendom. On the sacking of Constantinople, the learned men of Greece were scattered through the capitals of Europe, bearing with them invaluable treasures in the ancient Greek manuscripts they had rescued from the spoiler. The greater number of these were conveyed to Italy, where a general excitement prevailed on behalf of classical learning, so that numerous scholars were ready to

welcome the fugitives, and hail the literary treasures they brought with them, as the most valuable gifts that the western could derive from the eastern empire.

Cosimo de Medici, the celebrated Florentine, was specially active at this period, both in welcoming the learned strangers, and in acquiring, by every means in his power, the literary treasures which the inroads of barbarism had scattered, and threatened to destroy. Thousands of manuscripts were brought home by the agents of this indefatigable collector, many of them unknown before; and numerous transcribers were employed in slowly multiplying copies of Xenophon, Thucydides, Herodotus, Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and the more recent works of the Greek fathers; so that we in all probability owe to the princely merchant of Florence the preservation of many of these invaluable treasures of antiquity.

While, however, the south of Europe was thus diligently engaged in preserving and multiplying, by the slow and costly process of the copiers, the treasures of ancient literature, a process was silently evolving in the north, destined to effect a mighty revolution on the church, and on the world. At the very time when the Moslem troops were mustering on the European shores, and the walls of Constantinople were falling before these fanatical besiegers, an unnoticed and obscure German mechanic was maturing an art which was destined to prove the most important discovery in the history of the world, and to build up new empires on a more stable basis than had been dreamt of in the republics of Greece, or the despotic empires of the Romans and Goths.

At the village of Sulgeloeh, near Mentz, or Mayence, as it is now called, John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, was born, in the year 1397. Of his childhood and youth scarcely any thing is known, for he closed his life in poverty, and died while others were reaping the profits of his great invention. He appears, from such glimpses as we obtain of his early years, to have been a man of great energy; and of that natural vehemence, and animal life, which only requires a sound bias, and the selection of some sufficient object of pursuit, to lead to high and valuable attainments. His youth was passed in the city of Mentz, pursuing some mechanical occupation, the exact nature of which is not known; but there can be little doubt, from the success of his labours at a later date, that his early employment was such as prepared him for his great work.

Meanwhile, however, the young apprentice of Mayence found other matters to keep his hands in employment, and to satisfy his restless and still unsatisfied energies. The period when he left his quiet native village of Sulgeloeh, to seek for such education for head and hand as the neighbouring Rhenish capital could afford him, was during the early years of the fifteenth century, an era of great and universal activity. The burghers of the free cities were rising into importance; the old feudal bondage that

had so long formed the sole tie between the nobles and the rural population, was rapidly becoming modified, or altogether displaced by the freer notions that had sprung up among the wealthy trading burghers of the large towns. Such a change was watched, as might be expected, with peculiar jealousy by those whose interests were thereby involved. The citizen was no less anxious to guard his newly established rights against the encroachments of the older privileged classes, than were the nobles to check every interference with their time-hallowed superiority and lordships. Numerous contests, often of a fierce and sanguinary nature, resulted from the clashing of these rival interests; and one of the earliest glimpses which we obtain of young Gutenberg, is as an active partizan in these party feuds.

Fortune at no time rewarded very liberally the exertions of poor Gutenberg; it has been reserved indeed for posterity to yield to him the tardy acknowledgment due to his genius and indomitable perseverance, wellnigh four centuries after he had been laid in his unhonoured and long-forgotten grave. Fortune seems to have been as little inclined to reward his early political struggles as the more noble and invaluable life-labours on which he was soon after to enter. "During his residence in Mentz," says one of his biographers, "he became implicated in an insurrection of the citizens against the nobility, and was compelled to fly to Strasbourg to avoid the vengeance of his victorious adversaries." No more minute account has been preserved of this civic contest, which probably differed little from similar disturbances that were of frequent occurrence at that period in most of the capitals and large commercial towns of Europe, and excited apparently as little notice then, as an ordinary street riot would now lead to. There is something, however, that cannot but strike the thoughtful reader, as very characteristic of the future inventor of the art of printing, in this early and passing glimpse of his first appearance in public life. Nobles and kings were yet to learn the power of that mighty engine that was to form the great life-work of Gutenberg; pontiffs were to tremble before its indomitable assaults; and slavery, feudalism, and unjust class-privileges of every kind, were to fall before the triumphant progress of the printing-press. We say, therefore, that it was characteristic—we would even say, it was typical, of the future inventor of printing, that his first appearance should have been as an abettor of the popular cause, in opposition to the despotic power of the nobles.

The old town of Mentz, the capital of the province of Rheinhessen, is one of the most ancient and remarkable cities of Europe. Its first erection dates before the Christian era. More recently it occupies an important and very interesting position among the Catholic bishoprics of Christendom; its historians tracing back the introduction of Christianity and the chief pastoral office there, to Crescens, who was a disciple of Paul, and suffered martyrdom there in the year 103. It is still a strange, old-fashioned, and irregular-

built town, sloping downwards to the banks of the Rhine, a little below the junction of the Maine with that majestic river. The streets are narrow and gloomy; abounding with the picturesque edifices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that carry the mind back to the time when these pent-up thoroughfares formed the narrow arena for civil broils; and the hardy German apprentice, John Gutenberg, with others as bold and reckless, though now all forgotten, were leagued, with clubs and bills, against the armed retainers of the fierce German barons, and contended every pass and alley of the ancient city with their old feudal masters. Gutenberg had to learn elsewhere those arts on which his great discovery was to be founded. He hastily abandoned the town of Mentz, on finding that his zeal in the popular cause had marked him out as a special object of vengeance to the exasperated nobles, and fled, as we have seen, to the city of Strasbourg. We shall now follow him thither, and learn what may still be gleaned of his proceedings there, after the lapse of so long a period as has now intervened between the great discovery of the art of printing, and this nineteenth century, in which its mighty powers are being for the first time fully developed.

The city of Strasbourg, whither Gutenberg retired from the fury of his adversaries at Mentz, has long since been incorporated with the dependencies of the French crown. Its early history, however, discloses many interesting and remarkable incidents worthy of the honour of that great invention which it has disputed for centuries with the city of Mentz, with others strongly characteristic of the ages that preceded the illumination of the printing-press. It early obtained the privileges of a free city, and exhibited the consequent symptoms of industry and increasing prosperity. In the year 1349, a darker scene marks a memorable epoch of its history. It was visited by a fearful mortality, by which multitudes of its inhabitants were swept away; and the rest fled in terror, abandoning a city that seemed given up to the dominion of swift disease and death. The reign of a blind superstition, however, was no less powerful and influential. The terror-stricken inhabitants returned to their city when the plague abated, and fixing on the persecuted Jews as the originators of that deadly pestilence, two hundred of them were committed to the flames.

The principles of the Reformation early gained a footing in this ancient city of the German empire. They were checked for a time by the Emperor, Charles the Fifth; but notwithstanding this opposition, the Protestants gained such influence, that they obtained possession of several of the churches. Since then it has long ceased to form a part of the Germanic union. In 1681, it surrendered to Louis the Fourteenth, who was already master of the surrounding country. By him the circuit of the walls was enlarged, the fortifications were strengthened with numerous towers and bastions, and the whole defences reconstructed with such labour and skill.

as to render it one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. It was by these means permanently incorporated with the dominions of the French crown, under whose rule it has ever since remained.

The more ancient houses of this celebrated city are all constructed in the German style, with lofty and picturesque gables, and steep sloping roofs, pierced with successive tiers of storm windows. But these are gradually disappearing before the rapid changes of modern taste, and are being replaced by houses of a much plainer and less attractive style of construction.

Dr. Dibdin, who visited this ancient town in July, 1818, thus describes the appearance it then presented :—

“The city of Strasbourg encloses within its walls a population of about fifty thousand. I suspect, however, that in former times its population was more numerous. At the present moment there are about two hundred and fifty streets, great and small, including squares and alleys. The main streets, upon the whole, are neither wide nor narrow; but to a stranger they have a very singular appearance, from the windows of almost every house being covered on the outside with iron bars, arranged after divers fashions. This gives them a very prison-like effect, and is far from being ornamental, as it is sometimes intended to be. The glazing of the windows is also frequently very curious. In general the panes of glass are small and circular, being confined in leaden casements. The number of houses in Strasbourg is estimated at three thousand five hundred. There are not fewer than forty-seven bridges in the interior of the town . . . The houses are generally lofty, and the roofs contain two or three tiers of open windows, garret-fashioned, which gives them a picturesque appearance; but which, I learn, were constructed as granaries, to hold flour for the support of the inhabitants when the city should sustain a long and rigorous siege.”

Such then is the ancient city of Strasbourg, whither the apprentice of Mayence fled to escape the vengeance of his powerful political adversaries. The most we learn of his proceedings while there, is, that necessity compelled him to employ himself in mechanical occupations, in pursuing which he discovered the great art which has rendered his name immortal. There were in use at that period various ingenious mechanical arts, extensively employed chiefly in promoting the amusements of the people, and which naturally suggest themselves as the most probable source of that happy thought on which the ingenious invention was founded.

Previous to the discovery of printing, and the general diffusion of literature among the people, one of the most popular sources of amusement among all ranks and classes of the community, was playing cards. These were no doubt originally multiplied like the books of the same period, by ingenious artists, who drew them one by one, and consequently they must have been costly, and very limited in their diffusion. This, however, was one of the amusements of the period, which it was impossible to confine to the

privileged classes. Nearly all ranks of society had then more leisure than now, and a gradually increasing demand for sets of these cards led to inventions; by means of which they could be rapidly multiplied at a cheap rate. The earliest process appears to have been that still known among us by the name of stenciling, by means of which many of the commoner kinds of house-papers for decorating the walls of our apartments are still produced. This consists simply of a stiff card, or thin sheet of metal, which is pierced with the device intended to be represented on the paper, and this being laid on the top of it, it is rubbed all over with a brush dipped in colour, which reaching only those parts of the paper underneath, left exposed by the apertures cut out in the plate, thereby forms, by a mere dash of the brush, the required figure. When different colours are intended to be introduced, the pattern of each colour is cut on a separate plate, and each being then smeared over with its own colour, the requisite chromatic pattern is produced.

This process, however, is both rude and unsatisfactory, though it no doubt sufficed to supply the demand for a time; and by lessening their cost, and greatly increasing their diffusion, no doubt greatly extended the taste for this exciting amusement.

Such was the high importance the manufacture of playing cards had assumed in England, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, that statutes were enacted to protect the native manufacturers, against the introduction of cards from the continent. The first improvement superadded to the daubing of the stencillers, may be said to have formed the discovery of wood-engraving. The outline of the figure being drawn on the surface of a smooth and hard piece of wood—generally that of the pear-tree—the remainder of the surface was cut away, leaving this in relief. The figure thus produced was used simply as a stamp; but, from the firmness of its outline, even in its rudest form, it would greatly add to the less distinct work of the stencillers, uniting their straggling colours into a consistent whole.

The art of *figure-cutting*, as it was styled, being thus invented, made rapid progress. No doubt, the cards in use among the nobles and wealthiest classes, were still chiefly the work of ingenious artists, who multiplied them by the laborious process of hand-drawing, and colouring. The high prices obtained for these, and their constant demand, would form a strong inducement for the perfecting of any process that promised to produce more easily such cards as might command the favour of the nobles; and, we accordingly find, by the middle of the fifteenth century, that cutting on wood had been brought to great perfection, and was applied to various purposes, gradually approximating to the art we have now chiefly in view. Several of the specimens of wood-engraving, executed in the year 1466—a year of special note in the progress of this art—are still preserved in the

collections of the curious, and form examples of tasteful execution, such as would not disgrace many good engravers of our own day. A very curious and unique print, however, forms one of the rare treasures of the Earl Spencer's collection, bearing a date twenty-three years earlier than this, and even that is by no means conceived to have been the first production of the wood-engraver.

The next step in what may be justly styled the preparatory labours of the precursors of Gutenberg, was the printing of these engraved blocks. This appears to have been originally effected by laying the paper on the top of it, after it had been inked on the surface, and then rubbing it behind. This process, though very tedious, is so highly satisfactory in its results, that it is still invariably resorted to by wood-engravers, for the purpose of taking their own proofs. It wants, however, the grand desideratum of rapidity, and consequent cheapness of execution, without which no extensive multiplication of such works could be effected. Much, however, was done, even with this tedious process. Pictures of saints, and the representations of the pious legends of the church, were executed in a series of blocks, which were bound up into a book; and thus another great step in the development of the art was effected. Mr. Jackson has given a very interesting and curious account of these, illustrated with facsimiles of some of the blocks, in his ingenious and elaborate history of wood-engraving. One of these is generally known under the name of the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible for the Poor, which Mr. Jackson, however, very justly considers a misnomer, as there can be little doubt that the cost of it, when issued, must have been such as to limit it exclusively to the use of the wealthy. To each of the blocks of this rare folio, a passage of Scripture or some other illustrative sentence is appended; the whole being, of course, cut out of the solid block. The acceptableness of these verbal illustrations had, no doubt, become speedily apparent to the wood-cutters, as, in later books of the same kind, the explanatory texts are found much more ample; and, latterly, even small hand-books, containing the rudiments of grammar, for the use of the schools, were cut in blocks, and wrought off in the same manner.

How nearly are we thus arrived, in the history of the arts at this period, to the complete development of that secret on which the wondrous art of printing depended; that mysterious invention, which appeared to the contemporaries of Gutenberg and Fust as explicable alone on the theory of magic and the agency of the devil. Nothing more seems wanting, than that some ready mechanic should proceed, with saw in hand, to separate the texts of these block-books, as they are termed, letter from letter, so that they might be distributed, for the compositor to set up anew at his pleasure, and produce therefrom any sentence desired,—so simple does this, the greatest invention of modern ages, appear to us, looking back upon it; as,

indeed, all great discoveries do, when once the master-mind has revealed the secret to the world.

Meanwhile, we must inquire, if it may be learned, what has been occupying the time and labour of Gutenberg, at Strasbourg? What has been occupying his thoughts we may guess with considerable confidence; for it cannot be questioned that his attention has been arrested by the labours of the block-cutters, and his thoughts turned to the possibility of simplifying their labours. We can only guess at the occupation of the mechanic of Strasbourg. We might, with some probability, affirm that his occupation was the cutting of these very blocks; that he was a wood-engraver, in fact, and one of the earliest of its practisers. It has, indeed, been affirmed, very commonly, in the history of printing, that his first types were cut in metal; but this is distinctly contradicted in the earliest account of the subsequent invention of Schœffer, by which the art was perfected. This was the multiplying the types, by casting them in metal, from a single matrix. This account is stated to have been written by a relative of Fust; and it is there remarked:—"But there were as many difficulties at first with these letters, *as there had been before with wooden ones*; the metal being too soft to support the force of the impression; but this defect was soon remedied, by mixing the metal with a substance which sufficiently hardened it."

Since, then, the first letters of Gutenberg were cut in wood, it may be very reasonably concluded that he had early turned his attention to that art, and, while supporting himself by his labours at Strasbourg, was already pondering the scheme, and even preparing his movable letters, for the first efforts of the compositor, whose handiwork was to revolutionize the world.

Whatever may have been the exact nature of Gutenberg's occupation at Strasbourg, he would appear to have prospered in his employment. He is described by one of the historians of this period as being a merchant of Strasbourg in the year 1424, an honourable position at that time in a free city of the empire. He was no doubt a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, and one, therefore, in whose hands commerce was likely to prove successful if he devoted his energies to it. A higher work, however, was occupying his thoughts, and cheating him of the rewards of successful industry, in order that future ages might be blessed by the grand discovery achieved by his perseverance and zeal.

About ten years after the date referred to above, we have positive evidence that the great invention of Gutenberg, although preserved as a profound secret, was occupying his thoughts. There is almost conclusive evidence that he first employed himself in the production of block books: there is also reason to think, that the first step made beyond this, was the separate cutting of words most in use, which, coupled with abbreviations,

double letters, endings of words, and the like supposed facilities to the compositor, long after formed a peculiar feature of the fonts in use.

A year or two later, probably in 1437, we find Gutenberg still at Strasbourg, and now actively labouring to bring his invention into use. Its gradual development had no doubt satisfied him of the necessity of some co-operative aid to enable him to bring his discovery to the test of practical experiment; and we accordingly find him engaged this year, along with Andrew Dritzehen and two other wealthy citizens of Strasbourg,—all bound to secrecy,—in making a series of experiments preparatory to his great attempt.

One can fancy the enthusiastic inventor, after long meditation, venturing on a cautious disclosure of the wonderful art to these prudent German laughers. Slowly, and by dint of many calculations, and many demonstrations of the ready sale of manuscripts, and the large prices paid for block books, he at length gets them convinced of the value of his new art, of the feasibility of its practical application; and it is determined to give it a fair trial. Gutenberg has now been labouring at it for upwards of ten years. He has so far matured it after many trials and disappointments. With all the enthusiasm, therefore, of true genius, we cannot doubt that his zeal was tempered, by hard-won experience, into patient, persevering hope.

Not so, however, with Andrew Dritzehen and his other partners in the secret. Now that he has satisfied them of the feasibility of his scheme, they are all eagerness to begin. They long to lay hold on the promised wealth, and to realize the golden dreams he has conjured up before them. Money is at once freely embarked in the project, as in a grand speculation that promises to reproduce an hundredfold for all their outlay. Perhaps the inventor was roused anew to his earliest and brightest dreams, and joining in the sanguine anticipations of his partners in the great work, believed he was on the eve of accomplishing his grand project and receiving full reward. Perhaps—and it is more probable—he only smiled at their too sanguine anticipations, and warned them that time and labour, and patience, as of the hopeful husbandman, must all be largely bestowed, ere they could be called upon to enter in and reap the abundant harvest.

Even then, perhaps, he looked beyond the fleeting rewards of wealth, and pictured to himself the coming generations “on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded, fertilizing some grounds and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms!” Even so has our great novelist represented the philosophic astrologers of Louis the Eleventh of France reasoning on the fruits of this great invention. To such should all great discoverers look for their reward; to the fruit of our labours should we all, indeed, look, whatever they may be, and to the influence they are destined to have on others. But

man is short-sighted, and the distant future is dim before him. Daily bread must be had, and he lives in the present even when most he seeks to return upon the attractive glories of the past, or to press into that towards which his work is reaching beyond.

Gutenberg was a man like ourselves. Dimly he guessed at a great future; but clearly he realized the present necessities of daily life, and a present reward was no unworthy or unappreciated stimulus. It is the very source of motives that have often checked despondency and given fresh vigour to relaxing zeal; and even by such means must printing-presses and steam-engines, and railways, and electric telegraphs, with all other wonderful creations of genius, be evolved from the inert matter around us, and summoned into being for all future times.

We learn little that is very definite of the labours of Gutenberg with his Strasbourg colleagues. The world chronicles no history of abortive attempts. It rewards no labourer who is unvictorious, how hard soever be his toil. These years, indeed, of patient, persevering hope, were but the schooling of the discoverer. Yet while cities deem it an honour worthy of contention, as to which was the birth-place of the discoverer—though no born citizen after all, but the native of a village still obscure—to Strasbourg undoubtedly belongs the honour of having been the birth-place of **PRINTING.**

It is not to be overlooked, however, in investigating the claims of the earliest discoverers of this wonderful art, that ages before the ingenious mechanic of Strasbourg had turned his thoughts to the perfecting of a system by which he could multiply at his will the manuscripts of the monkish transcribers, a strange people on the remote confines of the Asiatic continent had the same art in familiar use. The Chinese nation seem constantly to step in before the discoverers of modern Europe, establishing a priority of right to their most valuable inventions; and yet in this, as in all their other discoveries, they have only carried it a few stages onward and then paused, contented with the fruits of their labours, while its Gothic discoverers, dissatisfied with a success so imperfect, have rapidly carried out their first thoughts to more efficient and valuable results.

In a communication laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences, by M. Stanislas Julien, only a few months since, on the origin of printing in China, it was stated that the art of printing existed in China, so far at least as engraving on wood is concerned, at least as early as the year 593 of the Christian era. In proof of this the writer quotes a passage taken from the Chinese Encyclopædia, Ke-Tchi-King-Youen, which states that on the 8th day of the 12th month of the 13th year of the reign of Wen-Ti, it was decreed that a collection should be made of all the drawings in use, and unpublished writings, in order that they might be engraved on wood, and printed. This, says the Chinese writer in the Encyclopædia, was the com-

mencement of printing from wood blocks, 339 years before the time of Fong-In-Wung, to whom the invention has been erroneously attributed. M. Julien speaks next of printing from engravings on stone, among the Chinese; the engraving, in this case, being cut into the stone. This, he says, dates from the second century; but it was not till the ninth century that stone was engraved in such a way as to take a white impression on a black ground. Printing in characters made of baked earth, also existed in China some centuries before the art of printing was known in Europe; while the great available feature of the art, the discovery of which forms with European historians the true era of its discovery, namely, that of composing and printing from movable types, was first introduced into China between the years 1041 and 1048, by a blacksmith Pi-Ching. So that it would seem, our information concerning the remoter inventions of the Chinese in reference to this art, are more precise and incontrovertible than our knowledge of the labours of our own Gutenberg, Fust, and Schœffer, with the rival claimants of Holland and Italy.

From this it is obvious that the block books of the fifteenth century, already described, were in reality precisely the same species of works as had been produced in China for centuries. The mode of producing impressions, too, was the same; for in this respect the Chinese still adhere to their first plan, printing on thin paper only on one side, by means of friction, and doubling each leaf backward, so as to produce the same practical effect as results from our turning the sheet, and throwing off the continuous copy on the reverse of the paper.

Another feature in which the Chinese system of printing still resembles the first elementary devices of its European discoverers, is occasioned by the peculiarities of its written language. It may be said to be without an alphabet; at least the elementary characters have not been reduced to the same limited and convenient number as in most other languages, by making them the simple representatives of the elementary sounds of the human voice, instead of the hieroglyphics and symbols of ideas and objects. The Chinese typography became, therefore, of necessity, a system of composing with words, and not with letters, when the idea of movable types was suggested; and thus it still remains in the state through which it may be said to have passed with its European discoverers, almost without pausing.

As the Chinese mode of printing, however, was certainly the first mode practised in Europe, some have endeavoured altogether to deprive its European originators of the title of inventors; affirming that they only matured the knowledge of the art which was brought from China. There can be no question that the celebrated traveller, Marco Polo, who returned from China towards the close of the thirteenth century, had seen and described several of the processes in use there for purposes nearly allied

to that of the printing of books, and particularly that of stamping paper bills of exchange, with the Chinese written characters, by means of an engraved block, inked with vermilion. There is not, however, the slightest grounds for believing that this hint was of any avail to the ingenious mechanics of Mentz and Strasbourg. Fully a century elapsed, while the great work remained unattempted, and when it was begun in earnest, it was, as we have seen, by an entirely different route that its discoverers reached their goal. It even appears fortunate that the hint was overlooked, as the process suggested by the Chinese device, described by Marco Polo, could only have led to very partial success, which, once attained, its imitators might have been content to rest satisfied with, and so the great Art,—greatest in its consequences of all human discoveries, except that of written language,—might have remained the feeble and unproductive first thought which it has done in China—an abortive giant, stunted at its birth.

To Strasbourg, then, we must return for the sole work of discovery. There was the birth-place of the European printing-press. Its creator was John Gutenberg; his coadjutors, Andrew Dritzehen and the two nameless German burghers; and their sole reward the bright hopes which cheered them in the progress of their mighty task, as they gazed onward into a dimly-seen yet bright futurity, and caught glimpses of the peaceful yet glorious triumphs which tended on its advancing strides. Honour be to the brave burghers of Mentz and Strasbourg. Pontiffs, and councils, and kings, were then debating mighty projects. Europe was a stage whereon grand political schemes were being wrought out by force of arms or by hardier guile. Her nobles, girt in steel and armed to the teeth, were jealously guarding their hereditary privileges against every innovation; and, lo! in the quiet workshop of an humble mechanic, with neither noble patron nor noble opponent, the world's artillery was being wrought for the great battle of liberty and truth. The war-engines were being fashioned, the weapons were already forging, by which were to be successfully asserted, over all these privileged classes, the claims which are founded on eternal justice, and form the basis of the rights of man.

The discovery then is really made: yet much remains to be done before the world shall know its practical value—before, indeed, the world shall hear of it at all. Gutenberg kept no diary that we know of—no record of the many daily obstacles that beset him in his arduous struggle, though some may be guessed at. All we know certainly is, that in the year 1439, while Gutenberg was still at Strasbourg, and many experiments had been made with his movable types, his coadjutor, Andrew Dritzehen, was dead; the money embarked by him and his partners was all expended; the careful and hard-won savings of Gutenberg himself were exhausted; and not one fragment survives, nor any evidence to lead us to think that any thing

had yet been practically effected by means of the new art, to supersede the labours of the copiers.

There was still a struggle for a time among the surviving members of this once hopeful copartnery; but all their sanguine dreams of fortune were now at an end. Gutenberg, indeed, still had as complete faith as ever in his ultimate success. Of the possibility of perfecting his discovery he never entertained a doubt. Nothing was wanted but money and time. Time enough he had, if he could meanwhile secure the means of subsistence; but money was no longer procurable. His own hard-won savings were all exhausted. His partners, so far from being now likely to grant him further pecuniary aid, were clamorous for some return of the money they had expended in the pursuit of this fruitless phantom.

From that time till the year 1445, we learn little farther of the proceedings of Gutenberg, than that he still continued to reside at Strasbourg and appears to have been striving against many difficulties to carry forward the great life-work to which he had devoted himself. During these six years, however, little progress was made. Difficulties of a practical nature were probably observed and overcome, and his fount of movable types increased from time to time, as he found leisure to ply the slow and laborious task. But hope, meanwhile, was his sole comforter and reward; he wrought on in secret, and without the cheering sympathy of confederate or friend, for by the end of the year 1446, we find him at length abandoning all hope of success in the city of his adoption, and determining once more to return to Mentz.

How great were the changes that had been wrought during the long interval between his hasty flight from Mentz, and that in which he now resolved to return! Wellnigh thirty years, memorable in the history of Europe, had intervened. Huss and Jerome of Prague had perished under the edicts of the council that deposed Pope John the Twenty-third. A religious war had raged for years, until the Bohemians protested against the encroachments of Rome, wrung from its intolerant defenders the right of religious worship in their native tongue, and of free communion in the Sacrament of the Supper, according to the example of its Founder; both the cup and the bread being received by all. Learning, meanwhile, had spread. The dogmas of the schoolmen were no longer supreme and undisputed. The treasures of ancient learning had been gathered, and lay ready for the preserving care of the new art. The minds of all men were thirsting for knowledge. The time for the full birth of the printing-press had come—the time when it was to step forth, no longer with the feeble essays of block books, with their small folio pages filled with the rude yet ingenious pictures of saintly or scripture legends, and their detached and scattered texts, but in perfection, like Minerva full armed from

the head of Jove—supplying the place of the most valued manuscripts, by still more perfect and legible duplicates of the treasures of the past.

Wellnigh thirty years had passed, and Gutenberg has no longer to fear that the grave, the thoughtful, and ingenious mechanic and merchant of Strasbourg, will have aught to answer for the doings of the bold apprentice of Mentz. The knights and nobles of Germany have had other things to do in the interval than to treasure up their wrath against such humble offenders. The strife with burghers, apprentices, and peasants, has become a serious thing. Great principles have got to be involved in these once-slighted contests. The ancient and long-recognised privileges of the nobles, as of the hierarchy, are no longer acknowledged as of divine right by the people. It is a period pregnant with changes. Old things are passing away; in a very striking sense all things are becoming new; and he, the poor mechanic and trafficker of Strasbourg, is trudging—it may be on foot—certainly in humble guise, and unheeded alike by prince and peasant, on his way back to the scene of his first strife with these privileged classes.

The strife is to be renewed, but in very different fashion. The engine that is to prove the most effectual weapon against Rome is about to be erected under Papal encouragement; that power which is most surely to overturn all fictitious claims to special rights and privileges, founded only on hereditary wrong done to their inferiors, is to be fostered at its birth by nobles and churchmen. It is a guileless guile, if we may so express it. It is sapping the foundations of its temporary props, like the young oak spreading on all hands its lusty roots beneath the soil, and slowly but surely displacing every obstacle to its mature strength, even though these may have served to shelter the tender sappling. The planters of this young oak knew not, or only dimly guessed, at the power and magnificence it was yet to attain, or the fruit that should drop from its far-spreading branches.

In the year 1445-6, Gutenberg returned to Mentz, bent on no longer delaying the prosecution of his discovery. The secret communicated to Andrew Dritzehen, at Strasbourg, had died with him; such knowledge of it as his nameless colleagues had obtained, was probably no longer regarded by them as worthy of a thought. In Gutenberg's breast alone it lived as a secret, pregnant with high results, as a lamp trimmed and ready for the torch to be applied, that it might enlighten and illumine. That torch, however, is the same wealth which has been already partially tried at Strasbourg. Others must be introduced to the same secret, and new wealth be expended on the work, ere either the inventor or the world shall reap the reward of all their anxious years of sacrifice and toil. Alas, the world has little regard for its original inventors, little generosity to spare for their reward. Other men were to enter into his labours; and injustice, and many slights, and fresh exile, were to be the return to Gutenberg for the labours

of a lifetime. The world, however, was to be the gainer ; let us hope that at least its brave benefactor had courage left to look into the future, and, as he saw the far-stretching influence of his discovery, and dimly traced its mighty workings on the destiny of man, rejoiced in the blessings that were to be born of it, and exclaimed—*This work is mine !*

John Fust, an opulent citizen of Mentz, and a goldsmith by trade, was the person to whom Gutenberg applied, soon after his return to the city of his early adoption. Assistance must be had if he was ever to bring into practical use the discovery he had been so long maturing. He showed his judgment in the choice of a confederate. Fust proved a man of energy, perseverance, and zeal, sufficient to carry out the important task confided to him ; if in other respects he failed, there may have been causes which might account for this, of which we are now ignorant. To him, therefore, Gutenberg disclosed his secret, and the progress he had already made ; and, having opened his mind fully to him, he readily engaged to co-operate, by furnishing the needful advances.

John Fust does not appear to have had any greater share in the discovery of printing than that of advancing the necessary funds to carry it out, and readily entering into the project of the inventor. To his vigorous energy and perseverance, indeed, much is due. Yet his name has long occupied an unjust pre-eminence over that of the real inventor. As the utmost secrecy was long maintained by the first inventors of this art, so as to preserve its rewards to themselves, it was generally regarded with a mysterious curiosity, which was greatly aided by the superstitious credulity and ignorance of the period. It was part of the policy of its earliest practisers, to encourage the idea that their printed works were produced singly by the hand, like the missals and other manuscripts of the copiers. The works that first issued from the press were too costly and rare to be often so found as to admit of the comparison of different copies, yet such was sure to happen, sooner or later, and then the astonishing fact of each exactly resembling the other in every point, and dash, and turn, could not but excite astonishment. As their works went on, and copies were multiplied, the wonder only increased the more, and the conviction became a matter of popular belief, that Gutenberg and his associates were in league with the powers of darkness.

The peculiar prominence which the name of Fust has all along received in connection with the early history of this mysterious art, may, we think, be to a considerable extent accounted for, from his being confounded with the no less celebrated Dr. Faustus, whose learning and scientific knowledge, and perhaps also his pretensions to magic, which was so common among the students of science at that period, early rendered him a special object of mysterious regard among the Germans. The interest which attaches to these mysterious legends has been materially enhanced of late years, by

the fine poetic fancy and dramatic power that have been infused into this popular myth by successive writers of genius, and more especially by the wonderful work of Goethe, which has been again and again translated into English.

The same popular belief was entertained at an early period in regard to the German scholar, and the goldsmith and printer of Mentz. Both were believed to be in league with the devil, and to have his agency at their command whenever they desired to accomplish any superhuman task. In this way it was believed that the early manuscripts were multiplied, and that Fust or Gutenberg had nothing more to do, than to summon some of the attendant imps of darkness to obey their behest, and so have any number of copies of a manuscript that they pleased. A curious relic of this early superstition is still preserved in the popular name of *printer's devils*, by which the errand boys of the press are designated.

The end, however, to which the agency they employed was immediately to be directed, was sufficient to have satisfied the most ignorant of their superstitious traducers that the powers of darkness had no hand in the novel work. It was a discovery, indeed, pregnant with more certainty of overthrow and destruction to the emissaries of evil, whether earthly or spiritual, than any disclosures that had been made to man for fourteen centuries before. The proclamation of the accomplishment of the Gospel plan, by the Apostles of Christ, alone surpassed it in value, and its first work was the proclaiming anew of the same glad tidings to mankind.

Gutenberg and Fust got their copartners agreed upon at last. Their fonts were completed, their presses were ready, and all things prepared for the practical demonstration of what they were capable of accomplishing. "At last, therefore," says the historian of the English Bible, "between the years 1450 and 1455, for it has no date, their first great work was finished. This was no other than the Bible itself!—the *Latin Bible*. Altogether unknown to the rest of the world, this was what had been doing at Mentz, in the *West*, when Constantinople, in the *East*, was storming, and the Italian 'brief men,' or copyists, were so very busy with their pens. This Latin Bible, of 641 leaves, formed the *first* important specimen of printing with metal types. The very first homage was to be paid to that SACRED VOLUME, which had been sacrilegiously buried, nay, interdicted so long; as if it had been, with pointing finger, to mark at once the greatest honour *ever* to be bestowed on the art, and infinitely the highest purpose to which it was *ever* to be applied. Nor was this all. Had it been a single page, or even an entire sheet which was then produced, there might have been less occasion to have noticed it; but there was something in the whole character of the affair which, if not unprecedented, rendered it singular in the usual current of human events. This Bible formed two volumes in folio, which have been 'justly praised for the

strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, the lustre of the ink.' It was a work of 1282 pages, finely executed—a most laborious process, involving not only a considerable period of time, but no small amount of mental, manual, and mechanical labour; and yet, now that it had been finished, and now offered for sale, not a single human being, save the artists themselves, knew *how* it had been accomplished! This profound secret remained with themselves, while the entire process was probably still confined to the bosom of only two or three!

Of this splendid work, in two volumes, at least eighteen copies are known to exist, four on vellum, and fourteen on paper. Of the former, two are in this country, one of which is in the Grenville collection; the other two are in the Royal Libraries of Paris and Berlin. Of the fourteen paper copies there are ten in Britain: three in public libraries at Oxford, London, and Edinburgh, and seven in the private collections of different noblemen and gentlemen. The vellum copy has been sold as low as £260, though in 1827, as high as £504 sterling. Even the *paper* Sussex copy lately brought £190. Thus, as if it had been to mark the noblest purpose to which the art would ever be applied, *the FIRST Book printed with movable metal types*, and so beautifully, was the BIBLE."

The consummation of all Gutenberg's labours and long-cherished hopes, cannot but be regarded with interest. It was a work, indeed, to be proud of; and, when he at last saw a copy of his own Bible finished, lying before him, with its handsome margin, its ornamented initials, and its beautiful regularity of type; and further considered that the same had been multiplied, so as now to be within the reach of hundreds, we cannot doubt but the brave man felt a reward in the honest exaltation of that moment, that repaid him for his lifetime of toil. Would that it had been, indeed, the close of his toils, and of his arduous struggle; but the rewards of genius are rarely tendered by the tardy gratitude of the world to its benefactors, until they are beyond reach alike of its selfish indifference or its clamorous applause.

We have related the final success of Gutenberg. In describing his triumph, however, we have not told of his reward. Like nearly all original inventors, he made nothing by his great discovery, which had cost him the labour and earnings of a lifetime. The proceedings that followed the issue of the Mentz Bible do not exhibit the character of John Fust in a very favourable light. The motives which had induced him to co-operate with the discoverer were purely of a commercial and selfish nature, and in his avidity to secure the profits of his expenditure, he appears to have acted a very ungenerous part. The expenses incurred had necessarily been great, and the wealthy goldsmith had adopted the most sagacious means to secure himself the full moiety of such profits as should accrue from their joint labour. The invention of poor Gutenberg, with all the toil

and expenditure it had involved him in during so many years, would appear to have been reckoned as nothing by his greedy partner in the Mentz press. The outlay had proved unexpectedly heavy, and the remuneration was long deferred. Meanwhile, the half of all money advanced was charged as a debt against the inventor, and no sooner was the work completed than Fust demanded its payment. Gutenberg was placed entirely in his power, as a poor man unhappily almost always is in that of a wealthy rival. Fust instituted a suit against him in the courts of Mentz for the recovery of his debt, and pursued his advantage with such zeal that he soon obtained a decree against him; and on the 6th of November, 1445, the whole printing apparatus fell into Fust's hands, including the valuable font of types at which Gutenberg had probably laboured wellnigh twenty years.

Unfavourable as is the view we are thus compelled to take of the first patron of the printing-press, it undoubtedly owed much to his vigorous and well-directed efforts for its improvement. He pursued his advantage with untiring zeal, and with that shrewd and calculating policy which ever gives the experienced man of the world the advantage over the enthusiastic originator of any useful discovery. Soon after having possessed himself of all the knowledge that Gutenberg had to communicate, he adopted into his confidence and partnership, a young man of genius, who completed the work which Gutenberg had advanced so far. This was Peter Schœffer, the third in the illustrious trio of German fellow-labourers in the origination of the printing-press. He was a native of Gernsheim, in the county of Darmstadt. In early life he had followed the trade of a copyist at Paris, but having removed to Mentz soon after Gutenberg and Fust commenced operations, he was engaged by them as an assistant at their labours. Some interesting accounts have been handed down, derived from his relations, of the difficulties encountered during the progress of the Mentz Bible. Before they had completed the third quaternion, or gathering of four sheets, as he remarks, 4000 florins had been expended; an outlay enough to have damped the courage of the wealthiest and most sanguine speculator, and affording undoubtedly some apology for the harsh and selfish measure adopted by Fust on its completion. The great source of delay and expense arose from the necessity of each individual type being separately cut. To the removal of this great obstacle, Schœffer now turned his attention, and by the ingenious invention of the punch, by means of which any number of duplicates of a letter could be struck, or cast, from the same matrix, he completed the discovery of printing nearly as it still exists.

Fust fully appreciated the value of this important discovery, and at once received Schœffer into partnership. Their names first appear together on a Psalter, bearing the date 1457, and they continued to print jointly till

Fust's death, in 1466. The esteem and gratitude of the wealthy goldsmith and printer were further manifested soon after, by bestowing on his ingenious partner the hand of his daughter in marriage. Meanwhile every means were adopted by the partners to conceal this important improvement, as well as to preserve the whole art of printing secret. An oath of secrecy was administered to all whom they employed; and every means was used to deceive inquirers as to the nature of their work.

The whole proceedings of Fust show the crafty scheming of a wealthy speculator greedy of gain. The following are the remarks of Mr. Anderson on this subject in his interesting "Annals of the English Bible:"—

"The year 1462 arrived, and this was a marked and decisive era in the history of this extraordinary invention, not merely for a second edition of the Latin Bible, in two volumes folio, *dated 1462*, and now executed according to the improved state of the art; but on account of what took place in Mentz at the same moment.

"A change had arrived, far from being anticipated by these the inventors of printing, and one which they, no doubt, regarded as the greatest calamity which could have befallen them. Gutenberg had been the father of printing, and Schœffer the main improver of it, while Fust, not only by his ingenuity but his wealth, had assisted both; but all these men were bent upon keeping the art *secret*: and, left to themselves, unquestionably they would have confined the printing-press to Mentz as long as they lived. Fust and Schœffer, however, especially eager to acquire wealth, had resolved to proceed in a very unhallowed course, by palming off their productions as *manuscripts*, that so they might obtain a larger price for each copy. The glory of promoting or extending the art must now, therefore, be immediately and suddenly taken from them. Invention, of whatever character, like Nature itself, is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God. The ingenuity he gives to whomsoever he will, but he still reigns over the invention, and directs its future progress. At this crisis, therefore, just as if to make the reference to himself more striking, and upon our part more imperative, we have only to observe what then took place, and the consequences which immediately followed.

"Fust and Schœffer had completed their first dated Bible, of 1462, but this very year the city of Mentz must be invaded. Like Constantinople, it was taken by storm, and by a member too of that body, who in future times so lamented over the effects of printing. This was the warlike Archbishop Adolphus. The consequences were immediate, and afford an impressive illustration of that ease with which Providence accomplishes its mightiest operations. The mind of Europe was to be roused to action, and materials sufficient to engage all its activity must not be wanting. But this demanded nothing more than the capture of *two* cities, and these two far distant from each other! If when Constantinople fell in the east the Greeks with their

manuscripts and learning, rushed into Italy, to join the already awakened Italian scholars; Mentz also is taken, and the art of printing spreads over Europe with a rapidity which still excites astonishment.

"This city, once deprived by the sword of the conqueror of those laws and privileges which belonged to it as a member of the Rhenish Commercial Confederation, all previous ties or obligations between master and servant were loosened, and oaths of secrecy imposed under a former regime were at an end. Amidst the confusion that ensued, the operative printers felt free to accept of invitations from any quarter. But whither will they bend their steps, or in what direction will the art proceed? Where will it meet with its warmest welcome, and in which capital of Europe will it be first established? The reader may anticipate that the welcome came from Italy, but it is still more observable, that the first capital was *Rome*! Yes, after the capture of Mentz, Rome and its vicinity, the city of the future *Index Expurgatorius*, gave most cordial welcome. The art, while in its cradle in Italy, must be nursed under the inquisitive and much amused eye of the Pontiff himself!

"One might very naturally have presumed, that the enemies of light and learning, or of all innovation, would have been up in arms; and it is certainly not the least extraordinary fact connected with the memorable invention of printing, that no alarm was expressed,—neither at its discovery, nor its first application, even though the very first book was the *Bible*. The brief-men, or copyists, it is true, were angry in prospect of losing their means of subsistence; and in Paris they had talked of necromancy, or the black art, being the origin of all this; but there was not a whisper of the kind in Italy. Indeed, as to an existing establishment of any kind, any where, no dangerous consequences were apprehended by a single human being as far as we know; but most certainly none by the reigning pontiff himself, or even by the conclave with all its wonted foresight. On the contrary, the invention was hailed with joy, and its first effects were received with enthusiasm. Not one man appears to have perceived its bearing, or once dreamt of its ultimate results. No, the German invention was to be carried to its perfection on Italian ground. Residents and official persons in Rome itself, are to be its first promoters, and that under the immediate eye of Paul the Second, a man by no means friendly either to learning or learned men.

"This curious incident is rendered much more so by one or two others in immediate connection with it. Even while the art was yet a *secret* in Germany, the very first individual of whom we read as having longed for its being brought to Rome, was a Cardinal, Nicholas de Cusa; the first ardent promoter of the press in that city was a Bishop, John Andreas, the Bishop of Aleria and Secretary to the Vatican Library. He furnished the manuscripts for the press, prepared the editions, and added the epistles dedi-

catory. It had been on the summit of a hill, twenty-eight miles east of Rome, near Subiaco, and close by the villa once occupied by the Emperor Nero, that the first printing-press was set up. In the monastery there, by Conrad Sweynheim and Arnold Pannartz from Germany, an edition of Lactantius' Institutions was finished in the year 1465; but next year they removed, by invitation, into the mansion-house of two knights in Rome itself. They were two brothers, Peter and Francis de Maximis. Here it was that, aided by the purse of Andreas, the first font of types in the *Roman* character, so called ever since, was prepared, and all other materials being ready, they commenced with such spirit and vigour, that the Secretary of the Vatican "scarcely allowed himself time to sleep." Let him speak once for himself, in one of his dedications prefixed to Jerome's Epistles.

"'It was,' says he to the pontiff, 'in your days, that among other divine favours this blessing was bestowed on the Christian world, that every poor scholar can purchase for himself a library for a small sum—that those volumes which heretofore could scarce be bought for an hundred crowns may now be procured for less than twenty, very well printed, and free from those faults with which manuscripts used to abound—for such is the art of our printers and letter-makers, that *no ancient or modern discovery is comparable to it*. Surely the German nation deserves *our* highest esteem for the invention of the most useful of arts. The wish of the noble and divine Cardinal Cusa is now, in your time, accomplished, who earnestly desired that this sacred art, which then seemed rising in Germany, might be brought to Rome. It is my chief aim in this epistle to let posterity know that the art of printing and type-making was brought to Rome under Paul the Second. Receive, then, the first volume of St. Jerome graciously,—and take the excellent masters of the art, Conrad Sweynheim and Arnold Pannartz, Germans, under your protection.'

"This Pontiff, named Peter Barbo, and a *Venetian* by birth, had no sooner come into office, in 1464, than he immediately suppressed the College of *Abbreviators*, and turned out all the clerks of the breves, regardless of the sums they had paid for their places. And although this body was composed of the most distinguished men of learning and genius in Rome, he chose to say they were of no use, or unlearned! Yet now, scarcely two years after, the same man was sauntering into the *printing* office; nay, it is affirmed that he visited it 'frequently, and examined with admiration every branch of this new art!' Would he have done this had he foreseen the consequences? And what must future Pontiffs have sometimes thought or said as to his idle simplicity, or his lack of foresight?"

We cannot, however, follow the printing-press through the interesting events which characterized its appearance in the different capitals of Europe. In Rome alone, no fewer than twelve thousand four hundred and

seventy-five volumes were printed in the brief period of five years from 1467, including a beautiful edition of the BIBLE. Venice followed her example, producing specimens of typography still coveted for their beauty. Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Westminster, Oxford, London, Geneva, Leipsic, all followed the example of Rome. Little did the sovereign Pontiff dream of the power of this adversary he had fostered at the very seat of spiritual despotism.

We shall devote the remainder of our space to the history of Gutenberg, the persevering and enthusiastic genius to whom the world owes this invaluable boon. The best authorities inform us that he had spent his whole estate in working out the difficult art that was to supersede the slow and costly labours of the copiers. He still, however, possessed his own valuable secret, of which no law could deprive him. Undismayed, he resumed his labours, and again obtaining for himself a limited font of types, he carried on printing on his own account, though on a limited scale, till the year 1465. The fragments of his work are among the rarest and most valued treasures of typographical collections; among these is now generally ranked the Mazarine Bible, highly prized among the first editions of the Scriptures, and believed to have been an early production of Gutenberg's press. He appears to have remained in Mentz, when most of his early rivals were scattered by the events already related. The growing appreciation of his labours, and the value which began to be attached to his invention, were no doubt reflected even then in some degree on the discoverer.

Strange and manifold were the changes that had occurred since young Gutenberg fled to Strasbourg to escape the vengeance of the nobles of Mentz. In 1465, he was appointed by Adolphus, the Elector of that city, as one of the gentlemen of his court; with an annual pension, which rendered him no longer dependent on the art which he had pursued with so much zeal, and which had proved such a source of trouble and vexation to him. It is uncertain whether he still followed out the work of printing, though he is generally believed to have continued his labours in the art till the last. He did not very long survive this timely and very honourable mark of estimation from the Elector of Mentz; his death took place in that city, in February, 1468, only three years after his appointment to a situation in the Elector's household.

Every year that has succeeded that in which the inventor of this noble art was committed to the grave, has sufficed to show more clearly the value of his discovery. It has been reserved to our own day, however, to demonstrate its true capabilities. Even after all the presses of Europe had been brought into operation, books still remained a costly luxury, attainable only by a wealthy and privileged class. When the English Bible was introduced by Cranmer, under the sanction of Henry the Eighth, it was chained to a pillar in the parish church, that the costly treasure might thus be ren-

dered accessible to all who could read. Now we see, by means of the steam printing-press, the stereotyper's plates, and above all, the vast multiplication of readers, books issued for a few pence or shillings, which not many years since would have cost as many pounds. The poor man may now command a library which the wealthiest would have coveted only a century ago; and a valuable collection of books may be purchased for a moiety of the price of a single manuscript, or even a printed volume, of the fifteenth century.

The following is the graphic description furnished by Fox, in his "Acts and Monuments," of one of the incidents connected with this early attempt to render the invention of Gutenberg available for the general diffusion of knowledge. The subject has been recently selected by one of our most talented artists, George Harvey, for a painting, since beautifully engraved, of "The First Reading of the Bible in the Crypt of Old St. Paul's."

"The Bibles," says Fox, "being set up upon divers pillars in St. Paul's Church, fixed unto them with chains, for all men to read in them that would, great multitudes would resort thither to hear one John Porter, because he could read well and had an audible voyce. Boner and his chaplains being grieved withall, (and the world beginning then to frown upon the Gospellers,) sent for the aforesaid Porter, and rebuked him very sharply for his reading. But Porter answered him that he trusted he had done nothing contrary to the law, neither contrary to his advertisements which he had fixed over every Bible.

"Boner then laid unto his charge that he had made expositions upon the Text, and gathered great multitudes about him to make tumults. He answered, he trusted that should not be proved by him. But in fine, Boner sent him to Newgate, where he was miserably fettered in irons, both leggs and arms, with a collar of iron about his neck, fastened to the wall in the dungeon, among other prisoners, who lay there for felony and murder; where, Porter being amongst them, hearing and seeing their wickedness and blasphemy, exhorted them to amendment of life, and gave unto them such instructions as he had learned of the Scriptures; for which his so doing, he was complained on, and so carried downe and laid in the lower dungeon of all, oppressed with bolts and irons, where, within six or eight days after, he was found dead."

Gutenberg descended to the grave, as we have seen, with only very partial and insufficient acknowledgments for his mighty boon. It is well, however, that genius should know its reward is not to be sought in the applause or the gratitude of contemporaries. The instructor of his time must be, from that very cause, above his time, and therefore ought no more to seek the acknowledgment of his services from those to whom he proves a benefactor, than does the teacher look for his reward in the gratitude and the appreciative applause of his infant pupils. If they should not even

strew tardy and unavailing wreaths of honour above the turf where the weary one hath at length sunk to rest, what matters it? His work is accomplished, and has gone forth, influencing all times. In how peculiar a manner may it be said of Gutenberg, what is true to some extent of all men of genius, "though dead, he yet speaketh."

It has not, however, been the fate of the inventor of the printing-press to be "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." Every succeeding age since his own has sufficed to demonstrate more clearly the value of his costly boon; and with the increasing knowledge of its value, a higher admiration has been conceived for him who patiently, and amid privations, and danger, and wrong, wrought out and perfected the wonderful yet simple device which formed the key to the storehouse of knowledge, and scattered the long-hoarded treasures with a generous and lavish hand. Posterity has done what could be accomplished to atone for the ingratitude and the pardonable ignorance of Gutenberg's contemporaries. An association has been formed in Germany, under the name of the Gutenberg Society, to which nearly all the eminent and influential men of the Rhenish Provinces, connected with literature and the press, belong. A yearly meeting is held by them at Mentz, to honour his memory, and to celebrate his invention. A more durable, and no less worthy proof of admiration has since been furnished in the same city where his important labours and his life were both brought to a close. A monument, exhibiting the highest arts of the sculptor, has been reared in the city of Mentz, amid prolonged festivities and every demonstration of national triumph, in honour of him who once fled, a hunted fugitive, from its gates. So great are the changes that time and **THE PRINTING-PRESS** have wrought in the minds of men!

The following very interesting account of this honourable display of a people's gratitude to one of their noblest benefactors, is thus described by Charles Knight, the talented author of the life of Caxton, our own first English Printer. "During the summer of 1837, a statue of John Gutenberg, by the great sculptor Thorwaldsen, was erected at Mentz, (or Mayence,) and on the 14th of August and the following days, a festival was held there, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the monument. Abundant evidence, in addition to what we have stated, has been brought forward of late years, to show that Gutenberg deserves all the honours of having conceived, and in great part perfected, an art which has produced the most signal effects upon the destinies of mankind. At that festival of Mentz, at which many hundred persons were assembled, from all parts of Europe, to do honour to the inventor of printing, no rival pretensions were put forward; although many of the compatriots of Coster, of Haarlem, were present. The fine statue of Gutenberg was opened amidst an universal burst of enthusiasm. Never were the shouts of a vast multitude raised on a more elevating occasion;—never were the triumphs of intellect celebrated with

greater fervour. The statue of Gutenberg, who had won for his city the gratitude of the world, was opened with demonstrations of popular feeling such as have been wont only to greet the car of the conqueror. The poor printer of Mentz indeed achieved a conquest; the fruits of his bloodless victory are imperishable; but it is honourable beyond comparison to the present generation of the citizens of Mentz to have felt that this victory, of mind, which has made all future victories of the same nature permanent, was deserving of a trophy as enduring almost as the invention which it celebrates.

"Passing his life amidst the ceaseless activity that belongs to the commerce of literature in London, the writer of this felt no common interest in the enthusiasm which the festival in honour of Gutenberg called forth throughout Germany; and he determined to attend that celebration. The fine statue which was to be opened to view on the 14th of August, had been erected by a general subscription, to which all Europe was invited to contribute. We apprehend that the English, amidst the incessant claims upon their attention for the support of all sorts of undertakings, whether of a national or individual character, had known little of the purpose which the good citizens of Mentz had been advocating with unabated zeal for several years;—and perhaps the object itself was not calculated to call forth any very great liberality on the part of those who are often directed in their bounties as much by fashion as by their own convictions. Be that as it may, England literally gave nothing towards the monument of a man whose invention has done as much as any other single cause to make England what she is. The remoteness of the cause may also have lessened its importance; and some people, who, without any deserts of their own are enjoying more than their full share of the blessings which have been shed upon us by the progress of intellect, (which determines the progress of national wealth,) have a sort of instinctive notion that the spread of knowledge is a spread of something inimical to the pretensions of mere riches. We met with a lady on board the steamboat ascending the Rhine, two days before the festival of Mentz, who, whilst she gave us a most elaborate account of the fashionable dulness of the baths of Baden and Nassau, and all the other German watering-places, told us by all means to avoid Mentz during the following week, as a crowd of low people from all parts would be there, to make a great fuss about a printer who had been dead two or three hundred years. The low people did assemble in great crowds: it was computed that at least fifteen thousand strangers had arrived to do honour to the first printer.

"The modes in which a large population displays its enthusiasm are pretty much the same throughout the world. If the sentiment which collects men together be very heart-stirring, all the outward manifestations of the sentiment harmonize with its real truth. Thus, processions, and orations,

and public dinners, and pageantries, which in themselves are vain and empty, are important when the persons whom they collect together have one common feeling which for the time is all-pervading. We never saw such a popular fervour as prevailed at Mentz at the festival of August, 1837. The statue was to be opened on Monday the 14th; but on the Sunday evening the name of Gutenberg was rife through all the streets. In the morning all Mentz was in motion by six o'clock; and at eight a procession was formed to the cathedral, which, if it was not much more imposing than some of the processions of trades in London and other cities, was conducted with a quiet precision which evidenced that the people felt they were engaged in a solemn act. The fine old cathedral was crowded;—the Bishop of Mentz performed high mass;—the first Bible printed by Gutenberg was displayed. What a field for reflection was here opened! The First Bible, in connection with the imposing pageantries of Roman Catholicism—the Bible, in great part a sealed book to the body of the people; the service of God in a tongue unknown to the larger number of worshippers;—but that first Bible the germ of millions of Bibles that have spread the light of Christianity throughout all the habitable globe! The mass ended, the procession again advanced to the adjacent square, where the statue was to be opened. Here was erected a vast amphitheatre, where, seated under their respective banners, were deputations from all the great cities of Europe. Amidst salvos of artillery the veil was removed from the statue, and a hymn was sung by a thousand voices. Then came orations;—then dinners—balls—oratorios—boat-races—processions by torch-light. For three days the population of Mentz was kept in a state of high excitement; and the echo of the excitement went through Germany,—and Gutenberg! Gutenberg! was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine amidst this cordial and enthusiastic people.”

Such is the lively and graphic account of this interesting writer, who himself witnessed the scene he describes with so much feeling. There is surely something very remarkable in beholding a great nation assembled thus to do honour to the inventor of a peaceful art, whose application is now committed to humble though intelligent workmen, and whose inventor was himself an equally humble and unnoticed mechanic. To see “a crowd of low people,” as the fine lady designated them, thus mustering to acknowledge the nobility of such a man, is perhaps as striking an evidence as could be produced of the revolutions which his own discovery has wrought. Rude barons who were once the sole *great men* of the empire have long since been forgotten.

“The knights are dust, and their good swords are rust.”

Their achievements are buried in oblivion like themselves, and their proud lineage has perished, or—far more mournful condemnation—has descended

to the degenerate representative of a noble ancestry. Meanwhile, the names that Germany boasts of are no longer those whose proud titles were once emblazoned alone on the rolls of fame. The poor monk of Wittenberg is a prouder boast than them all. His compeers and his scholars are held in an esteem no longer accorded to the heroes of the sword; and the honoured name of the poor mechanic of Mentz and Strasbourg is coupled with Schiller, Schlegel, and Goethe, and the noble list of the heroes of the pen, whom his glorious discovery furnished with weapons by which to win their immortality.

The reflections suggested to the mind of the interesting writer we have already quoted, on beholding the demonstration of popular gratitude and admiration for the inventor of printing, are peculiarly striking and apposite. "Even in one," he remarks, "who could not boast of belonging to the land in which printing was invented, the universality of the mighty effects of this art, when rightly considered, would produce almost a corresponding enthusiasm. It is difficult to look upon the great changes that have been effected during the last four centuries, and which are still in progress everywhere around us, and not connect them with printing and its inventor. The castles on the Rhine, under whose ruins we travelled back from Mentz, perished before the powerful combinations of the people of the towns. The petty feudal despots fell when the burghers had acquired wealth and knowledge. But the progress of despotism upon a larger scale could not have been arrested had the art of Gutenberg not been discovered. The strongholds of military power still frown over the same majestic river. The Rhine has seen its petty fortresses crumble into decay;—Ehrenbreitstein is more strong than ever. But even Ehrenbreitstein will fall before the power of mind. The Rhine is crowded with steamboats, where the feudal lord once levied tribute upon the frail bark of the fisherman: and the approaches to the Rhine from France and Belgium are becoming a great series of railroads. Such communications will make war a game much more difficult to play; and when mankind are thoroughly civilized, it will never be played again. Seeing, then, what intellect has done and is doing, we may well venerate the memory of Gutenberg of Mentz."

How astonishing, when we reflect on it, has been the effect of the simple and seemingly easy invention of the German mechanic. By its means the heroes of reformation, the pioneers of science, the cultivators of learning, and all the teachers of the people, have had weapons put into their hands wherewith to vanquish opposition, and tools given them by which to clear the way and work out the great designs on which have depended the civilization and enlightenment, and the evangelization of the world. What could Luther, or Cranmer, or Knox, have done without the printing-press at their command? What would all the zeal of their co-operators have effected in disseminating their views, or in exposing the vices of the

system they assailed ? Rome would have made a triumphant bonfire of all their manuscripts ; she would have committed to the same flames the few daring confessors and apostles of truth, and the night of ignorance and superstition would have settled again with deeper gloom upon the nations.

To the invention of printing, all the grand discoveries in science, and all the valuable contributions of modern ages to literature, may be traced. Man worked before, a solitary and unaided student when he sought to penetrate into the mysteries of nature. It was a locked treasure of which he had no key, and when, by arduous years of study, he had at length learned to unlock one or two of its many secret fastenings, death came, and it was left to others merely as he found it. The locks closed again, and the new student found no vantage ground prepared from whence to renew the search. How different is it now : the poorest student may avail himself of the labours of previous ages ; even the errors of his predecessors are valuable records for him. He escapes the toil which they found unfruitful ; he follows on the track in which they achieved success that promises still higher results, and the world at length reaps the fruits of victories thus won by successive labours in the cause.

Viewed in this light, we may say in no exaggerating spirit, that the discovery of Gutenberg contained the germ of all other discoveries. By means of it the triumphs of steam have been achieved,—the railroad has united remote cities,—the electric telegraph has almost annihilated time and space. But for the facilities which printing affords for recording the observations and discoveries made in many countries, and at different periods, and preserving them in an accessible form for constant reference, ages might elapse with fewer discoveries than have been accomplished within a few years.

The influence on the political state of the world has been no less great. Newspapers originated in the time of the great civil wars in England, and have gone on with increasing power ever since. The press has become the great engine of warfare, and all its triumphs are on the side of liberty.

The moral and religious state of the world has been no less mightily affected by this new power. Where were our Bible, and Missionary, and Tract Societies, but for the printing-press ? The pulpit itself has received new powers from this widely pervading source, and a powerful colleague that can, silently and unnoticed, surpass it in its instructing and converting influence. "Go ye forth into all nations, and preach the Gospel to every creature," was the commission intrusted by the departing Saviour to his apostles : but the commission has received a new form and an increasing power, more effectual in its operations because less dependent on the agency of man. The Word of God, translated into all languages, has

been freely disseminated through many regions hitherto sunk in darkness and the shadow of death. Its still voice has been listened to where no preacher's voice dared to be heard. Amid the persecuted wanderers on the Alps and Pyrenees, in the benighted lands of Italy and Spain, on the continent of South America, in the dark places of India and Africa, the Word of God has made its way. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." How great has been the work thus silently accomplished, no man can tell; but the many cases in which the Word of God has proved a simple but all-sufficient instructor gives us just ground to believe that in countless unknown cases it has been no less effectual in its operations.

When we come to consider the invention of Gutenberg in this light, how great is the value which it possesses. We cannot indeed doubt that he foresaw some of the great results that were to be the fruit of his labours; but how imperfect must his brightest dreams have been, and how far short of the reality. We view his discovery rather as one of the means appointed by Providence for bringing about the Reformation in Europe, and all the innumerable blessings that have followed in its train.

Whatever may have been the views entertained by Gutenberg while prosecuting his important work, or whatever the opinions he himself held on the momentous questions of faith and polity that soon after agitated Europe, there can be no question that he was in reality one of the greatest reformers that Europe has known. Those who have most faithfully devoted their lives to the cause of truth, have only very imperfectly foreseen the grand results that they were working out; and many have been honoured to be "fellow-workers with God," in the great cause of liberty and truth, who knew not that they were doing more than completing their own humble and short-sighted designs. It would be doing injustice, however, to the inventor of printing in Europe, to deny him the attribute of true genius, little as we know of those minute details of his laborious life which would furnish the evidence from which to arrive at a true estimate of the compass of his mind. If we judge of the force of his intellectual powers as we see them applied to surmount the numerous difficulties that beset his course, we shall find abundant proof of that perseverance in defiance of disappointments, and that indomitable self-reliance which ever distinguish the true man of genius from his less gifted fellow-men.

It is the peculiar characteristic of genius to be turned aside from its true course by no obstacle, and to permit no disappointment to impede its path. In the pursuit of its grand aim it follows on as if guided by a divine instinct. It has a work to accomplish, and cannot rest until the appointed aim is attained, and the goal won. The history of the human intellect discloses many instances of this; some of them, doubtless, in no way inferior

so that of Gutenberg; but the infinite value of the results which have been brought about as the issue of his ill-requited toil, give a pre-eminence to the self-sacrifice by which it was accomplished. It was a bleak and chilling spring-time, and the ripening summer yielded its fructifying rays with a grudging and niggard hand. Shall not then the world rejoice in the abundant harvest, and bless the labours of the husbandman, who sowed in hope and in sorrow, that distant ages might rejoice, in entering on the realization of his generous anticipations?





GASPARD DE COLIGNY.



MONG the many characters distinguished in European history, there is scarcely any one more deserving the attention of the American patriot than the celebrated Admiral Coligny. If the Pilgrim Fathers of New England are worthy of all praise, for founding an asylum for religious liberty, Coligny is not less to be commended for having planned and attempted a colony for the same purpose, and that too upon our own shores; and while *they* gain the applause which results from brilliant success, *he* should not be refused the reverence and sympathy which is due to greatness, virtue, and above all, misfortune.

The Admiral de Coligny was born at Chatillon-sur-Loire, in the year 1516, of noble parents, and received the best education that the times afforded. He was brought up in the Protestant faith, from which he never swerved during his whole life. In his youth he distinguished himself in several battles, under the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., by his great bravery and skill. After the death of the last-mentioned king, Catherine de Medici was declared regent; and by her rigorous acts against the Protestants, she caused them to rise in arms. The Prince de Condé and Admiral Coligny were chosen as commanders of all the Protestant forces. After the death of Condé, which happened at the battle of Jarnac, the whole command devolved upon Coligny, and well did he prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. He carried on the war against the troops of Catherine

with various success, sometimes conquering, sometimes suffering a defeat, but never permitting himself to be disheartened, however great his loss might be. Catherine de Medici finding, at length, that she could not exterminate the Protestants by force of arms, resolved to do so by stratagem. She therefore concluded a peace with them, and invited the principal of them to court, where they were received with the greatest apparent cordiality. But Coligny, knowing the treachery of the queen, and suspecting some plot to be concealed under the veil of kindness, resolved to defeat her ends. For this purpose he intended to form a colony in the New World, where the Protestants, should circumstances hereafter compel them, might retire and live in peace and security. With this design, in the year 1562, he sent out an expedition consisting of two ships, under the command of John Ribaud. These vessels arrived on the coast of Florida in the month of May of the same year, and Ribaud entered a river which he called the May, but which was subsequently named San Mateo, by the Spaniards; it is now called St. John's. Here he erected a column (of stones), on which was inscribed the arms of France, as a token of possession; he then sailed farther north, and left a colony at the Bay of Port Royal. But this colony, on account of dissensions among the chiefs, was soon abandoned. A short time afterwards, Coligny sent out three other vessels, under the command of Laudonnière. He reached Florida on the 20th of June, 1564, and sailed up the river May. Here he found the column which had been left by



Ribaud* still in existence, and decorated with garlands of flowers, which the Indians had hung around it, and which the chief Saturiova now showed

* The reader will find a full and interesting account of Coligny's attempt to colonize Carolina and Florida; its disastrous termination, and the terrible retribution of De Gourgues, in Moore's *"Indian Wars of the United States,"* from which work, by the courtesy of the publisher, we have been permitted to copy the above picture of "the Indian chief Saturiova, showing Laudonnière the column erected by Ribaud."

him with great apparent gratification. Laudonnière, struck with the beauty of the place, determined to form his settlement here, and commenced building a fortress, which he called Fort Carolina. But a scarcity of provisions arose, and the colonists became discontented, and desired to return to their native country. Laudonnière withstood their demands as long as possible; but finally yielding to their importunity, he embarked on the 28th of August, and began his voyage; but he had sailed only a short distance when he met with a fleet of several vessels, commanded by Ribaud, who was appointed to succeed him in the command. They, therefore, all returned, and the colony soon advanced to a more flourishing condition. But things were not long allowed to remain in this state. On the 20th of September an expedition of the Spaniards, under Melendez, arrived at the fort, and with the exception of women and children, massacred every living soul. This proved a death-blow to all the hopes of Coligny; and thus the colony, which, had it been suffered to have flourished, would have saved France a civil war, and prevented the great massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, was entirely destroyed.

Charles IX. and Catherine now began to display their hostility more openly than ever against the Protestant religion. They imposed such rigorous exactions upon its professors, that they once more rose in arms, and once more Coligny led them to battle. Here he met with various success; but, on the whole, fortune seemed to incline in his favour. Catherine, at last, despairing of ever conquering the Protestants in the field, again concluded a treaty with him. Coligny was invited to Paris, where he was received with the most distinguished marks of favour. He had one hundred thousand francs given him by Charles IX. as an indemnity for his losses in the wars, and was admitted to a seat in the council.

Things continued in this condition until the night of St. Bartholomew's, the 24th of August, 1572, a night in which one of the most horrible transactions that ever disgraced humanity, occurred; a night in which thousands of innocent beings were sent to their final account without previous warning; a night in which deeds were perpetrated (the result not more of religious than political animosity) which are now equally reprobated by Catholic and Protestant. Particular orders had been given to prevent all chance of Coligny's escape. The Duke of Guise, with a band of miscreants, hastened to his house, which they surrounded. A man by the name of Besme then entered the room in which Coligny was sitting. "Art thou Coligny?" said he. "I am he indeed," said the admiral; "young man, you ought to respect my gray hairs; but, do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days." Besme immediately plunged his sword into his body, and his companions pierced him with many wounds. The body was then thrown out of the window into the street, where Guise was impatiently waiting to see it. He wiped the blood off his face in order to recognise

the features, and then gave orders to cut off his head, which he sent to Catherine. His head was then embalmed and sent to the pope, whilst his body remained in the street, exposed to every indignity from the ferocious rabble.

Thus perished Coligny, one of the greatest and most remarkable men that France ever produced. Well might his enemies exult in his fall; for he was the bulwark of the cause which he had espoused. With him perished the best hopes of Protestantism in France. The succeeding leader renounced the faith; and then there followed persecution, exile and apostasy, till the Revolution levelled all distinctions, and seemed for a time to have extinguished all religion with a deluge of political fanaticism.





CATHERINE II.



CATHERINE II. Empress of Russia, was a monarch who doubtless has a claim to be ranked among the great sovereigns of Europe, according to the usual acceptation of the word greatness, wherein goodness is not reckoned a necessary ingredient. She was the daughter of Christian Augustus, prince of Anhalt-Zerbst; was born May 2, 1729, and baptized Sophia Augusta; but, upon her marriage with the Grand-duke of Russia, September 1, 1745, and admission into the Greek church, she assumed the name of Catherine. Her husband, Peter III., succeeded his aunt Elizabeth, January 5, 1762, but had not reigned six months, when he fell a sacrifice to his wife's ambition; being deposed on the 28th of June, and barbarously murdered on the 9th of July following, in the same shocking manner in which Edward II. of England perished. Upon the deposition of her unfortunate husband, Catherine II. was proclaimed Empress of all the Russias, and soon after endeavoured to conceal the crimes by which she ascended the throne, by the dazzling lustre of some of those actions, falsely called great, which have blotted the page of history with blood in all ages of the world, and have too long employed the pens of historians and poets, to record and to celebrate. Future historians will decide, whether the great exploits, displayed during her reign, are not more to be ascribed to the natural strength of the empire, the force of which it was her business to collect and concentrate, than to any superior personal genius which she possessed. As to the justice of these exploits, it need

hardly be left to posterity to judge. Without entering into the merits of her claims upon the Turkish dominions, her invasion and partition of Poland, in conjunction with other powers, particularly the King of Prussia, affords as flagrant an instance of the violation of the rights of nations, by open and unprovoked robbery and murder, as is to be found in the annals of the most barbarous savages. In short, the chief merit of Catherine, as a sovereign, seems to have lain, like that of Queen Elizabeth of England, in selecting able ministers, admirals, and generals, to carry on the operations she had planned. In this respect, even her vices as a woman, which gave her the ascendant of an imperious character over her favourites, exempt from the weakness of sentiment, supplied the place of public virtues; and banished from her government the degrading influence which courtiers elsewhere often exercise. She at last, however, allowed herself to be ruled by her freed man, Sabor, who deceived her with regard to the state of her forces, which did not amount to 200,000 men, though her military lists contained 400,000; and her long preparations for the field terminated in a disastrous war in Persia, by which two of her armies were consumed. If her policy in relation to Austria and Poland was attended with success, it is, perhaps, less to be ascribed to her interference, than to the good sense she displayed in allowing her ministers to govern. Yet this policy was overreached in her last war against the Turks, when, in spite of pompous promises, assisting Austria only with feeble succours, and suddenly finding her squadrons held bound by those of Sweden, she left to her rival all the advantages of many bloody campaigns; and excited in the Grand Signior a desire of vengeance. Nor were her plans of political aggrandisement free from fluctuations and contradictions. During the American war, one would have imagined that the trident of Neptune was, by her exertions, about to become the sacred symbol of liberty. She presented to the courts of Versailles, Madrid, and London, a memorial, in which she demanded that the commerce of all nations, even of the belligerent powers, should be free and respected. She proposed that a league should be formed for its support, and for this purpose deputed Prince Gallitzin to the General States. But, in 1793, she avowed principles directly opposite. Influenced solely by her rage against France, she announced war against that republic, without discussion, without manifesto, without even being able to allege, with regard to a state so remote from her territories, that barbarous maxim, which has slipped from the pen of Montesquieu himself:—"That the law of natural defence sometimes involves the necessity of attack, when a people sees, that a longer peace would enable another power to effect their destruction."—*Esprit de Lois*, l. 10, c. 2.

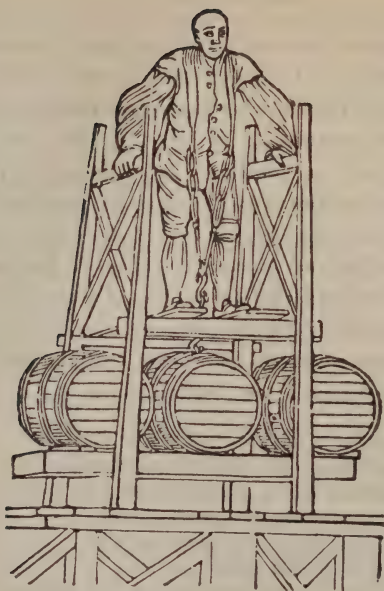
With all her foibles, however, Catherine had some right to the panegyrics of men of letters. She purchased the praises of several French

philosophers, and she did not overlook the merits of some English authors, for instance the late Mr. Bruce, the distinguished traveller. After the example of some of the tyrants of antiquity, she renewed the singularity of royal and philosophic banquets. Like Dionysius, Pisistratus, Periander, and Hero, she collected Platos, Aristippi, Simonideses, and Pindars at her suppers. The imperial resentment, however, was sometimes excited; on which occasions the wit was rewarded with banishment; a premium which Diderot received for his frankness. The compliment she paid to the rhetorical merits of Mr. Fox, by commissioning his bust, and placing it between those of Cicero and Demosthenes in her library, for his having prevented the threatened rupture between Great Britain and Russia, reflects honour on her memory, as well as on that public-spirited orator. Her purchasing the libraries, letters, and papers of Messrs. Voltaire and D'Alembert, also evidenced her literary taste; unless, as a French writer suspects, she did it with a view to bury the relics of these great men. "But her refusal," he adds, "to give effect to the useful instructions collected under her orders, by the learned travellers of the Academy of St. Petersburg, under the direction of Pallas and Gmelin, proves clearly that the desire of a vain lustre, rather than the real utility of nations, was the motive of the protection she affected to give to artists and to men of letters." A life of Catherine II. was lately published at Paris, said to be written with a strict adherence to truth. The strongest feature it gives of her character is, her marked aversion to her son Paul, her successor. He owed his preservation to the public regard, and would have been sacrificed to the ambition of Prince Potemkin, if the deed could have been perpetrated with impunity. Prince Paul being one day indisposed, the people, who had not forgotten the tragical end of Peter III., surrounded the castle and desired to see him. The empress brought him forward, pale, trembling, and fearful for her own safety. "To this legitimate terror, inspired by the people, (says the French annotator,) they owe the existence of a prince, who wishes nothing more than the happiness of his subjects." This extraordinary woman died suddenly and unseen, in her water-closet, on the 17th of November, 1796, in the 67th year of her age. We shall conclude this memoir, with two sketches of her character, drawn by writers of very opposite opinions respecting her; leaving the reader to draw his own inference from the whole. The first is by M. De la Croix, who, speaking of Russia, says: "This mighty empire was grossly hewn out by Peter the Great. The rough form of this colossal figure was softened by Elizabeth; and it has received more of the human appearance from the able hand of Catherine II., who, by the instructions which she gave the commissioners, charged with preparing a new code of laws, has proved herself worthy of governing a great empire. She has done more for Russia by her equity and her beneficence than all her generals have done

by their warlike virtues. It is of little advantage to so vast an empire to have its bounds extended. Its true welfare is more essentially promoted, by favouring population; by wise laws; by encouraging industry; by increasing its riches by commerce; by cultivating the arts, and reconciling them to a stubborn soil, ungenial to their nature; by meliorating the manners of a still savage race of nobles; and by communicating sensibility to a people, whom the roughness of their climate had rendered impenetrable to all the soft affections and social virtues of humanity. These are the works which already make the name of Catherine illustrious, and which will reflect so much glory on her memory."—The other is part of an address by an anonymous author, to the *Czarina*, which was inserted in most of our public papers a few years ago:—

“ Base counterfeit of all that’s mild and good !
 The Lord’s anointed—with a husband’s blood !
 Through blood now wading to a foreign throne,
 Exulting o’er expiring freedom’s groan :
 Lover of men, yet scourge of human kind :
 Compost of lust and cruelty combined :
 Still for new kingdoms struggling, dost thou brave
 Threescore and ten years, and the yawning grave ?
 Thy mad ambition wilt thou never curb,
 But still with wars the weary world disturb ?
 THOU PROOF OF HELL ! ”





THOMAS TOPHAM,

THE WONDERFUL STRONG MAN.



It is curious, observes the venerable and ingenious Mr. William Hutton, in his account of the extraordinary subject of this article, "to observe Nature step out of the common road and enter the precincts of the marvellous. To march in her usual track excites no admiration; but when, in her wanton moods, she forms an O'Brien of eight feet, and a Boruwlaski of three, an admirable Crichton with every accomplishment, and a thousand other men with none, 'tis by these deviations that she raises astonishment."

Thomas Topham, a man whose feats of strength might have figured beside those of Homer's heroes, was born in London about the year 1710. His father, who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same trade. Though his stature was not remarkable, being, at his full growth, five feet ten inches in height, yet he was endowed by nature with muscular powers so extraordinary as to exceed any thing of the kind on record.

He followed the trade of his father until he had attained the age of twenty-four years, when he exchanged it for the less laborious employment of a publican. That Topham was fond of athletic exercises, and that the practice of them contributed to give him that superior strength for which he was so remarkable, can scarcely be doubted; for we find that the house

he first took was the Red-lion, at the corner of the City Road, nearly opposite St. Luke's Hospital, in order that he might be near the ring in Moorfields, at that time the theatre of gymnastic exhibitions, such as cudgeling, wrestling, backsword and boxing.

It was here that he gave the first public display of his astonishing corporeal powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed against a low wall, which divided upper and lower Moorfields. He next tried his strength against two horses, but his legs not being properly placed, he received an injury in one of his knees from a jerk. But the most extraordinary feat in point of magnitude was that which he performed in Bath street, Cold Bath Fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, when he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of spectators, assembled to witness this uncommon exertion.

The various performances of this prodigy of strength are of such a nature as almost to exceed credibility, were they not attested by persons of undoubted veracity and who were themselves eye-witnesses of the facts they relate. Dr. Desaguliers assures us, that he saw him perform the following feats:—With his fingers he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke another bowl of the same kind between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundred weight fastened to the end of it, he lifted with his teeth, and held a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, and standing on a frame above it.

These exhibitions probably took up Topham's time, and drew his attention from his business, for we find that he failed at the Golden-lion; after which he took another house in the same line at Islington. His fame for strength now began to spread all over the country, and he visited various provincial towns for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful feats. His performances at Derby are thus described by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who, at that time, was an inhabitant of the former place.

"We learnt," says he, "from private accounts well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed sur

prising feats of strength, such as breaking a broom-stick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm : lifting two hogsheads of water ; heaving his horse over a turnpike gate ; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock ; and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubt was soon removed when this second Samson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to Alderman Cooper for permission to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to strip that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular ; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him.

“He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well-made, but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet ; but the driver giving them a sudden lash turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

“The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arm’s length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight ; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity : a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand ; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people, of fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

“Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh’s church, then the only one in Derby ; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler, at the Virgin’s Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round his neck like a hand-

kerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends into the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnston and Mendoza."

These, however, were only the usual performances of Topham, when he went about for the purpose of showing his powers. Many other occasional demonstrations of them are related by persons who knew him. One night perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the wooden tenement with its inhabitant over the wall of Tindall's burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman on awaking from his nap, may be more easily conceived than described.

Sitting one day at the window of a low public house in Chiswell street, a butcher passed by tottering under the burden of nearly half an ox. Of this Topham relieved him with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load.

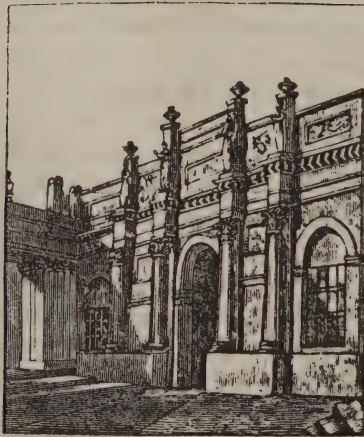
On another occasion, having gone on board a West Indiaman lying in the river, he was presented with a cocoa-nut, which, to the no small astonishment of the crew, he cracked close to the ear of one of the sailors, with the same facility as an ordinary person would crack an egg-shell. The mate having made some remark displeasing to Topham, the latter observed that, if he had pleased, he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head.

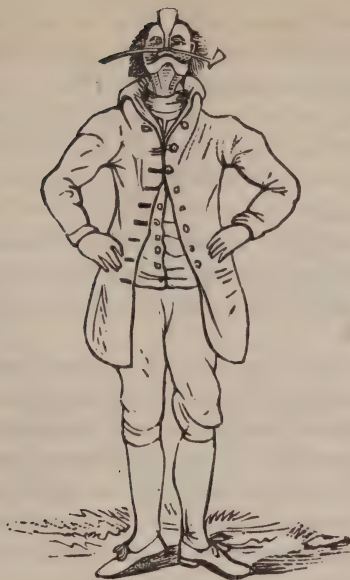
Topham having one day gone to witness a race that was run on the Hackney road, the spectators were greatly annoyed by a man in a cart, who endeavoured to keep close to the contending parties. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder, and laying hold of the tail of the cart, drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance. The rage of the latter was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the beholders; while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

Notwithstanding his superiority, Topham seems to have been a man of a quiet and peaceable disposition. He even possessed a greater share of patience than falls to the lot of the generality of people. While he kept a public house he was visited by two men who were so exceedingly quarrelsome, that though Topham quietly put up with their humour for a considerable time, yet, at last, nothing would satisfy them but fighting the landlord. Topham finding it impossible to appease them in any other

way, seized them both by the neck, as if they had been children, and knocked their heads together, till they asked pardon with the most abject submission.

Topham, however, was not endued with fortitude of mind equal to his strength of body. A faithless woman embittered the concluding portion of his life, as it did that of his prototype of old. Unable to endure the reflections occasioned by his wife's inconstancy, Topham at length embraced the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life in the flower of his age.





JOHN BAKER.



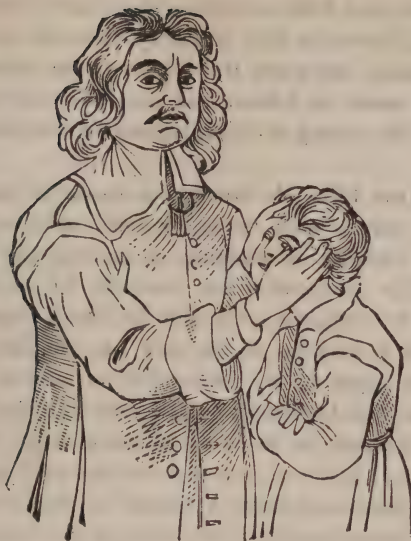
IN the history of those persons who have inherited peculiarities from nature, this old veteran deserves particular notice, as he could, at pleasure, distort his countenance in the most incredible manner, to the astonishment of every beholder. He was not formed, like Old Boots, of Rippon, in Yorkshire, with a loving nose and chin; for, on the contrary, his nose was rather small, yet he could, with the greatest facility, take a piece of money from a table, between his nose and chin, and hold it fast, to the great entertainment of the spectators. And, what is still more astonishing, he could, in a moment, contract his face in such a way as to put his nose into his mouth, and his lip then appeared nearly upon a level with his forehead. He could also force a tobacco-pipe through his nose, and take up a glass of gin with his nose and chin, as shown in the portrait. These exploits were seen by thousands of persons, among whom were many medical men, who acknowledged him to be the greatest curiosity of the kind ever seen.

He was born at Eye, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1733, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Peterborough; but his master failed, and he repaired to London, where he lived several years in various situations. In 1757, he entered on board a man-of-war, in which he continued ten years, and was, during that time, in several severe engagements, particu-

early with Sir Edward Hawke, at the time he took the *Formidable*, of 84 guns, burnt the *Rising Sun*, and sunk several other ships. On the death of George II., he was discharged, and in 1774, he came to America, as servant to an officer, and shared in several bloody battles. Peace being concluded, Baker returned safe to England, and some time afterwards engaged as servant to — Gunnel, Esq., ambassador to the Court of Copenhagen. He remained in Denmark three years, but returned again to England, where he occupied various situations, suffering many misfortunes and hardships. He was twice married, and had a progeny of thirteen children, most of whom died gloriously fighting the battles of their country.

It is worthy of remark, that this old veteran actually entered himself in the first raised company of York Fencibles, and went to Ireland, where they had a most desperate engagement with the rebels, and only thirty of five hundred men escaped; among the fortunate number was poor old Baker. It should be observed, that when he applied at the *Blue Anchor*, Wapping, to enlist, he was objected to by the officer, on account of his advanced age; but being resolved, at all events, to serve once more, he agreed to take four guineas, instead of twelve, bounty money, and as men were then much wanted, he was at length accepted on his own terms. In his old age, though he possessed such uncommon properties, as before stated, poor Baker was obliged to get admittance to Covent-garden Workhouse, but occasionally obtained permission from the humane master to go out, when he generally made the best use of his time, by calling at various places about the metropolis, where he entertained the company with his wonderful feats, always remembering first to assure them, that "his equal was not to be found in the whole world."

The trifling collections he made on these occasions, rendered him more comfortable than most others in the same situation, and smoothed the rugged path of poverty and old age. It may be proper to notice, for the satisfaction of the curious reader, that the singular object of this account never had any teeth, and was born without gums, a very uncommon thing in nature, by which he derived the power to perform such remarkable feats with his nose, mouth, and chin. The feat which he exhibited with the tobacco-pipe through his nose, he was enabled to do from the following circumstance. Having been imprisoned with about fifty others, in the West Indies, during the war with America, the Indians bored a hole through the cartilage of his nose, as a mark of distinction, into which was forced a gold chain, which hung pendant down his breast. This chain he afterwards sold at Philadelphia for twenty-five dollars. The aperture through his nose being so very far up his nostrils that nothing of it could be discovered, he was enabled to perform this part with the tobacco-pipe with much wonder and astonishment to the spectators.



VALENTINE GREATRAKES,

FAMED FOR CURING THE KING'S EVIL.



HIS person is renowned in the annals of quackery. He was the son of William Greatrakes, Esq., of Affane, in the county of Waterford, by a daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt., one of the justices of the King's Bench, in Ireland. He was born at Affane, in 1628, and received a classical education at the free school at Lismore, where he continued till he was thirteen years of age, when he returned home, in order to prepare himself for entering Trinity College, Dublin. At this time the rebellion broke out, and owing to the distracted state of the nation, he was obliged, with his mother, who had several other smaller children, to flee for refuge into England, where they were relieved by his uncle, Mr. Edward Harris, after whose death, young Greatrakes was committed to the care of Mr. John Daniel Getseus, a German, and then minister of Stoke-Gabriel, in the county of Devon, who for several years instructed him in theology, philosophy, and other sciences. About the year 1634, he returned to his native country, but was so exceedingly affected by the miserable and reduced state it was in, that he retired to the castle of Caperquin, where he

spent a year in serious contemplation on the vicissitudes of state and fortune. In the year 1649, he became lieutenant in the regiment of Roger Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, then acting in Munster against the Irish papists; but when the regiment was disbanded in 1656, he retired to his estate at Affane, and was soon after appointed clerk of the peace for the county of Cork, register for transplantation, and justice of the peace.

About the year 1662, Mr. Greatrakes began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary virtue, in being able to remove the king's evil, or other diseases, by touching or stroking the parts affected with his hand. This imagination he concealed for some time, but at last revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea. Having resolved, however, to make a trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil, but, as it was reported, was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes laying his hands on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to be cured in the same manner, of different disorders, he acquired considerable fame in his neighbourhood. But being cited into the bishop's court at Lismore, and not producing a license for practising, he was prohibited from laying his hands on any person for the future, but still continued to do so till January, 1665-6, when he went to England at the request of the Earl of Orrery, in order to cure the lady of the Lord Viscount Conway, of Ragley, in Warwickshire, of a continual violent headache. He stayed at Ragley about a month, but failed in his endeavours to relieve this lady, notwithstanding he is said to have performed several miraculous cures in those parts, and at Worcester, and was sent for to Whitehall by his majesty's orders: and is likewise said to have wrought many remarkable cures there, in the presence of several eminent and skilful persons.

An account of his cures in Warwickshire was published at Oxford, by Mr. Stubbe, who maintained "that Mr. Greatrakes was possessed of a peculiar temperament, as his body was composed of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof being introduced, sometimes by a light, sometimes by a violent friction, restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, re-invigorate the blood, and dissipate all heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the diseased, by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands, and feet." This publication was a "Letter addressed to the Hon. Robert Boyle," who, in a private letter to the author, expressed his displeasure at being thus publicly addressed on such a subject, particularly as Mr. Stubbe endeavoured to show that Mr. Greatrakes's gift was *miraculous*. Mr. Glan-

rille also imputed his cures to a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; and others, (perhaps with greater probability,) to the force of imagination in his patients. Mr. Boyle, having seen Mr. Greatrakes's performances in April, 1666, attested some of his remarkable cures.

This extraordinary man afforded much matter for the press, and various pamphlets were published *pro* and *con.*; particularly one in quarto, supposed to have been written by Mr. David Lloyd, reader of the Charter-house, under the title of "Wonders no Miracles, or Mr. Valentine Greatrakes's Gift of Healing Examined, upon Occasion of a sad Effect of his Stroking, March the 7th, 1665, at one Mr. Cressell's house, in Charter-house yard, in a letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place." This attack obliged Mr. Greatrakes to vindicate himself; and accordingly he published a list of his "Strange Cures." It is a truth that this man's reputation rose to a prodigious height, but afterwards declined almost as fast, for the expectations of the multitude that resorted to him were not always answered.

Granger seems inclined to attribute the wonderful cures reported to have been performed by Mr. Greatrakes to the force of imagination, and to corroborate his opinion, mentions the following facts:—"I was myself a witness," says he, "of the powerful workings of the imagination in the populace, when the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation. The virtues of the spring there were supposed to be supernatural, and to have been discovered by a revelation made in a dream to one Matthew Chancellor. The people did not only expect to be cured of such distempers as were in their nature incurable, but even to recover their lost eyes and their mutilated limbs. The following story, which scarcely exceeds what I observed upon the spot, was told me by a gentleman of character. An old woman in the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her of her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch and not long after the other. This was extolled as a miraculous cure; but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched the water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform the reader that when the force of imagination had spent itself, she relapsed into her former infirmity."

Mr. Greatrakes possessed a high character for humility, virtue and piety, and died about the year 1680.

The history of Mr. Greatrakes reminds us of an impostor, who not many years before deluded the public in a similar manner. In the reign of Charles I. an accusation was brought before the court of star-chamber, and

afterwards before the College of Physicians, against one John Leverett, a gardener, who undertook to cure all diseases, but especially the king's evil, by way of touching or stroking with the hand. He used to speak with great contempt of the royal touch, and grossly imposed upon numbers of credulous people. He asserted that he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and profanely said that he felt virtue go out of him; so that he was more weakened by touching thirty or forty in a day than if he had dug eight roods of ground. He also affirmed that he was much more affected if he touched a woman than if he touched a man. It is scarcely necessary to add that the censors of the college adjudged him to be an impostor.





HENRY WOLBY.



HIS remarkable character was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a clear estate of more than a thousand a year. He was regularly bred at the University, studied for some time in one of the inns of court, and in the course of his travels spent several years abroad. On his return home, he settled on his paternal estate, lived with great hospitality, matched to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was married, with his entire approbation, to Sir Christopher Hilliard, Bart., in Yorkshire. He had now lived to the age of forty, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honoured and beloved by all; when one day, a younger brother, with whom he had some difference in opinion, meeting him in the fields, snapped a pistol at him, which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to frighten him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home; but, on after-examination, the discovery of bullets in the pistol had such an effect on his mind, that he instantly conceived an extraordinary resolution of retiring entirely from the

world, in which he persisted to the end of his life. He took a very fair house in the lower end of Grub-street, near Cripplegate, London, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself; the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table, by an old maid, he retired into his lodging-room, and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear. Out of these chambers, from the time of his entry into them, he never issued, till he was carried thence, forty-four years after, on men's shoulders; neither in all that time did his son-in-law, daughter, or grandchild, brother, sister, or kinsman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom, never but in cases of extraordinary necessity, and died not above six days before him. In all the time of his retirement, he never tasted fish or flesh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel, but now and then in summer he had a sallad of choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himself upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted; his constant drink was four shilling beer and no other, for he never tasted wine or strong water. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kind of sackers, and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid, Elizabeth, fetched him out of the fields hot from the cow. Nevertheless he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant, who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy, he always laid aside and never read.

In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided with all the dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine which his maid brought in. Then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of clean Holland sleeves, which reached his elbows, cutting up dish after dish, in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty, when, giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away: and this he would do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting of any thing whatsoever. When any clamoured impudently at the gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, he spied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after them, to comfort, cherish, and strengthen them; and not a trifle, but as much as would relieve them for many days

after. He would moreover inquire which of his neighbours were industrious, and had great charge of children; and withal, if their labour and industry could not supply their families, to such persons he would send, and relieve them according to their necessities. He died, October 29, 1637, aged 84. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness, than an inhabitant of one of the first cities in the world.





LORD ROKEBY.



ATHEW ROBINSON, Baron Rokeby, a very amiable and patriotic nobleman, was distinguished by several eccentricities, but particularly for his attachment to a long, flowing beard. He was born about the year 1712, near Hythe, in Kent. His father, Sir Septimus Robinson, gentleman-usher to George II., sent his son, at the usual age, to Westminster School, from which seminary he, in due time, removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he remained several years, applying to his studies with diligence, and acquitting himself with ability. As a proof of his progress, he was elected to a fellowship, which he retained till his death. The taste which he acquired for literature in his early years never forsook him; his library was large and well-chosen, and he could refer to the contents of its volumes with wonderful facility. Having completed his education, Mr. Robinson went to Aix-la-Chapelle, a place distinguished for its baths, and at that period the resort of people of fashion of all nations, where he resided a considerable time, indulging himself in all the luxuries of fashionable life.

On the death of his father, in 1754, he succeeded to his estate in East Kent, and lived at the family mansion there in all the easy affluence, hospitality, and splendour, which formerly characterized the English gentry. During the winter, a portion of his time was spent at the capital, and he was accustomed to pass a part of the summer at Sandgate Castle, where he could enjoy sea-bathing, to which he was much addicted, in the greatest perfection.

In consequence of his vicinity to Canterbury, and a family connection

with that place, he had many opportunities of cultivating an intimacy with its principal inhabitants, who, charmed with the integrity, ability, and independent principles he manifested, chose him to represent them in parliament. A better choice the electors could not have made; he continued for a long series of years most faithfully to discharge all the important duties annexed to this situation. During the American war, he remonstrated with peculiar energy against the measures pursued by the administration, and not content with opposing them in the senate, he likewise exerted the powers of his pen, and produced a pamphlet on the subject, pregnant with sound sense, manly argument, and liberal sentiment.

About the conclusion of that unhappy conflict, Mr. Robinson resigned his parliamentary duties. His bodily infirmities probably contributed to this step. He had from his youth been subject to much severe illness, and his hearing and sight were considerably affected. Impressed with the impropriety of occupying a seat in parliament, when he could neither discharge its duties with fidelity to his constituents nor with satisfaction to himself, he addressed a letter to the inhabitants of Canterbury, in which he took an affectionate leave of them; and he is reported to have said to one of the principal citizens, "that they ought to choose as his successor a younger and more vigorous man; one who had eyes to see, ears to hear, and lungs to oppose the tricks of future ministers."

From this period he led the life of a private gentleman, and indulged himself in the gratification of those eccentric whims, for which he afterwards became so distinguished. He constantly resided at his seat at Mountmorris, where he lived without ostentation and without meanness. He planted, improved, and embellished. His house was open to all respectable strangers, and he was much visited on account of the singularity of his manners, and the shrewdness of his remarks. He was a great friend of agriculture, and in him his tenants found a most excellent landlord. As to himself, he banished deer from his park as an unprofitable-luxury, and supplied their place with black cattle and sheep, of which great numbers were always to be seen in his domain. For his oddities, those visitors who knew him well, made a due allowance, but in strangers who saw him for the first time, the uncouth appearance of his person, and the singularity of his manners never failed to excite uncommon sensations.

It was probably about this time that Mr. Robinson first permitted his beard to grow. Why this singularity was adopted by his lordship, is not known; reasons for such conduct are not easily discovered, it bids defiance to conjecture, and baffles all sagacity. So much is certain, that he was for many years remarkable for this appendage, whose length, for it reached nearly to his waist, proclaimed it of no recent date.

Imagining that sea-bathing was good for a disease of the intestines, with which he was afflicted, he erected a little hut on the beach at Hythe, about three miles from his own house, to enjoy its advantages. In this regimen, it is, however, probable, that he indulged to excess, as he frequently remained in the water until he fainted. In his excursions to this place, he was accustomed to walk, and was generally accompanied by a carriage, and a favourite servant, who got up behind when he was tired. Mr. Robinson, with his hat under his arm, proceeded slowly on foot towards Hythe, and if it happened to rain, he would order his attendants to get into the carriage, observing, "that they were gaudily dressed, and not inured to wet, and might therefore spoil their clothes, and occasion an illness." Finding the distance too great to walk without fatigue, he afterwards constructed a bath contiguous to his house, which was so contrived, as to be rendered tepid by the rays of the sun only. The frequency of his ablutions was astonishing; his constitution was at length accustomed to the practice, and was materially improved by these repeated purifications.

A gentleman who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mountmorris, resolved to procure a sight of this extraordinary character, who had then succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby. "On my way," says he, "at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, I perceived a fountain of pure water, overrunning a basin which had been placed for it by his lordship. I was informed, that there were many such on the same road, and that he was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which he always kept loose in a side-pocket, on any water-drinkers he might happen to find partaking of his favourite beverage, which he never failed to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion. On my approach, I stopped some time to examine the mansion. It is a good plain gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the necessary inquiries, I was conducted by a servant to a little grove, on entering which, a building with a glass covering that at first sight appeared to be a green-house, presented itself. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and on looking in, I perceived, immediately under the glass, a bath with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching the door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and like faithful guardians, denied us access, till soothed by the well-known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face at the farther end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but his hair on his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he

had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he arose; when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes.

Various oddities were likewise discoverable in his dress, which was always plain, and even mean; nor can it be denied, that the hair with which the lower part of his face was so well furnished, gave something of a squalid appearance to his whole person. His manners approached to a primitive simplicity, and though perfectly polite, he seemed in every thing to study singularity. He spoke and acted in a manner peculiar to himself, at the same time treating those around him with frankness and liberality. His diet consisted chiefly of beef-tea; wine and spirituous liquors he held in abhorrence. He, indeed, discouraged the consumption of exotics of every description, from an idea that the productions of our own island are competent to the support of its inhabitants. Beef, over which boiling water had been poured, and eaten off a wooden platter, was a favourite dish, on which he frequently regaled. He would not touch tea or coffee; for sugar he substituted honey, as he always cherished a strong attachment to sweet things. He abhorred fire, and delighted much in the enjoyment of the air, without any other canopy than the heavens, and in winter his windows were generally open. In his youth he was much attached to the fair sex, and even in his old age he is said to have been a great admirer of female beauty.

The manner in which he conducted, for it cannot with propriety be said, cultivated, his paternal estate, was another singular trait in the character of his lordship. The woods and parks which surrounded his mansion were suffered to vegetate in wild luxuriance. Nature was not, in any respect, checked by art, and the animals of every class enjoyed the same state of perfect freedom, and were seen bounding through his pastures with uncommon spirit and energy. His singularities caused many ridiculous stories to be circulated concerning him, and among others, that he would not suffer any of his tenants to sow barley, because that grain might be converted into malt, which would pay a tax, and thus assist in carrying on a war, which he conceived to be unjust. This alluded to the late war with France; how far it might be true we know not, but it seems to savour of that consistency which he so strictly maintained in other particulars.

On the 10th of October, 1794, Mr. Robinson succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby, on the death of his uncle, Richard Robinson, archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland. This accession of honour, however, produced no alteration in his sentiments or mode of life; he continued to be the same plain, honest man, a character on which he justly prided himself.

With respect to politics, his conduct through life was eminently consistent, it was principles, and not men that he regarded.

At the general election in 1796, he crossed the country to Lenham, and stopping at the Checquers Inn, he was there surrounded by the country people from all the adjacent parts, who took him for a Turk. From that place he proceeded to the poll-booth, and gave his vote for his old friend, Filmer Honeywood.

Prince William of Gloucester soon afterwards passing through Canterbury, felt a strong inclination to pay his lordship a visit; which being mentioned at Mountmorris, Lord Rokeby very politely sent the prince an invitation to dinner. On this occasion, he presided at a plentiful board, and displayed all the hospitality of an old English baron. Three courses were served up in a splendid style to his royal highness and his suite, and the repast concluded with a variety of excellent wines, and in particular, Tokay, which had been in the cellar half a century. But his lordship was hospitable on all occasions, and made no distinction in civility of deportment towards his visitors:—

Regardless of the folly fame,
And courteous with no private aim;
Within his doors you'd welcome find,
If not the costly, yet the kind.

At an age when most men think only of themselves, Lord Rokeby proved that he was not inattentive to what he considered the dearest interests of his country. In 1797, he published an excellent pamphlet, entitled, "An Address to the County of Kent, on their petition for removing from the councils of his Majesty his present ministers, and for adopting proper means to procure a speedy and a happy peace; together with a postscript concerning the treaty between the Emperor of Germany and France, and concerning our domestic situation in time to come." His reply to a letter addressed to him by Lord Castlereagh, was likewise a production that would have done honour to a man who had not passed his grand climacteric.

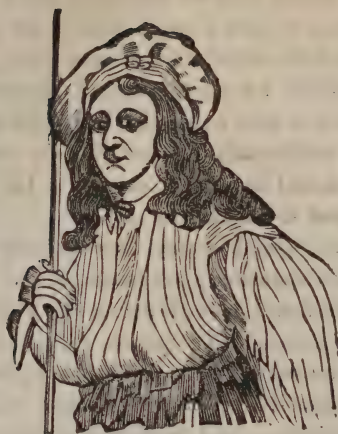
The family of Lord Rokeby has, indeed, been distinguished for a literary turn. It was a relative of his who wrote the celebrated treatise on gavel-kind. His eldest sister, the late Mrs. Montague, defended the memory and genius of Shakspeare against Voltaire; the younger, Mrs. Scott, wrote several novels, which obtained considerable reputation; and his nephew, Matthew Montague, is not unknown in the world of letters.

From what has been already said, it appears that, independent of his beard, Lord Rokeby was a very singular character. He lived a considerable portion of his life in water, tempered by the rays of the sun, and travelled on foot at an age when people of his rank and fortune always indulge in a carriage. In the midst of a luxurious age he was abstemious both in eating and drinking, and attained to length of life without having recourse to the

aid of medicine, and indeed with an utter contempt for the practitioners of physic. This he carried to such a length, that on one occasion being seized with a sudden illness, it is related, that when a paroxysm was expected to come on, his lordship told his nephew that if he stayed with him he was welcome; but if, out of a false humanity, he should call in medical assistance, and it should accidentally happen that he was not killed by the doctor, he hoped he should have sufficient use of his hands and senses left to make a new will, and to disinherit him.

With all his eccentricities, however, Lord Rokeby possessed virtues by which his defects were abundantly overbalanced, and among these not the least distinguished excellence, was his ardent and unabated love of freedom. Inimical to measures which, in his opinion, encroached on the liberties of mankind, he never ceased to raise his voice against every species of oppression. Independent in his own views and manners, he spoke his mind freely on all occasions, and uniformly studied, though in his own peculiar way, the welfare and prosperity of his country.





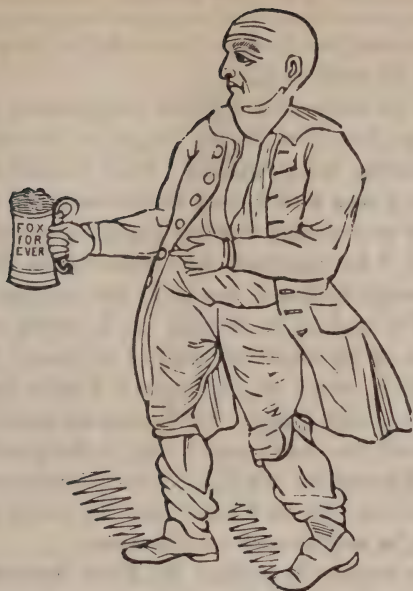
JACOB HALL, A CELEBRATED ROPE-DANCER.



HIS man flourished in the reign of Charles the Second, and, according to all accounts, was the finest specimen of the human form then in England. He was admired alike for the symmetry and elegance of his figure, and for his strength and agility. In the exercise of his art he exhibited the powers of a Hercules, while in his person were displayed all the charms of an Adonis.

Hall is said to have rivalled his sovereign in the affections of the famous Duchess of Cleveland, from whom he received a regular salary. The wits of the time made most of this tender *liaison*, and many a song and lampoon, of which it was the fruitful subject, redounded much more to the honour of the rope-dancer than to that of her grace. But such things were common in that profligate reign, and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that notwithstanding the notoriety of this intercourse between Hall and the royal favourite, his majesty was so blind to her faults, that to him at least she only appeared still more handsome. Pope has some caustic lines in allusion to this subject in his "Sober Advice from Horace."

To enter into further details respecting the subject of this notice, would only be to write a very bitter satire upon royalty, since the narrative must necessarily comprehend many well-known particulars relative to Charles's licentious court, which, for the honour of human nature, should be buried in oblivion. We therefore, without further ceremony, dismiss Jacob Hall.



SAMUEL HOUSE.



HIS singular character distinguished himself in the days of Charles James Fox, as one of the most zealous partisans that ever entered the arena of politics. He kept a tavern in Wardour Street, Soho, corner of Peter Street, and his sign was *The Intrepid Fox, or Cap of Liberty*. He was perhaps the warmest and steadiest political friend of Fox that ever lived, as he was constantly praying for his success, and huzzaing for his name. He was married and had several children; and all his disputes with his wife were generally occasioned by *political* differences. He attended his customers in a very slovenly manner, as he very seldom wore a coat or a wig, and his stockings were constantly about his heels. If any body asked him to drink Mr. Fox's health, the request was readily complied with, which being very often done by the wags who resorted to the house, it may easily be conceived that the landlord was not always quite sober. It was frequently planned by many of his tap-room customers to disagree with him, in order to get off scot free; this they usually accomplished by doubting the merits of his esteemed patriot. Sir Samuel, as he was generally styled, who could never bear even the slightest reflection upon the character of Fox, would immediately kick the offender out of the house without asking him for his reckoning; and this he would stop to do, though wanted in ever so great a hurry to make a bowl of punch, or draw a pot of beer. He was known in writing a copy for his children, to give them

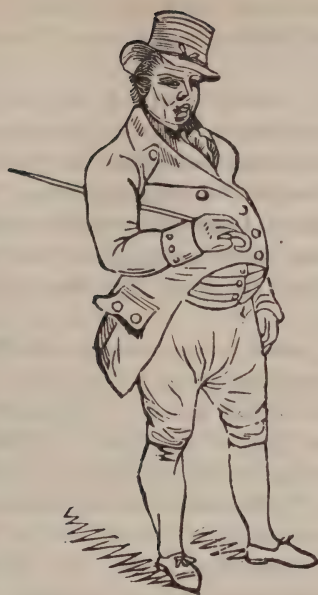
frequently, Fox for ever! and promise them a shilling, or a toy, if they performed the task to his satisfaction.

Sir Samuel was in many other respects conspicuous; he delighted in taking sudden leaps from Westminster bridge into the water, to show his activity, notwithstanding his corpulence. Once he laid a wager with a young man to run a race with him up Oxford-road, and would no doubt have won it, but for an arch trick that was played upon him in the contest. There was a friend of his antagonist, who, knowing Sir Samuel's disposition, cried loud enough for him to hear as he was passing by him during the race: D—n Fox and all his friends, say I—which so incensed our hero, that, heedless of his wager, he stopped to reward this blasphemer with a good drubbing, which he did in such a style that the offender roared out that he was only joking. Sir Samuel, not approving of such ill-timed jokes, renewed the chastisement; and, to the great delight of the crowd, turned the joke against the mischievous jackanapes. In the mean time his antagonist won; but Sir Samuel paid the wager with great pleasure, as it was lost, he said, in such a noble cause.

He was not only noted in forwarding Mr. Fox's interest, but frequently entertained, at his own expense, those of that party who would eat buttock of beef, and drink porter at his house. He never was embarrassed in the presence of any man; and though he frequently called upon the great, and was admitted into their presence, he never changed his dress or his character. In short, Sir Samuel's partisanship was so zealous and so notorious, that his exertions were, for many years, considered indispensable at the Westminster elections. At length death overtook him, and he fell, like many other great men, in what he thought the service of his country, having caught a severe cold at the Westminster election, which terminated his life on the 24th of April, 1795, at the age of about fifty-one years. The character of this singular being was on one occasion parodied as follows, from what Antony says of Brutus, in Shakspeare's play of Julius Cæsar:—

“This was the noblest Briton of them all,
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did to cross the views of Cæsar.
He only in the general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was humorous, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘This was an Oddity.’”

His house was very much frequented, as many came on purpose to see so singular a personage, as well as to be entertained by his humour. He buried his wife about two years before he died. His likeness was often painted in Fox's days, and also has been put upon many coaches, as the Hackney gentlemen esteemed him much. It is said that he had a hackney coach of his own, and that he took this method of increasing his popularity



THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN,

THE ORIGINAL PUBLISHER OF PAINE'S RIGHTS OF MAN.



HERE are times and circumstances under which the moral courage of the politician is not less worthy of admiration than the heroic deeds of the soldier and the sailor. Among those who have distinguished themselves by this quality, the gentleman whose portrait is prefixed stands conspicuous in modern times. He was the original publisher of Paine's *Rights of Man*, and that, too, at a time when no one could venture publicly to entertain, far less to attempt to propagate, liberal political principles, without incurring the vengeance of government.

Thomas Clio Rickman was born at Lewes, in Sussex, on the 27th of May, 1761, where he received the rudiments of a liberal education, which he afterwards completed at Coggeshall, in Essex. He was bred to the medical profession, but abandoned it on joining his father and brother in a mercantile concern, in 1779. He married early, but had the misfortune to lose his wife, who was daughter to Mr. Emlyn, an eminent architect of Windsor, after a union of only eleven months. This bereavement affected him so severely, that he had to travel on the Continent, in order to restore his mind to its wonted equanimity. After being absent about two

years, chiefly in Holland and Spain, he returned to England, in 1785, and from that time, till 1790, occupied himself in writing for the public journals.

In 1790, he married a second time, and, in consequence of his connection with the periodical literature of the day, became a bookseller and publisher. This led to an intercourse with the celebrated Thomas Paine, whose famous work, entitled "the Rights of Man," he undertook to give to the world, though he well knew that it would inevitably provoke the hostility of government, and put in array against him the power, as well as the enmity, of the whole Tory party. He also published the famous *Letter to the Addressers*.

The consequences proved to be precisely what Mr. Rickman's friends had anticipated. A proclamation against all works called seditious, (without naming any such works,) had been published by the government. Accordingly, the grand jury of Middlesex, composed of red-hot Tories, had no difficulty in finding true bills against him, for publishing both works, although the *Rights of Man* had been in universal circulation several months before the proclamation appeared. As the government had then the disgraceful power of packing a jury, Mr. Rickman, foreseeing the result of a trial so conducted, prudently withdrew to the Continent, and avoided a long imprisonment, by remaining there about two years. At the end of that period, however, he resumed his situation and business in London, though under embarrassed and almost ruined circumstances, and continued to write or publish as the occasion required. His wife had, with much prudence, managed to keep his establishment open during his absence.

In August, 1802, at the short peace, Mr. Rickman went again to the Continent, and visited France to take leave of his friend Mr. Paine, with whom he spent a week at Havre de Grace, and saw him embark for America, to which country he had been invited by Mr. Jefferson. From thence Mr. Rickman proceeded to Paris, where he would probably have made a longer residence, had he not foreseen the circumstances that would plunge the country again into war.

At the close of 1804, he published a letter of Mr. Paine's, from an American newspaper, which was only printed and circulated among a few friends. By some means, however, government procured a copy of this letter, in consequence of which Mr. Rickman was arrested, and his books and papers seized; but he soon obtained bail. These proceedings were followed up by an ex-officio information, on the part of the attorney-general, but this prosecution was dropped at the end of nine months, upon his entering into recognisances; though not till it had involved him and family, consisting of a wife, (a woman of a strong mind, and of very superior endowments,) and seven children, in new difficulties, embarrass-

ments, and distresses. Such was the fate of all who, attached solely to truth, and anxious only for the happiness of mankind, ventured, in those days of Tory tyranny and misrule, to defend the cause of civil liberty, and advocate the rights of man.

Mr. Rickman was the author as well as publisher of various publications about this period, particularly a collection of epigrams, a volume of miscellaneous poems, and a pamphlet, entitled *Mr. Pitt's Democracy manifested*. This brochure had a very extensive sale.

Mr. Rickman's poetry was chiefly of a tender and pensive description. We take the following specimen of his powers in that line, almost at random, from which it will be seen that the fierce democratic publisher was a very amiable, good-hearted man :—

A FRAGMENT.—WRITTEN UP THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1785.

Ye sons of Fortune! mark the tale,
And while she blows the kindly gale,
Ah! seize the hours so gay;
Enjoy each blessing as it flies;
Be timely happy, timely wise,—
It is not always May.

Be grateful for the bliss ye know;
Enjoy the moments as they go;
And then you well may say,
When favouring fortune sweets allow'd,
I snatched, transported every good,
And “frolick'd while 'twas May.”

With joy the social hours improve,
And cherish friendship, cherish love,—
For friends will die away!
And when the heart's companions go,
Ah! then the wintry winds will blow;—
'Twill be no longer May!

Look round you, then, while fortune's kind;
Oh! be not to her blessings blind,
Nor throw her gifts away:
And, while the flowery scenes you range,
Be blest—for know you'll one day change
December for your May!

These truths believe, ye happy tribe;
For he who now enacts the scribe,
And frames this pensive lay,
Each sweet hath cherish'd in his birth,
Hath known a perfect heaven on earth;
And, ah! hath had his May!

Mr. Rickman originally belonged to the Society of Friends, but he ceased to be connected with them when he first entered into business. Indeed, he was never considered more than a nominal member, and when he broke

off the connection, he stated that it was merely from a resolution which he had formed, of never belonging to any association, either civil or religious in future ; being convinced that all parties, under whatever name or denomination, are inimical to truth, and effectual barriers to its progress. His declared independence of sects and parties procured him the distinctive appellation of *The Citizen of the World*, under which title the portrait we have prefixed to this article was originally published. He contended that in this character only could any man be a real philanthropist, because he then becomes superior to all petty local interest and party prejudices, and his decisions are necessarily formed upon principles of universal justice, which are as undeviating and immutable as the laws of nature herself.





JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.



STRIKING proof, if any were wanted, that the modifications of human stature are dependent upon circumstances which have hitherto eluded all investigation, is afforded by the celebrated dwarf, whose adventures we are now about to record.

Joseph Boruwlaski, commonly called Count Boruwlaski, was born in the vicinity of Chaliez, in Polish Russia, in November, 1739. His parents were of the middling size, and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter. In consequence of one of those freaks of nature, for which it is impossible to account, three of the sons, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature, while the other two, and the daughter, only attained that of children of the age of four or five years. At the moment of Joseph's birth, there was every reason to believe that he would be extremely short, as he measured only eight inches. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, he was neither weak nor puny: on the contrary, his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently declared, that none of her children gave her less trouble.

The young Boruwlaski had scarcely entered his eighth year when his father died, leaving his widow with six children, and a very small portion of the favours of fortune. Before this event, the Starostina de Caorlitz, a female friend of Madame Boruwlaski, had often manifested great affection

for Joseph, and solicited his parents to commit his education to her care. She now repeated her offers to his mother, who, consulting only the happiness of her child, consented to the separation.

This lady accordingly took him to her estate, and during four years fulfilled with scrupulous fidelity the charge she had undertaken: the conduct of her protegee was such as to secure her attachment, and he appeared to be fixed with her for ever, when an unexpected circumstance changed his situation. This was the marriage of his patroness; upon which he was transferred to her friend the Countess Humieska.

With her he departed in a few days for her estate at Rychty, in Podolia, where they stayed six months. Having formed a design of making the tour of Germany and France, the Countess resolved to make him the companion of her travels, and after some necessary preparations, he set out with her, at the age of fifteen, for Vienna. Here he had the honour of being presented to the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, who was pleased to say, that he was one of the most astonishing beings she had ever beheld. On one occasion, she took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him, among many other questions, what he thought most curious and interesting at Vienna? He answered, that he had seen in that city many things worthy of a traveller's admiration, but nothing seemed so extraordinary as what he at that moment beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Boruwlaski. This answer charmed her majesty, who then wore a ring, on which was her cypher, in brilliants of the most exquisite workmanship. His hand being accidentally in hers, he seemed to be looking attentively at the ring, which she perceiving, asked whether the cypher was pretty. "I beg your majesty's pardon," replied Burowlaski, "it is not the ring I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss." With these words he raised it to his lips. The empress seemed highly pleased at this little specimen of gallantry, and would have presented him with the ring which gave occasion to it, but as it was much too large, she called a young lady, five or six years old, who was then in the apartment, and taking a very fine diamond from her finger, put it on Boruwlaski's. This young lady was the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France; and, as may be easily imagined, Boruwlaski preserved the jewel with religious care. The kind notice of the empress procured him the attention of her whole court, and the marked kindness of the famous Prince Kaunitz.

From the Austrian metropolis the travellers proceeded to Munich, where the countess's little companion excited no less curiosity than he had done at Vienna. They next repaired to Luneville, at that time the residence of Stanislaus Leczinski, the dethroned king of Poland, who, as a compensation for the Polish crown, had been put in possession of the dukedoms of Lorraine and Bar. By the venerable monarch, now eighty years of age,

the travellers were received with his accustomed affability, and lodged in his palace. With this prince lived the famous Bébé, a native of France, who was till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen.

Bébé, who was four inches taller than Boruwlaski, at first showed much fondness and friendship for the latter, but it was not long before his real disposition betrayed itself; for when he perceived that the little stranger preferred the conversation of sensible people to his, and above all, that the king took pleasure in his company, he conceived the most violent jealousy and hatred against him. One day, being both in his majesty's apartment that prince asked several questions of Boruwlaski, with whose replies he was much pleased. "You see, Bébé," said he, "what a difference there is between Joujou, (the familiar name by which Boruwlaski was distinguished,) and you. He is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and well-informed, whereas you are but a little machine." At these words, fury sparkled in the eyes of Bébé; he made no reply, but his countenance indicated the violence of his agitation. A moment afterwards, the king having gone to his closet, Bébé seized the opportunity to take revenge. Silly approaching his rival, he caught him by the waist, and endeavoured to push him into the fire. Boruwlaski grasped with both hands the hook which supported the fire-irons, and thus luckily prevented his wicked design. The noise occasioned by this scuffle brought back the king; who, after he had extricated his little countryman from his perilous situation, called for his servants, directed them to inflict on Bébé a corporal punishment proportioned to his fault, and ordered him never to appear again in his presence. In vain Boruwlaski interceded for the unfortunate Bébé. The first part of the sentence was executed, and his majesty would not revoke the other, but upon condition that he should beg pardon of his injured rival. He submitted with great reluctance to this humiliation, which was thought to have made a deep impression upon him. His death, which took place not long afterwards, was partly attributed to the mortification he experienced on this occasion. Thus it appears, that no human being, however diminutive his stature, is exempted from the influence of the passions, and that they rage with equal fury in the bosoms of the little and the great. Bébé is represented by M. Boruwlaski as having a figure perfectly well-proportioned, and very pleasing features.

From Luneville, Boruwlaski proceeded with his benefactress to the gay metropolis of France, where they passed more than a year in all the pleasures which that city affords. They were patronised by the royal family, and entertained by all the principal nobility, and persons of opulence. Among the rest M. Bouret, the farmer-general, so renowned for his ambition, his excesses, and his extravagance, gave an entertainment, and to show that it was in honour of Boruwlaski, he caused every thing, even the plates, the knives, forks and spoons, to be proportioned to his size. The ortolans.

beccaficos, and other small game of that kind, of which the entertainment entirely consisted, were served up on dishes adapted to their dimensions.

Having visited Holland, the Countess Humieska returned with her little companion through Germany to Warsaw. He was preceded in that capital by the reputation he had acquired in his travels. Having been greatly improved during his absence, he had the satisfaction of finding that his company was very often courted, solely for the pleasure of his conversation.

Boruwłaski had now attained the age of twenty-five; he began to feel new emotions, which are in general experienced at a much earlier period of life. Love did not disdain the conquest of his little heart: he became enamoured of an actress, belonging to the company of French comedians at Warsaw. Having procured an introduction to his mistress, he mustered sufficient courage to declare his passion, and for some time was happy in the belief that she cherished similar sentiments towards him. This intrigue, however, was not of long continuance; he soon found that it was a subject of public notoriety, that his charmer, whom he thought most interested in secrecy, openly laughed at his passion, and the tumultuous emotions she had excited in his bosom. This discovery nearly overwhelmed him, by humbling his pride; he loved sincerely, and imagined that he was sincerely beloved, and with infinite mortification he saw the illusion dispelled.

But this was not the only source of pain arising from his indiscretion. His patroness being made acquainted with his intrigue, discharged from her service the porter and the servant through whose means he had been enabled to carry it on, and even withdrew her favour from him, till, by the regularity of his conduct, he regained her kindness.

Soon after the accession of Stanislaus II. to the throne of Poland, Boruwłaski had the honour to be presented to his majesty, who took him under his particular protection.

Boruwłaski continued, meanwhile, to bask in the sunshine of the Countess Humieska's favour, through whose means he enjoyed universal consideration and regard. But, at the age of forty, love again interposed to disturb his happiness. His patroness had taken into the house, as a companion, a young lady named Isalina Barboutan, descended from French parents settled at Warsaw. Her beauty, her sparkling eyes, and the elegance of her shape, made, at first sight, an indelible impression on his heart. Long was this fair one deaf to all the protestations of his passion, which, naturally enough, she treated with ridicule. Undaunted by every repulse, he still pressed his suit with all the ardour of an intoxicated lover. No sooner was the Countess Humieska informed of his sentiments, than she remonstrated with him in the hope of bringing him to reason, but as he paid no attention to her arguments, she directed him to be confined in his own apartment. This was but the prelude to greater severity, for,

finding that he continued obstinate, she ordered him to leave her house, never to return, and sent Isalina home to her parents.

Turned adrift in the world, without money or resources of any kind, Boruwlaski was at first under no small embarrassment how to proceed. He soon conceived the idea of applying to the king's brother, Prince Casimir, who had always taken a particular interest in his affairs. The prince at once recommended him to the king, and his majesty promised to provide for him.

The little lover still continued his unremitting addresses to the object of his passion, who at length consented to make him happy ; the king having first approved of the match, and settled an annuity of one hundred ducats on the happy Boruwlaski.

It was not long before he found that the royal favours would scarcely be sufficient for the support of himself and his wife, who, to the great astonishment of all, apprized him, within six weeks after their marriage, that he was destined to be a father. This intelligence only served to increase his anxiety relative to their future subsistence. It was absolutely necessary to take some step to improve his finances, and his patrons suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe could not fail of answering the purpose, and procuring him the means of leading, on his return, a life of ease and tranquillity. Seduced by such a dazzling prospect, he immediately adopted the idea ; the king supplied him with a convenient carriage, and being provided with letters of recommendation, he left Warsaw on the 21st of November, 1780.

At Cracow, his wife was taken ill. This circumstance obliged them to continue some time in that city, where, after a long indisposition, she was delivered of her first child, a girl. On her recovery, they set out for Vienna, where they arrived on the 11th of February, 1781. Unfortunately for Boruwlaski, death had just snatched away his illustrious patroness, Maria Theresa, and profound sorrow pervaded the whole city. He experienced, however, the same marks of benevolence from Prince Kaunitz, as on his former visit, and became acquainted with the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray Keith, who was the principal cause of his subsequent voyage to England. After giving a concert, which was attended by almost all the nobility of Vienna, he left that metropolis, provided with letters of recommendation to many princes of Germany, at whose courts, in the course of a most interesting tour, he was received with distinguished applause.

He now resolved to visit England, and having embarked at Ostend, he arrived at Margate, after a tempestuous passage of four days, during which the vessel lost her masts and sails.

In London, his earliest patrons were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. A short time after his arrival, a stupendous giant likewise visited

that metropolis. He was eight feet three or four inches high. Many persons being desirous of seeing them together, the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by Lady Spencer, one day took Boruwlaski with them to see the giant. Their surprise was equal; the giant remained some time in silence, viewing the dwarf with looks of astonishment, and then stooping very low to present him his hand, which would have contained a dozen of the little visitor's, he made him a very polite compliment. What a scene for a painter. Boruwlaski's head was nearly on a level with the giant's knee!

It was not long before Boruwlaski was introduced to most of the first characters in London, and among the rest, to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., by whom he was treated with that affability by which his royal highness was so particularly distinguished. He had soon afterwards the honour of being introduced by the Countess of Egremont to the notice of their majesties, and all the junior branches of the royal family, on the 23d of May, 1782. All the favours of his patrons were not, however, adequate to the decent support of himself and his family, so that he was obliged to have recourse not only to the expedient of subscription concerts, but likewise to that of an exhibition, first at a guinea, then at five shillings, and afterwards at half a crown. In 1783, he visited the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and was very successful. In Ireland he was detained longer than he had intended by the illness of his wife, who was brought to bed in that country of her second child. At length, after an absence of three years, he returned to London in March, 1786. Here he resumed his former system of concerts and exhibitions, but neither could prevent his being involved in difficulties, from which he was generously relieved by his countrywoman, the Princess Lubomirska, who, hearing that he was exposed to the vexations of creditors, inquired the amount of his debts, and nobly discharged them. His mind being now relieved from anxiety, he began to write the history of his life, which undertaking was patronised by the Prince of Wales, and a long list of nobility. It forms an octavo volume, which was published in 1788.

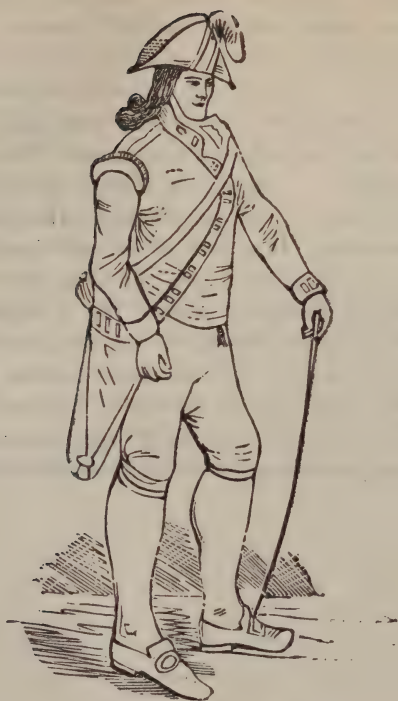
An erroneous report having reached his native country, that he had laid out several thousand pounds in the funds, he was thought no longer to want the king's favours, and his annuity of one hundred ducats was cut off. This circumstance compelled him to revisit Poland in the year 1792, but he soon returned to England, where his exhibitions were so successful, that in a few years he retired to Durham, and spent the remainder of his life in ease and comfort. At his death he was verging on one hundred years.

The character of this celebrated little man has been drawn with nice discrimination by the Count de Tressan, who had many opportunities of comparing him with his rival Bébé, at Luneville. "The resemblance between

Bébé and Boruwlaski," says the Count, "consists only in their stature. The latter has been treated most favourably by nature. He enjoys good health, is clever and nimble. He can bear fatigue, and lift great weights, in proportion to his size. What distinguishes him still more from Bébé is, that he possesses great mental energy and accomplishments; that his memory is excellent and his judgment very sound. He understands arithmetic, reads and writes and speaks German and French with great fluency. He is ingenious in every thing he undertakes, lively in his repartees, just in his reasonings. In a word, Boruwlaski may be considered as a complete, though very diminutive man, and Bébé as an imperfect one."

In "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits," a work full of curious and amusing information, published by Mr. Paton, of that city, there is a portrait of Boruwlaski, taken from the life. For the sake of contrast, he is represented in company with Mr. Neil Ferguson, Advocate, then one of the tallest men in Edinburgh. Kay is, on that account, perhaps the only artist who has conveyed to the eye a just conception of the diminutive size of this remarkable dwarf.





BIG SAM.



AMUEL M'DONALD, better known in Scotland by the name of "Big Sam," from his immense bulk, was born in the parish of Lairg, Sutherlandshire, and during the latter part of the American war, was a private in the Sutherland Fencibles. He afterwards entered the Royals, in which regiment he became a fogleman. It was while in this situation that he attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George the Fourth,) who made him lodge porter at Carlton-house. Having held this office about two years, he gave in his resignation, and again entered the Sutherland Fencibles, in which he was now appointed a sergeant.

Sam was six feet ten inches high, measured four feet round the chest, and was stout and muscular in proportion. He had also an exceedingly clear and sonorous voice. With these physical properties, he was bland in his manner and deportment, and extremely good-natured. As a drill-

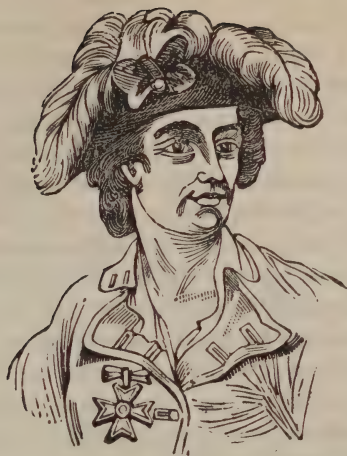
sergeant, therefore, he was unrivalled ; and consequently was very often employed in that capacity. In this position, however, as well as several others of a military nature, he acquitted himself so as to obtain general esteem. In consequence of his great height, he always marched at the head of the regiment when in column, and on these occasions his appearance was rendered more striking by his being accompanied by a mountain-deer of a size corresponding nearly with his own.

When Sam was in London, he was advised to show himself for money, but he spurned the suggestion, as tending to degrade the Highland character. He so far acted upon it, however, as to dress in female attire, and advertise as "the remarkably tall woman." By this expedient, or rather this compromise between his honour and his desire of gain, he became so well furnished with cash, that his expenditure attracted the notice of his colonel, who was curious to ascertain from what source he obtained his supplies. Sam, on being interrogated, candidly acknowledged the fact at once, and thus the secret transpired.

While in the service of the Prince of Wales, he was once persuaded, at the request of his royal highness, to appear on the stage, in "Cymon and Iphigenia." The character represented by Sam was the appropriate one of *Hercules*. How he acquitted himself is not recorded, but we may presume that he came off with no very great *eclat*, as he never appeared again. It is probable that this, and also some other tasks of even a less agreeable description, induced him to leave his royal highness's service.

Sam was one day challenged by two soldiers of his own regiment, on the understanding that he was to fight them both at once. Sam reluctantly agreed, but said, as he had no quarrel with them, he should like to shake hands with them before they began. One of them instantly held out his hand, which Sam seized ; but instead of giving it the friendly shake expected, he used it as a lever to raise its owner from the ground, when he swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, and threw him to a great distance. The other combatant, not admiring this preliminary process, immediately took to his heels. On another occasion, in the barrack room, one of the men requested him to hand down a loaf from a shelf which was beyond his own reach. Sam immediately caught the man by the neck, in jest, and holding him up at arm's length, said, "There, take it down yourself."

The Countess of Sutherland allowed Sam half-a-crown per day over and above his pay, judging, no doubt, as remarked by Colonel Stewart, of Garth, that so large a body required more sustenance than his military allowance could afford. He died, universally regretted, while with the regiment at Guernsey, in the year 1802.



JOHN BART.

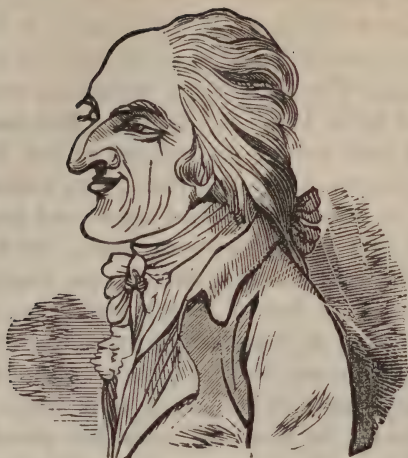


HIS rough, home-spun son of the sea was born at Dunkirk, in 1651. His father being a common fisherman, poor, and illiterate, he himself was brought up to the same humble calling, and never had the benefits of education. He acquired, however, what served him in the stead of book learning, an early practical knowledge of the coasts in the narrow seas, and such an acquaintance with maritime life as enabled him afterwards to run personal risks, and encounter dangers that would have appalled men of less experience. His early apprenticeship under his father, also inured him to the hardships of a sea-faring life, almost from his infancy. He was, of course, rough in his manners and appearance, as fishermen generally are, but this was compensated by his frankness, and a bold, though kindly, disposition.

After reaching manhood, Bart, in consequence of having been previously employed in the merchant service, got the command of a privateer, to cruise against the Dutch and English. His early acquaintance with the coasts of both countries was now of prodigious advantage to him. Keeping constantly within the narrow seas, his knowledge of which was perfect, he made innumerable captures, and signalized himself by so many daring and singular acts, that he became the terror of both the Dutch and English mercantile marine. His exploits in this way, at length, earned him so much notoriety, that the French government felt itself called upon to reward him, and he accordingly received a commission in the navy.

Bart, in his new position, displayed his wonted skill and bravery, as a seaman, and was gradually promoted, till, at length, in 1692, he received the appointment of commodore, and the command of a squadron of seven ships and a fire-ship. The harbour of Dunkirk, his native place, was at this time blockaded by the Dutch and English. Bart passed through both fleets, and made a most successful cruise, taking and destroying a great number of merchant-men, in the first place; then making a descent near Newcastle, where he burnt two hundred houses, and finally returning triumphantly to port, with prizes of immense value. He distinguished himself on various other occasions after this; but his greatest exploit was in 1694, when he rescued a fleet of French grain ships, which had been captured by the Dutch. As it was of importance that the corn in these vessels should reach France, which was then threatened with a scarcity, Bart was purposely despatched to escort them home. But when he reached his destination, he found the grain fleet already captured by a Dutch squadron of eight ships of war. Although his own squadron consisted only of six ships, he at once attacked the Dutchmen; and after an obstinate resistance, he not only recaptured the grain ships, but compelled the Dutch admiral's own ship, and other two ships of the squadron, to strike their flags and surrender. He then returned in triumph to France.

In reward of his gallantry and success in this last action, Bart was ennobled. Thus to elevate a coarse, uneducated plebeian, was thought worse than sacrilege among the courtiers of Louis XIV. Accordingly, when the Chevalier Forbin, who was at the head of the Marine, introduced Bart at court, he was sneeringly called the bear-leader. It is related that John, on this occasion, agreeably to court etiquette, wore breeches of cloth of gold, which were most uncomfortably lined with cloth of silver, but he did not fail to express, in his own way, the uneasiness he felt at being confined in such habiliments. On being presented to the king, "John Bart," said the monarch, "I have made you a commodore." "You have done right, sire," replied John; upon which the mirth of the courtiers could not be restrained, and a universal titter ran through the circle that surrounded the king. In all that regarded dignity and good manners, Louis was remarkable for presence of mind. He accordingly rebuked this ill-timed merriment, by calmly observing, that the reply of Bart was that of a man who justly appreciated his own value, and who intended, if opportunities offered, to give other signal proofs of it. Bart, however, did not live long enough to fulfil the expectations of him which the king thus handsomely expressed, nor to enjoy his newly acquired honours. He died in 1702.



WILLIAM DOUGLAS, DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.



IN a work portraying almost every variety of human character, it would be unfair to omit a striking specimen of the British aristocracy—a legislator by hereditary descent—one of that remarkable class who have by slow and imperceptible degrees engrossed all political power to themselves—who, without even a struggle, have converted an originally free constitution into an oligarchy—and who, although possessing wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, yet still continue to enrich themselves more and more, by means of monopolies and sinecures, as well as by enormous salaries, wrung from the hard earnings of a patient, laborious, and long-suffering people. In order to exhibit some of the distinctive characteristics of this remarkable race, we give the following portraiture of William, Duke of Queensberry, who, if not the best, was at least one of the wealthiest members of his order, being, at the time of his death, in the receipt of an annual income corresponding to a fortune of nearly four millions sterling!

This man, who belonged to our ancient nobility, and bore the high-sounding titles of Duke of Queensberry, Marquis of Drunlanrig, Earl of March, Baron Douglas, and Knight of the Thistle, although destitute of all those eminent qualities which naturally command respect and attract the attention of mankind, was nevertheless an object of comparative notoriety, from his first appearance in public life till the last moment of his existence, when he finished his long and frivolous career, at the age of eighty-six. In early life he was familiarly known as *Lord March*, and it was under that title

that he first aimed at distinction and became notorious as a member of the turf, his knowledge of which, in the course of a few years, both in theory and practice, was considered equal, if not superior, to that of the most dexterous and experienced adepts of Newmarket. In some respects his system was unique. He never admitted any partners, he was always his own insurer, running all risks, and concentrating all the profits in his own person. He himself, too, rode in all his principal matches, and in that branch of equitation was the rival of the most distinguished practical jockies. A Douglas, whose ancestors claimed kindred with kings, descended to be the companion of black-legs and grooms! What effect such associations had upon his morals it is needless to inquire. His famous match with the Duke of Hamilton, and also the one which he ran against time, with the machine that bore his own name, were long memorable in the annals of Newmarket, and are scarcely yet forgotten. Lord March was victor in both, and even the *knowing ones* were taken in!

As the above match against time made much noise in the sporting world, it may not be out of place to record it more particularly here. It was on a wager with the celebrated Count Taaffe, an Irish Catholic, who had spent some time in the service of Austria, and finally beggared himself by this and similar frolics. Lord March, on this occasion at least, exhibited the presage of that superior management, by which he reigned lord paramount on the turf during half a century; for, having undertaken to obtain a four-wheeled machine, which should travel the space of nineteen miles within sixty minutes, he applied to Wright, in Long-Acre, who, by the diminution of weight and friction, the substitution of silk and whalebone for leather, and also in part for wood, contrived a carriage so light, and yet so strong, as to be deemed exactly suitable for the purpose. As for the *blood horses*, the selection of these, as well as the grooms, was confided to his own judgment; and, to prevent accidents, he took care to conceal the names of both descriptions of animals until the appointed day, when they were regularly entered by the clerk of the course. Meanwhile, Newmarket having been selected for the experiment, the smoothest mile of the whole race-ground was staked out, and eight or ten horses regularly trained there, to prevent the possibility of disappointment from lameness, accident, or design. On the 29th of August, 1750, this contest, on the event of which immense sums were depending, was finally decided, and the result was, as had been expected, that the peer proved an *overmatch* for the commoner, who soon after retired in embarrassed circumstances to his native country. It is to this original match *against time* that we are to attribute all the discreditable attempts of a similar kind in our days.

While figuring on the turf, however, as Lord March, his ambition was not wholly confined to the race-course. Possessing, at that period, an elegant person, with all the advantages of youth, fortune, and high rank, he

aimed also at being a leader of fashion, and in this he succeeded. He was for a few years the model in dress, equipage, and manners, for all who aspired to superiority in exterior appearances or to any thing like distinction in the *beau monde*.

Lord March's leadership in the drawing-room necessarily led to notoriety among the fair sex. Accordingly, from being long generally admired in his youth, he in time became the general admirer—and never was there a more devoted slave to the *belle passion*, than his lordship. During his latter years, he thought and spoke of almost nothing else, and from this circumstance arose the unenviable reputation which he so long held in the metropolis. After he began to get old, the features of his face bore the very expression of a satyr; and the whole tenor of his subsequent life was consistent with the popular belief, that his countenance did not belie his nature. During this period, his most appropriate motto might have been *Vive l'amour! Vive la bagatelle!*

When he succeeded to the Queensberry titles and estates, his life was distinguished by little else than his pleasures. These he contrived to indulge in till the last; at least while the faculties essential to their gratification remained. Latterly, he lived altogether in London, where he was daily visible in the balcony of his house in Piccadilly, ogling, through his eye-glass, the passing fair ones; and in the last stage of senility and decrepitude, vainly seeking to realize once more the enjoyments of youth. Yet it has been said by one who knew him intimately, that "no man ever contrived to make so much of life." When his eye, for he had only the use of one, became dim, and his hearing was almost gone, he did not lose his spirits, or fail to make efforts for enjoying what little was left him. He had long lived *secundem artem*, and perhaps the prolongation of his life might be ascribed to his precautionary practices. The care of his health had for a considerable time been confided to Pere Elisée, who, it was generally understood, had attended on Louis XV. during his declining years. The skill of the physician, however, ceased at length to be of any avail; and his Grace sunk under an attack of dysentery, on the 23d of December, 1810.

In politics, it may easily be conceived that a man of his Grace's pursuits would not be very conspicuous. He might have been independent if he would; but the spirit was not in him, nor was he during the years that he sat in Parliament other than an humble tool of the court, except in one solitary instance. This was, when he ventured to worship the *rising sun* in the person of the Prince of Wales, at the time the regency question was under discussion in 1788-9—a blunder which was never forgiven by George the Third, and which necessarily placed his Grace in the *red lettered martyrology* of Carlton-House for ever after. His courtly subserviency on all other occasions was to the last degree humble and unremitting; and he

gave a signal proof of it in the famous case of Mr. Wilkes, member for Middlesex. Although a personal friend of that gentleman, and still more licentious in his morals, he openly joined the Earl of Sandwich, another notorious debauchee, in denouncing the profane and ungodly conduct of Wilkes; and to the great edification of the Bench of Bishops, also denounced his celebrated "Essay on Women!!" Still further to demonstrate his new-born zeal in the cause of morality, he enlisted a clerical dependent of his own in the court war against Wilkes; but here his zeal, if zeal it could be called, outran his discretion; for, when the hireling priest entered the lists with the author of the *North Briton*, although burning with all the fervour of the *odium theologicum*, not a few of the fiery darts shot at his black gown from that journal, glanced against the ermined robes of his noble but too notorious patron. In this question which long agitated the nation, Wilkes being the popular idol, his Grace made himself equally odious and ridiculous.

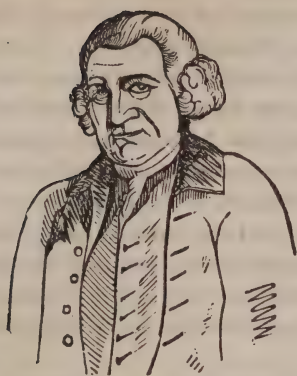
The character of this high aristocrat does not require much illustration; it may be given in a single sentence. He was, one half of his life, a knowing and fortunate votary of the turf, and during the other, a devoted worshipper of Venus and the Graces. In the first pursuit, he acquired, not by the most honourable means, the greater portion of his enormous fortune; and by the last, he earned a most inglorious notoriety. His gallantries, indeed, were for years the general theme of raillery and sarcasm among every class of society. In person he was of the middle size, neat, slim, and, as already remarked, at an early period of life, graceful and elegant. In consequence of a speck in one of his eyes, which obstructed its vision, a belief was prevalent that he wore a glass one. Other peculiarities were also ascribed to him. He was supposed to apply veal cutlets every night to his face in order to preserve his complexion, and, besides, to make use of a milk bath daily for the purpose of softening and beautifying his skin. This last circumstance, although probably a fiction, made his neighbours very chary of purchasing milk at second hand. It might well be thought that a man of such immense wealth, who was not considered a miser, would have been a frequent contributor to charities, and likewise liberal in his benefactions; but there are only two or three acts of liberality during his long life upon record. He is said, it is true, to have bestowed pensions on opera singers, and to have given £100 towards the expense of a Westminster election—and, *mirabile dictu*, also £2000 to supply the wants of the widows and orphans connected with the British navy. These, however, were his only known acts of munificence. On the other hand, while in possession of millions of his own, this Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron, and Knight of the Thistle, had the meanness to take a thousand a year, out of the public purse, during the greater part of the reign of George the Third, as a lord of the bed-chamber to that monarch!



JEFFERY HUDSON.



HIS remarkable epitome of man's fair proportions, although perhaps the smallest human being of his time, was distinguished for manly and even heroic qualities, being at once a politician, a courtier, and a soldier. He was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and at seven years of age was taken into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, his stature being then eighteen inches. The Duke at that time lived at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and having invited his sovereign, Charles I., and Queen Henrietta Maria, to an entertainment there, in order to divert their majesties and the court, he ordered little Hudson to be served up at table in a cold pie. Her majesty was so much amused with the scene, that she took the dwarf into her service, and he was afterwards frequently employed by her on confidential missions abroad. His size never exceeded three feet nine inches; but his spirit far surpassed his physical dimensions; for, upon the breaking out of the civil war, he became a captain of horse. When the Queen withdrew from England, he attended her into France, from whence, however, he was banished for killing M. Crofts, brother to the lord of that name. Afterwards going to sea, he was taken by a Turkish Corsair and sold for a slave, but was fortunately ransomed, and enabled to return to England. He was suspected of being connected with Titus Oates's plot, and remained some time in prison on that account. His death occurred in 1678.



JAMES GRAHAM.



JAMES GRAHAM, M. D., a singular and most eccentric genius, was born at Edinburgh, in 1745. He was the son of Mr. W. Graham, saddler, in Edinburgh. After finishing his studies at that university, he went first to London, and afterwards to America ; where he figured with considerable *eclat*, as a philanthropic physician, travelling for the benefit of mankind, to administer relief in the most desperate diseases, to patients whose cases had baffled the utmost exertions of the ordinary practitioners. Having the advantages of a good person, pleasant countenance, polite address, agreeable conversation and engaging manners, he easily got acquainted with many of the principal people in the North American provinces, particularly in those of New England ; where, by puffing away in the public papers in a new and uncommon manner, partly by celebrating his medicines and medical skill, and partly by dispersing the productions of his brain, in religious poems, medical anecdotes, and accounts of extraordinary cures, he certainly made a considerable deal of money. About this time, he married a lady of New England, by whom he had one daughter, and both of whom he brought over to England. Several years after this, he fell acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, authoress of the History of England, and of various tracts in favour of British and American liberty. Dr. Graham being also a great friend to freedom, soon became very intimate with the fair historian, and from congeniality of sentiment, quickly experienced the truth of the poet's remark, that

“ Friendship with woman is akin to love.”

In short he proposed marriage, and the bargain would actually have been

completed, if Mrs. Macaulay had not accidentally discovered that her lover was already married, and his wife still living. Upon this detection, which would have nonplussed a man of inferior talents, the doctor, with his usual assurance, told her, that the excess of his passion had made him forget that circumstance; but added, that he hoped he might still have the honour of a near alliance with her, as he had a younger brother, unmarried, who had a great resemblance to himself both in features and principles. Ladies even of the most delicate and virtuous sentiments, are easily prevailed upon to pardon a fault committed in consequence of the powerful effects of their own charms. The doctor was excused, his brother introduced, the match soon after completed, and thus the fair historian became *Mrs. Macaulay Graham*.

Dr. Graham might doubtless have settled with the best advantage in Boston, if he *could* have settled *anywhere*; but whether he was influenced by the disturbances that broke out in New England, previous to the commencement of the American war, or by that natural restlessness of disposition, which seems never to have permitted him to settle long in any one place, certain it is, that, about 1774, or 1775, he returned to Britain, and after making an excursion through England, (where it appears, from his various publications, he made many wonderful cures,) he visited his native city once more, and was employed by many people of rank and quality, among whom he made some surprising cures, after they had consulted the regular practitioners in vain. His fame at this time was so great that he might have settled, contrary to the adage, with both profit and "*honour in his own country*." Instead of this, however, and in spite of the solicitations of several people of high rank, he returned to London, where he soon after set on foot the most superb institution that ever was planned or erected for the entertainment and gratification of the votaries of pleasure.

Under the titles of a *Temple of Hymen* and a *Temple of Health*, and under the pretence of instructing all persons of both sexes, who put themselves under his tuition, and were willing to sacrifice to Venus in these *sacred* domes, he engaged to teach "the art of preventing barrenness, and of propagating a much more strong, beautiful, active, healthy, wise, and virtuous race of human beings, than the present puny, insignificant, foolish, peevish, vicious, and nonsensical race of Christians, who quarrel, fight, bite, devour, and cut one another's throats, about they know not what!!!" Such were part of the *ipsissima verba* of one of his many eccentric advertisements in the London papers; and it must be allowed, that he had the merit, (if *merit* it may be styled) of erecting the most elegant and superb *bagno* that ever was invented, since the abolition of the public worship of Venus in Paphos and Cythera. All the exertions of the painter and statuary—all the enchantments of vocal and instrumental music, all the powers of electricity and magnetism, were called in to aid, enliven, and heighten the voluptuous

scene. Every pleasure of sense was rendered assistant and subservient to the principal gratification ; all the blandishments of Nature and ingenuities of art, that could delight the eye or ravish the ear—that could please the smell, give poignancy to the taste, or the most exquisite gratification to the touch of man and woman, were exhausted to complete the joys of this *Mohammedan Paradise*. Handsome females were exhibited naked before the audience. Lady Hamilton, the paramour of Nelson, is said to have made her first appearance here. And to crown all, the aid of oratory was called in, and the imagination was excited to its highest pitch, by the most luscious descriptions, (though in the most chaste language,) delivered by the doctor himself, in his *Eccentric Lecture on Generation* ; which he read in a most elegant and graceful manner to very crowded audiences.

It cannot be doubted, that such an exhibition, puffed away in all the London papers in the most extravagant terms, must have drawn a great deal of money from the votaries of pleasure ; yet, instead of making money by his temples and lectures, he only run himself in debt by the immense expense attending them. This appears the more surprising, as the doctor, so far from living luxuriously, not only abstained from wine, spirits, and all strong liquors, but even from animal food, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking nothing but cold water. Consistently with this abstinence, he recommended the same regimen to others, in a sermon which he preached in the Tolbooth, or jail, of Edinburgh, in 1783, and afterwards printed and sold for the benefit of his sister, on the text, *All flesh is grass*, Isa. xl. 6. The occasion of his imprisonment was this:—In the spring of 1784, while his Temple of Health was in its glory, he paid a second visit to his native city, and for the first time gave his fellow citizens a specimen of his rhetorical powers, by delivering his *Eccentric Lecture on Generation*, a subject which the magistrates of Edinburgh considered as so very improper for public discussion, that they exerted their authority to suppress it. Upon this our orator published a fresh advertisement, reflecting in the keenest terms upon the city magistrates, and containing such striking personal scurrility against a respectable member of council, that the magistrates incarcerated him in the tolbooth. Upon his applying, however, to the Lords of Session, by a bill of suspension, he got out of jail, and continued to deliver his eccentric lecture, as long as the public curiosity lasted. But though he, doubtless, collected money by this exhibition, he never afterwards recovered character in Scotland so as to be employed again in his medical capacity, by people of rank ;—not even by those to whom he had formerly been of signal service.

During the winter session of 1784, he took it into his head to attend the lectures of all the medical professors in the University of Edinburgh ; as well as those of the late Dr. John Brown, to whose erudition and abilities,

he paid very high compliments, although his system of medicine was diametrically opposite to his own. In 1785 and 1786, Dr. Graham visited Newcastle, and various other places in England; but in the end of 1787, he returned to Edinburgh in a new and extraordinary character, viz., that of a teacher sent from God, to announce the Millennium, the second coming of Christ, and the final consummation of all things. The cause of this phrensy some ascribed to his abstemious manner of living; others to his having changed too suddenly to that, from former habits of dissipation; others to distress of circumstances, and others to the large quantities of ether, which it is certain that at this time he daily swallowed. But whether all of these causes might not co-operate, certain it is, that the most fanatical enthusiasts in the darkest ages could not have published more ridiculous advertisements than the doctor at this time issued. He not only styled himself "*the servant of the Lord!* O! W. L!" (*i. e.*, as he explained it, "Oh wonderful love!") but commenced a new chronological era, dating his bills "the first, second, &c., days of the first month of the first year of the New Jerusalem Church!" But before the commencement of the second month, the servant of the Lord was most profanely confined, by order of the magistrates, not indeed in the tolbooth as formerly, but in his own house.

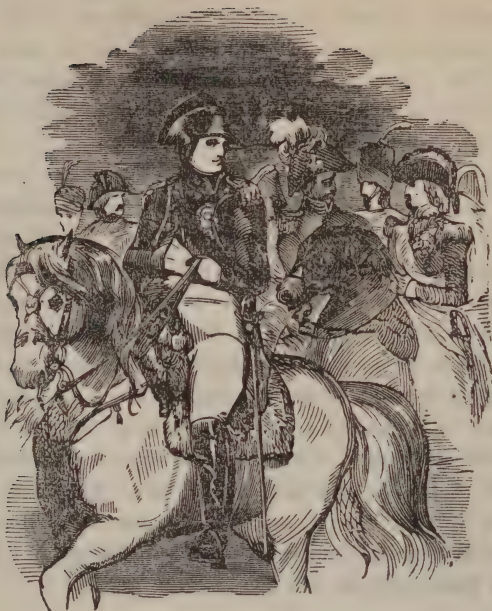
At last he was obliged to confess, that "he felt the devil, the world, and the flesh, too strong for him, and, therefore, he supposed that the Lord must look out for another forerunner of his second coming." Amidst all the eccentricities, however, of this singular character, it is but justice to mention, that on a variety of occasions, he has given proofs of a benevolent and charitable disposition; and what is still more to his honour, upon all occasions, when he visited Edinburgh, he paid the utmost attention and respect to his aged parents. It afforded, indeed, a singular contrast of character to observe him, at the very time he was giving public lectures, of such a nature, as, in the opinion of the magistrates, tended to excite all the young fellows in the city to those vices which youth are generally but too prone to, daily riding out in his coach with his parents, who were two of the most strict old-fashioned Calvinistic Presbyterians in the metropolis.

Amidst the various vicissitudes of Dr. Graham's life, nothing was more fortunate for him, than that one of his medical treatises should have proved beneficial to a gentleman of fortune at Geneva; who, as a mark of his esteem and gratitude, sent him a bond upon the Bank of England, settling on him an annuity of £50 a year for life. What this gentleman's disease was, or what the mode of cure recommended in the treatise, we have not heard; but among other eccentric methods of cure recommended to his patients by the doctor, one of the most extraordinary was his *burying them alive up to the neck in the earth* for ten or twelve hours together. This

method he practised himself, as well as recommended to his patients, but we have not heard any authentic accounts of a single cure made by this practice. On the contrary, his sister's husband who had been afflicted with a kind of dropsical swelling over great part of his body, underwent the operation, but died soon after the experiment.

The doctor's method of sleeping and clothing himself was, perhaps, as different from the ordinary practice as his regimen of eating and drinking. He made it a point to wear no woollen clothes, nor any thing made of any animal substance; and he slept upon a hair mattress, without feather bed or blankets, and with his windows open in all weathers and seasons. He alleged, and perhaps with some truth, that most of our diseases are occasioned by too much heat; and he carried his cooling regimen so far, that in 1787, he was in terms with the tacksman of the King's Park, for liberty to build a house upon the top of Arthur's Seat, in order to try how far he could bear the utmost degree of cold that the climate of Edinburgh affords; but, though the tacksman was willing, the noble proprietor could not be prevailed upon to give his consent, lest the number of the doctor's patients and visitors should destroy the grass in the park. This singular genius died at Edinburgh, on the 23d of June, 1794.





NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, the 15th of August, 1769. He was the second son (his brother Joseph being the eldest) of Carlo Bonaparte, and of Letizia Ramolini, both natives of Corsica. The house in which he was born forms one side of a court leading out of the Rue Charles. In his baptismal register,

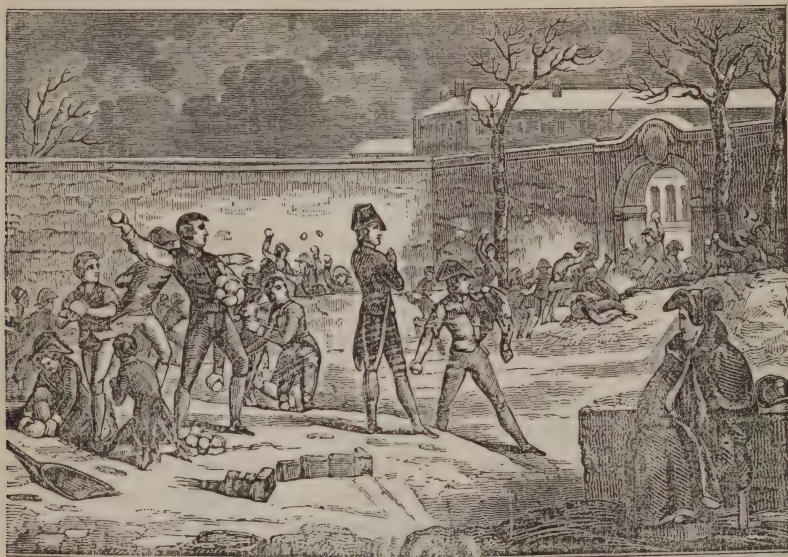
which is in the parish-books, his name is written Bonaparte, but his father generally signed himself Buonaparte, a mode of spelling which seems more accordant with Italian orthoepy, although there are other Italian names in which the first component part is written and pronounced *bona*, as, for instance, Bonaventura, Bonaccorsi, &c., besides common nouns, similarly compounded, such as bonarietâ, bonaccia, &c. This appears in itself a question of little moment, but it has been made the subject of much controversy, to which a sort of national importance has been given, as if the dropping of the *u* had been done for the purpose of Frenchifying the name. Bonaparte being a family name, the correctness of the spelling must depend upon custom, and we find that Napoleon, after he became general of the army of Italy, always signed his name without the *u*, probably, as Bourienne observes, because it was a shorter

way of signing, and probably also because it was better adapted to French pronunciation; it corresponded likewise to the common way of speaking of most Italians, who, with the exception of the Tuscans, pronounce in familiar conversation "bono," instead of "buono." Napoleon's name first became known to the world as Bonaparte, as such it is registered in his proclamations, despatches, and other documents, and as such, therefore, it ought to be written in history. His brothers have likewise adopted the same way of writing it.

Napoleon's father's family was originally from Tuscany, but had been settled in Corsica for several generations. There is a comedy written by one of his ancestors, Niccolò Buonaparte, of San Miniato, citizen of Florence, styled, "*La Vedova*," Florence, 1568 and 1592. There is likewise a narrative of the pillage of Rome, under Charles V., written by a Jacopo Buonaparte, "*Ragguaglio Storico del Sacco di Roma dell'anno 1527*." Cologne, 1736. Charles, Napoleon's father, was educated at Pisa for the profession of the law. Some relatives of the family still lived in Tuscany, and one of them was canon of San Miniato in Napoleon's time. Before the birth of Napoleon, his father had served under Paoli in the defence of his country against the French, to whom the Genoëse had basely sold the island. The entire submission of Corsica to France, took place in June, 1769, about a month before Napoleon's birth, who, therefore, legally speaking, was born a subject of France.

In the following September, when Count Marbœuf, the French commissioner, convoked by the king's letters patent the states of Corsica, consisting of three orders, nobility, clergy, and commons, the family of Bonaparte, having shown their titles, was registered among the nobility; and Charles, some years after, repaired to Paris, as member of a deputation of his order to Louis XVI. He was soon after appointed assessor to the judicial court of Ajaccio. He was then in straitened circumstances, as he had spent most of his little property in a bad speculation of some salt-pans, after having previously lost a lawsuit against the Jesuits, about an inheritance which he claimed. Through Count Marbœuf's interest, he obtained the admission of his son Napoleon to the military school of Brienne, as a king's pensioner. Napoleon left Corsica for Brienne, when he was in his tenth year, in April, 1779. At Brienne, where he passed five years and a half, he made great progress in mathematics, but showed less disposition for literature and the study of languages. Pichegru was for a time his monitor in the class of mathematics.

The annual report made to the king by M. de Keralio, inspector-general of the military schools of France, in 1784, has the following remarks on young Napoleon:—"Distinguished in mathematical studies, tolerably versed in history and geography, much behind in his Latin, and in belles lettres and other accomplishments; of regular habits, studious and well-behaved, and



NAPOLÉON AT BRIENNE.

enjoying excellent health." Much has been said of young Napoleon's taciturnity and moroseness while at school. Bourienne, who was his school-fellow, states the facts very simply. Napoleon was a stranger, for the French considered the Corsicans as such; he spoke his own dialect, until he learned French at the school; he had no connections in France, he was comparatively poor, and yet proud-minded, as Corsicans generally are; the other boys, more fortunate or more lively in their disposition, teased him and taunted him, and therefore he kept himself distant and was often alone. But that he was susceptible of social and friendly feelings towards those who showed him sympathy, his intimacy with Bourienne sufficiently proves. Many stories have also been told of his assuming an authority over his comrades, showing a precocious ambition, and an instinct for command; but these are flatly contradicted by Bourienne, with the exception that in one instance when the snow had fallen very thick on the ground, and the boys were at a loss what to do to amuse themselves, he proposed to make intrenchments with the snow, and to perform a sham attack, of which he was the leader.

There was nothing extraordinary in young Napoleon's school life; he was a clever, steady, studious lad, and nothing more. The school of Brienne was under the direction of the monks of the order of St. Francis de Paula, called "Minimi," and Bourienne speaks rather indifferently of their learning and system of education, though the teacher of mathematics

seems to have been a favourable exception. Bourienne also states that Napoleon had made more proficiency in history than the report above mentioned gives him credit for: his favourite authors were Cæsar, Plutarch, and Arrian; the last two he probably read in Latin, or perhaps French translations, for he does not appear to have studied Greek.

Napoleon left Brienne in October, 1784: some say in 1783; but Bourienne is positive as to the date "17th October, 1784, after Napoleon had been five years and six months at Brienne," and he accompanied him part of the way to Paris, with four of his companions, to proceed to the military school there, to continue his course of studies, until he had attained the age required for entering the army. The Paris school, and the students' manner of living, were on an expensive footing, which shocked young Napoleon, who wrote to Father Berton, his superior at Brienne, a long letter, in which he forcibly exposed the error of such a system of education, as luxury and comforts were a bad preparation for the hardships and privations attendant on the military profession.

Bourienne gives a copy of this remarkable letter. In the regulations which he afterwards drew up for his military school at Fontainebleau, Napoleon followed the principles he had thus early manifested. Napoleon's spirit of observation, his active and inquisitive character, his censorious frankness, would appear to have excited the attention of the superiors of the Paris school, who hastened the epoch of his examination, as if anxious to get rid of a troublesome guest. He was likewise remarked for the wild energy and strange amplifications in his style of expressing himself when excited, a peculiarity which distinguished many of his subsequent speeches and proclamations. In September, 1785, he left the school, and received his commission as sub-lieutenant in the regiment of artillery de la Fere, and was soon after promoted to a first-lieutenancy in the artillery regiment of Grenoble, stationed at Valence. His father had just died at Montpellier of a scirrhus in the stomach. An old great-uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien of Ajaccio, now acted as father to the family; he was rich, and Charles had left his children poor. Napoleon's elder brother Joseph, after receiving his education at the College of Autun, in Burgundy, returned to Corsica, where his mother, sisters, and younger brothers resided, as well as a half-brother of his mother, of the name of Fesch, whose father had been an officer in a Swiss regiment in the Genoese service, formerly stationed in Corsica.

Napoleon, while at Valence with his regiment, was allowed 1200 francs yearly from his family, probably from the archdeacon, which, added to his pay, enabled him to live comfortably and to go into company. He appears to have entered cheerfully into the sports and amusements of his brother-officers, while at the same time he did not neglect improving himself in the studies connected with his profession. While at Valence, he wrote:

dissertation in answer to Raynal's question, "What are the principles and institutions by which mankind can obtain the greatest possible happiness?" He sent his MS. anonymously to the Academy of Lyons, which adjudged to him the prize attached to the best essay on the subject. Many years after, when at the height of his power, he happened to mention the circumstance, and Talleyrand having sought the forgotten MS. among the archives of the Academy, presented it to him one morning. Napoleon, after reading a few pages of it, threw it into the fire, and no copy having been taken of it, we do not know what his early ideas might have been about the happiness of mankind.

Napoleon had become acquainted with Raynal while at Paris. Having made an excursion from Valence to Mont Cenis, he designed writing a "sentimental journey," in imitation of Sterne's work, translations of which were much read in France at the time, but he ultimately resisted the temptation. The first outbreaking of the Revolution found him at Valence with his regiment. He took a lively interest in the proceedings of the first National Assembly. The officers of his regiment, like those of the army in general, were divided into royalists and democrats; several of the former emigrated to join the Prince of Condé. Napoleon, however, refused to follow the same course: he took the popular side, and his example and his arguments influenced many of his brother officers in the regiment. In 1792, Napoleon became a captain in the regiment of Grenoble artillery, his promotion being favoured probably by the emigration of so many officers. By others it is stated that he was made a captain in July, 1793, after his return from Corsica. He, however, was at Paris in 1792, and there met his old friend Bourienne, with whom he renewed his intimacy. He appears to have been then unemployed, probably unattached, while the army was undergoing a new organization.

Napoleon and Bourienne happened to be, on the 20th of June, 1792, at a coffee-house in the street St. Honoré, when the mob from the faux-bourgs (a motley crowd, armed with pikes, sticks, axes, &c.) were proceeding to the Tuileries. "Let us follow this *canaille*," whispered Napoleon to his friend. They went accordingly, and saw the mob break into the palace without any opposition, and the king afterwards appear at one of the windows with the red cap on his head. "It is all over henceforth with that man!" exclaimed Napoleon; and returning with his friend to the coffee-house to dinner, he explained to Bourienne all the consequences he foresaw from the degradation of the monarchy on that fatal day, now and then exclaiming indignantly, "How could they allow those despicable wretches to enter the palace! why a few discharges of grape-shot amongst them would have made them all take to their heels; they would be running yet at this moment!" He was collected and extremely grave all the remainder of that day; the sight had made a deep impression upon him.

He witnessed also the scenes of the 10th of August, after which he left Paris to return to his family in Corsica.

General de Paoli then held the chief authority in that island from the king and the French National Assembly, and Napoleon was appointed by him to the temporary command of a battalion of national guards. Paoli had approved of the constitutional monarchy in France, but not of the excesses of the Jacobins, nor of the attempts to establish a republic. Factions had broken out in Corsica also, which Paoli endeavoured to repress. In January, 1793, a French fleet, under Admiral Truguet, sailed for Toulon, for the purpose of attacking the Island of Sardinia. Napoleon, with his battalion, was ordered to make a diversion by taking possession of the small islands which lie on the northern coast of Sardinia, which he effected; but Truguet's fleet having been repulsed in the attack upon Cagliari, Napoleon returned to Corsica with his men. Paoli had now openly renounced all obedience to the French Convention, and called upon his countrymen to shake off its yoke.

Napoleon, on the contrary, rallied with the French troops under Lacombe St. Michel and Saliceti, and he was sent with a body of men to attack his native town, Ajaccio, which was in possession of Paoli's party. He, however, did not succeed, and was obliged to return to Bastia. The English fleet soon after appeared on the coast, landed troops, and assisted Paoli, and the French were obliged to quit the island. Napoleon also left it about May, 1793, and his mother and sisters with him. After seeing them safe to Marseilles, he went to join the fourth regiment of artillery, which was stationed at Nice, with the army intended to act against Italy. So, at least, his brother Louis says, but, from Las Cases's account, it would appear that he repaired to Paris to ask for active employment. It was during his short residence at Marseilles, and in the neighbourhood, that he wrote a political pamphlet, called *Le Souper de Beaucaire*, a supposed conversation between men of different parties: a Marseillaise, a man of Nismes, a military man, and a manufacturer of Montpellier. Bonaparte speaks his own sentiments as the military man, and recommends union and obedience to the Convention, against which the Marseillaise were then in a state of revolt. This curious pamphlet became very rare afterwards.

Napoleon was said to have suppressed it. Bourienne gives a copy of it from a MS. given to him by Bonaparte, in 1795. His language was then strongly republican, though not of that turgid, absurd strain, which was then so much in vogue, and of which some specimens signed Brutus Bonaparte, appeared in the papers of the day. Napoleon, in his memoirs, disavows these, and says, that, "perhaps, they were the productions of his brother Lucien, who was then a much more violent Democrat than himself."

Bonaparte was at Paris in September, 1793. Being known as a good

artillery officer, he was sent to join the besieging army before Toulon, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and with a letter for Cartaux, the republican general, a vain, vulgar, and extremely ignorant man. Napoleon himself has given, in Las Cases's journal, a most amusing account of his first interview with Cartaux, of the wretched state in which he found the artillery, of the total want of common sense in the dispositions that had been made for the attack, of his own remonstrances, of his difficulty in making Cartaux understand the simplest notions concerning a battery, &c.

At last, luckily for him, Gasparin, a commissioner from the Convention, arrived at the camp. He had seen a little service, and understood Bonaparte's plain statements. A council of war was assembled; and although the orders of the Convention were to attack Toulon and carry the town, Napoleon succeeded in persuading them to attack first the outer works that commanded the harbour, the taking of which would insure the surrender of the place. It was decided that Bonaparte's plan should be adopted, even at the serious risk of incurring the displeasure of the Convention. Soon after, Cartaux was recalled, and another mock general, a physician, was sent in his place, but he was soon frightened away by the whistling of the shots.

Dugommier, a brave veteran, then came to command the besieging army, and he and Bonaparte agreed perfectly. Napoleon constructed his batteries with great skill; and having opened his fire with great effect, the works which commanded the harbour were carried by the French, after a sharp resistance from the English, in which the British commander, General O'Hara, was taken prisoner, and Bonaparte received a bayonet wound. Upon this the evacuation of the place was resolved upon by the allies, as Bonaparte had foreseen. A scene of confusion, destruction, and conflagration took place, which it is not within our object to dwell upon: the English, Spanish, and Neapolitan fleets sailed out of the harbour, carrying along with them about fourteen thousand of the inhabitants, whose only safety was in flight. The deputies of the Convention, Barras, Freron, Fouché, and the younger Robespierre, entered Toulon, and exercised their vengeance upon the few that remained, four hundred of whom were assembled in the square and exterminated by grape-shot. Bonaparte says that neither he nor the regular troops had any thing to do with this butchery, which was executed by what was called "the revolutionary army," a set of wretches, the real sans culottes of Paris and other towns, who followed the army as volunteers.

Throughout that frightful period which has been styled "the reign of terror," it was not, generally speaking, the officers of the regular army, but the civilians, the deputies of the Convention attached to the armies, who directed and presided at the massacres. There is an atrocious letter

by Fouché to Collot d'Herbois, testifying his joy at the extermination of the rebels; and another from Saliceti, Barras, and Freron, jointly expressing the same sentiments.



IN consequence of his services at the taking of Toulon, Bonaparte was recommended by General Dugommier for promotion, and was accordingly raised to the rank of brigadier-general of artillery, in February, 1794, with the chief command of that department of the army in the south. In this capacity he inspected the coasts, ordered the weak points to be fortified, strengthened the fortifications already existing, and displayed his ability in these matters. He then joined the army under General Dumorbion, which was stationed at the foot of the Maritime Alps, and with which he made the campaign of 1794 against the Piedmontese troops. In that campaign, the French disregarding the neutrality of Genoa, and advancing by Ventimiglia and San Remo, turned the Piedmontese position at Saorgio, obtained possession of the Col de Tende, and penetrated into the valleys on the Piedmontese side of the Alps. A battle was fought at Cairo, in the valley of the Bormida, 21st September, in which the French had the advantage. But the rainy season coming on, terminated the campaign, in which Bonaparte had taken an important part, together with Massena.

Previous, however, to the battle of Cairo, Bonaparte had run considerable risk from the factions that divided France. On the 13th July, 1794, the Deputies of the Convention who were superintending the operations of the army gave him a commission to proceed to Genoa, with secret instructions to examine the state of the fortifications as well as the nature of the country, and also to observe the conduct of the Genoese government towards the English and other belligerent powers. These instructions were dated Loano, and signed Ricord. Ricord and the younger Robespierre were then commissioners. Bonaparte went to Genoa, and fulfilled his commission. Meantime, the revolution of the 9th and 10th Thermidor (27th and 28th July) took place, Robespierre fell, and his party was proscribed. Albitte, Saliceti, and Laporte, were the new commissioners appointed to the army of Italy.

On Bonaparte's return from Genoa to head-quarters, he was placed under arrest, his papers were seized, and an order was issued by the commissioners, stating that he had lost their confidence by his suspicious conduct, and especially by his journey to Genoa; he was suspended from his functions of commander of the artillery, and ordered to proceed to Paris under an escort to appear before the Committee of Public Safety. This order was dated Barcelonnette, 6th August, and signed by the three commissioners, and countersigned by Dumorbion, general-in-chief. Bonaparte remained under arrest for a fortnight. He wrote a pithy remonstrance, which he

addressed to Albitte and Saliceti, without taking any notice of the third commissioner Laporte. In it he complains of being disgraced, and having his character injured without trial: he appeals to his known patriotism, his services, his attachment to the principles of the Revolution; he appeals to Saliceti, who had known him, he says, for five years, &c.

This remonstrance induced the commissioners to make a more precise investigation of the affair; and the result was a counter order from them, dated Nice, 20th August, stating that citizen Bonaparte had been arrested in consequence of measures of general safety after the death of the traitor Robespierre; but that the commissioners "having examined his conduct previous to his journey to Genoa, and also the report of that mission, had not found any positive reason to justify the suspicions they might have entertained of his conduct and principles, and that considering moreover the advantage derived from his military information and knowledge of localities to the service of the republic, they, the commissioners, order him to be restored *provisionally* to liberty, and to remain at head-quarters until further instructions from the Committee of Public Safety." This curious document serves to show the kind of justice dealt out by the French republic in those times. Bonaparte, however, seems to have had no further annoyance on the subject. The real grounds of his accusation have never been known; and he himself, at the close of his life, professed himself to be ignorant of them.

After the close of the campaign of 1794, Bonaparte repaired to Marseilles, where his family then was. It would seem that he had been superseded in his command of the artillery, for we find him early in the following year at Paris soliciting employment. Aubry, an old officer of artillery, was then president of the military committee. Bonaparte was coldly received by this officer, who made some remarks on his youth, which Bonaparte resented; Aubry then appointed him general of a brigade of infantry, in the army of La Vendée, an appointment which he refused, considering it a sort of degradation. He remained therefore without active employment, retaining his rank of general of brigade. He now took lodgings in the Rue du Mail, near the Place des Victoires, and led a private life. Bourienne states that he had then some idea of going into the Turkish service, and gives a copy of a project which Bonaparte laid before the war-office, showing the advantages that would result to France by forming a closer connection with the Porte, and sending officers of artillery with a body of gunners to instruct the troops of the sultan.

Meantime, a new crisis arrived in the affairs of France. The Convention had framed a new constitution, establishing a council of elders, a council of juniors, and an executive directory of five members. This is known by the name of the Constitution of the year III., and was in fact the third constitution proclaimed since the beginning of the Revolution. But the Con-

vention, previously to its own dissolution, passed a resolution to the effect, that at least two-thirds of the members of the two legislative councils should be taken from the members of the actual Convention. This resolution was laid before the primary assemblies of the departments, and every kind of influence, legal and illegal, was used to insure its approbation. The department of Paris, however, refused; and the sections or districts of that city being assembled, demanded a strict scrutiny of the returns of the votes of the assemblies of the departments, and protested against the attempt of the Convention to perpetuate its own power. They declared they would no longer obey the orders of that body. It was said that the sections were urged or encouraged in their resistance by the royalists, who hoped to derive benefit from it. But it is also well known that the Convention, many of whose members were implicated in the bloodshed and atrocities of the Reign of Terror, was odious to the Parisians. On the other side, the members of the Convention, for this very reason, were afraid of returning to the rank of private citizens. They determined, therefore, to risk every thing in order to carry their object by force. They had at their disposal about five thousand regular troops in or near Paris, with a considerable quantity of artillery, and a body of volunteers from the suburbs. The command of these forces was given to Barras, a leading member of the Convention, who had mainly contributed to the fall of Robespierre. Barras, who had been acquainted with Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon, proposed to intrust him with the actual direction of the troops for the defence of the Convention.

Bonaparte was also known to Carnot and Tallien, and other members of the Convention, as an able artillery officer. The choice being unanimously approved, Bonaparte quickly drew his line of defence round the Tuileries, where the Convention was sitting, and along the adjoining quay on the north bank of the Seine. He depended mainly upon his cannon loaded with grape-shot, which he had placed at the head of the various avenues through which the national guards, the force of the citizens, must advance. The national guards had no cannon. They advanced on the morning of the 13th Vendemiaire, (4th October, 1795,) nearly thirty thousand in number, in several columns, along the quays and the street of St. Honoré. As soon as they were within musket-shot, they were ordered to disperse in the name of the Convention; they answered by discharging their firelocks, and their fire was returned by discharges of grape-shot and canister, which did great execution among the thick masses, cooped up in narrow streets. They however returned several times to the charge, and attempted but in vain to carry the guns; the fire of the cannon swept away the foremost, and threw the rest into disorder.

Foiled at all points, after two hours' fighting, the national guards withdrew in the evening to their respective districts, where they made a stand in some churches and other buildings; but being followed by the troops of

the Convention, their disunited resistance was of no avail ; they were obliged to surrender, and were disarmed in the night. By the next morning all Paris was subdued. The Convention and its troops did not use their victory with cruelty ; except those who were killed in the fight, few of the citizens were put to death, and only two of the leaders were publicly executed, others being sentenced to transportation. General Berruyer, Verdier, and others, served with Bonaparte on the occasion, but to Bonaparte chiefly the merit of the victory was justly attributed. He was appointed by a decree of the Convention second in command of the army of the interior, Barras retaining the nominal chief command himself ; and soon after the new constitution coming into operation, Barras, being appointed one of the directors, resigned his military command, and Bonaparte became general of the interior.

About this time, Bonaparte became acquainted with Josephine Beauharnois, a native of Martinique, and the widow of the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnois. This lady had suffered imprisonment, but was liberated at the fall of Robespierre. The Director Barras, an old acquaintance of her husband, frequented her society, and she was also intimate with Madame Tallien, and other persons of note and influence at that time. She was amiable, elegant, and accomplished. Bonaparte saw her often, and became attached to her. She was several years older than he was. He was now rapidly rising in his fortunes, and his marriage with a lady of rank and fashion, (for rank, although nominally proscribed, began again to exercise a sort of influence in society,) who was upon terms of intimacy with the political leaders of that period, could not but prove advantageous to him. Such was the advice given to him by his friends, and particularly, it is reported, by Talleyrand. Barras, having heard of the projected marriage, approved of it also.

Meantime, Bonaparte had been applying to Carnot, the then minister at war, for active employment. The directors had at that time turned their attention towards Italy, where the French army, under General Scherer, was making no great progress. After gaining a victory over the Austrians at Loano, in November, 1795, the French were still cooped up in the western Riviera of Genoa, between the mountains and the sea, without being able to penetrate into Piedmont ; and this was the fourth year of that war carried on at the foot or in the defiles of the Alps and the Ligurian Apennines. Barras and Carnot agreed to give Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy, and the other directors approved of it.

This appointment was signed the 23d February, 1796 ; on the 9th of March following he married Josephine, and a few days after parted from his bride to assume the command of the army of Italy. The stories that have been propagated about his marriage being made the condition of his appointment, and all the innuendoes built upon that assumption, appear to have

no foundation. He was appointed to the army of Italy, because he was thought capable of succeeding, because he was already acquainted with the ground ; perhaps also it was thought that his Italian origin might afford him facilities with the people of that country ; and lastly, because the directors were not sorry to have a general at the head of one of their armies who was a man of their choice, and seemingly dependent upon their favour, one whose growing reputation might serve as a counterpoise to the widely-extended popularity of Moreau, Pichegru, Hoche, and the other generals of the first years of the Republic.

The army at Bonaparte's disposal consisted of about fifty thousand men, of whom only two-thirds were fit for the field. It was in a wretched state as to clothing, and ill supplied with provisions ; the pay of the soldiers was in arrears, and the army was almost without horses. The discipline also was very relaxed. The Piedmontese and Austrian combined army was commanded by Beaulieu, a gallant veteran, past seventy years of age : it was posted along the ridge of the Apennines, at the foot of which the French were advancing. Bonaparte, in his despatches to the Directory, stated the allied armies at seventy-five thousand men, and his own effective troops at thirty-five thousand. On the 27th of March he arrived at Nice, and immediately moving his head-quarters to Albenga, pushed his advanced guard as far as Voltri, near Genoa. Beaulieu, with the Austrians' left, attacked Voltri and drove the French back ; he at the same time ordered D'Argenteau, who commanded his centre, to descend by Montenotte upon Savona, and thus take the French in flank. On this road the French Colonel Rampon was posted with fifteen hundred men on the heights of Montelegrino. He was repeatedly attacked on the 10th April, by D'Argenteau, but stood firm, and all the assaults of the Austrians could not dislodge him from the redoubt. This gave time to Bonaparte to collect his forces, and to march round in the night by Altare to the rear of D'Argenteau, whom he attacked on every side on the following day, and obliged to make a disorderly retreat beyond Montenotte after losing the best part of his division, before Beaulieu, on the left, or Colli, who commanded the Piedmontese at Ceva on the right, could come to his support.

Bonaparte had now pushed into the valley of the Bormida, between the two wings of the allied army. Beaulieu and Colli hastened to repair this disaster, and re-establish their communications by Millesimo and Dego. On the 13th of April, Bonaparte sent Augereau to attack Millesimo, which he carried ; but the Austrian General Provera, with two thousand men, threw himself into the old castle of Cossaria on the summit of a hill, where he withstood all the assaults of the French for that day. Two French general officers were killed in leading the attack, and another, Joubert, was severely wounded. On the 14th the whole of the two armies were engaged. Colli, after an unsuccessful endeavour to relieve Provera, was driven back towards

Ceva, while Massena attacked Beaulieu at Dego, and forced him to retire towards Acqui. Provera, without provisions or water, was obliged to surrender.

The Piedmontese were now completely separated from the Austrians, which was the great object of Bonaparte's movements. The French remained for the night at Magliani, near Dego. All at once, early in the morning of the 15th, an Austrian division 5000 strong, under General Wukassowich, coming from Voltri by Sassello, and expecting to find their countrymen at Dego, were astonished to find the French there, who were equally surprised at seeing the Austrians, whom they had driven far away in their front, reappear in their rear. Wukassowich did not hesitate; he charged into the village of Magliani, and took it. Massena hurried to the spot to drive away the Austrians; Laharpe came also with reinforcements, but they could not succeed, until Bonaparte himself came and led a fresh charge, and at last obliged Wukassowich to retire. This was called the battle of Dego, but more properly of Magliani, the last of a series of combats which opened to Bonaparte the road into the plains of North Italy.

Beaulieu retired to the Po, with the intention of defending the Milanese territory, leaving Colli and the Piedmontese to their fate. Bonaparte turned against Colli, drove him from Ceva, and afterwards from Mondovi, and beyond Cherasco. Colli withdrew to Carignano, near Turin. The provinces of Piedmont, south of the Po, were now open to the French; the king, Victor Amadeus III., became alarmed, and asked for a truce, which Bonaparte granted on condition that the fortresses of Cuneo and Tortona should be placed in his hands. A peace was afterwards made between the king and the Directory, by which the other Piedmontese fortresses and all the passes of the Alps were given up to the French, and Piedmont in fact was surrendered at discretion. This defection of the king of Sardinia ensured the success of the French army. From his head-quarters at Cherasco, Bonaparte issued an order to his soldiers, in which, after justly praising their valour, and recapitulating their successes, he promised to lead them on to further victory, but enjoined them at the same time to desist from the frightful course of plunder and violence which had already marked their progress into Italy.

Being now safe with regard to Piedmont, Bonaparte advanced to encounter Beaulieu, who had posted himself on the left bank of the Po, opposite to Valenza, his troops extending eastward as far as Pavia. Bonaparte made a feint of crossing the river at Valenza, while he despatched a body of cavalry along the right bank into the state of Parma, where they met with no enemy, seized some boats near Piacenza, crossed over to the Milanese side, and dispersed some Austrian piquets who were posted there; Bonaparte, quickly following with a chosen body of infantry, crossed the river nearly thirty miles below Pavia. Beaulieu was now obliged to fall back



PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF LODI

upon the Adda after a sharp engagement at Fombio, on the road from Piacenza to Milan. Milan was evacuated by the Austrians with the exception of the castle. Bonaparte resolved to dislodge Beaulieu from his new position, and accordingly he attacked the bridge of Lodi, on the Adda, which the Austrians defended with a numerous artillery. He carried it by the daring bravery of his grenadiers and the bad dispositions of the Austrian commander, who had not placed his infantry near enough to support his guns. The Austrian army was panic-struck. Beaulieu attempted to defend the line of the Mincio, but he had only time to throw a garrison into Mantua, and then withdraw behind the Adige into the Tyrol. Bonaparte took possession of Milan and of all Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua, which he blockaded. Thus ended the first Italian campaign of 1796.

At the first entrance of the French the people of Lombardy showed a quiet, passive spirit. There was no enthusiasm among them either for or against the invaders; they had enjoyed half a century of peace under the administration of Austria, which under Maria Theresa and Joseph had effected many useful reforms, and acted in an enlightened, liberal spirit. The country was rich and thriving, as it always must be from its natural fertility as long as it enjoys peace and security to property.

The Milanese looked upon the French invasion rather with wonder than either satisfaction or hostility. Ideas of a republic existed only in a few speculative heads; but there were many who sided with the French, in order to share their superiority and advantages as conquerors. The people of the towns behaved hospitably to the French troops, who on their side maintained a stricter discipline than they had done in passing through

Piedmont. But the army was to be supported, equipped, and paid by the conquered countries ; such was the system of the Directory and of Bonaparte. The Directory, besides, wished to receive a share of the golden harvest to recruit its own finances, and its orders were to draw money from all the Italian states. Bonaparte accordingly put upon Lombardy a contribution of twenty millions of francs, which fell chiefly on the rich proprietors and the ecclesiastical bodies. Meantime he authorized the commissaries to seize provisions, stores, horses, and other things required, giving cheques to be paid out of the contributions. This was done in the towns with a certain regularity, but in the country places, away from the eyes of the general, the commissaries and soldiers often seized whatever they liked without any acknowledgment. The owners who remonstrated were insulted or ill used ; and many of the Italians calling themselves republicans assisted the French in the work of plunder, of which they took their share. The horses and carriages of the nobility were seized, because it was said they belonged to the aristocrats. All property belonging, or supposed to belong, to the archduke and the late government, was sequestered. But an act which exasperated the Milanese was the violation of the Monte di Piet  of Milan, a place of deposit for plate, jewels, &c., which were either left for security, or as pledges for money lent upon them. The Monte was broken into by orders from Bonaparte and Saliceti, who accompanied the army as commissioner of the Directory. They seized upon this deposit of private property, took away the most valuable objects, and sent them to Genoa to be at the disposal of the Directory. Many of the smaller articles belonged to poor people ; many were placed there by the parents of young girls as a dowry when they came to be married. Although these smaller objects were not intended by Bonaparte to be detained, yet in the disorder of the seizure many of them disappeared, and a report spread through Milan that all had been seized. The same thing had been practised at Piacenza when Bonaparte and Saliceti passed through it ; and afterwards the plunder, either partial or entire, of the Monte di Piet , became a common practice of the French army in all the towns they entered.



THESE excesses led to insurrections in different parts of the country, in which French soldiers were killed by the peasantry. The inhabitants of Binasco, a large village between Milan and Pavia, rose and killed a number of the French and their Italian partisans. The country people ran towards Pavia, and were joined by the lower classes of that town, who had been irritated at the hoisting of a tree of liberty in one of their squares, where an equestrian statue of an emperor had been thrown down by the republicans. On the 23d of May, Pavia was in open insurrection. The French soldiers took refuge in the castle ; those scattered about the town

were seized and ill-treated; some were killed, but most had their lives saved by the interference of the municipal magistrates and other respectable people. General Haquin, who happened to pass through on his way to Milan, was attacked by the frantic populace and wounded, but the magistrates, at their own risk, saved his life. In all this tumult the country people were the chief actors, by the acknowledgment of Haquin himself. Bonaparte, alarmed by this movement in his rear, and at the possibility of its spreading, determined to make an example, and "strike terror into the people," a sentence which was afterwards frequently carried into effect in the progress of his arms. A strong body of French troops marched on Binasco, killed or dispersed the inhabitants, burned the place, and then marched against Pavia, which being a walled town was capable of making some defence. Bonaparte sent the archbishop of Milan, who, from the balcony of the town-house, addressed the multitude, and exhorted them to lay down their arms and quietly to disperse, explaining to them the futility of their attempts at resistance. The ignorant and deluded people would not listen to his advice; the French soon forced one of the gates, and the cavalry entering the town, cut down all they met in the streets. The country people ran away by the other gates, and left the unfortunate city to the conqueror. Bonaparte then deliberately ordered Pavia to be given up to plunder for twenty-four hours, as if Pavia had been a fortified town taken by storm, and while it was well known that the great majority of the inhabitants had taken no part in the insurrection, and had made no resistance to the French. This order was publicly signified to the inhabitants and the troops, and during the rest of that day, 25th of May, and the whole of that night, the soldiers rioted in plunder, debauchery, and every sort of violence within the houses of the unfortunate Pavese. Murder, however, was not added to pillage and rape, and it is recorded that several of the French officers and soldiers spared the honour and property of those who were at their mercy, and screened them at the risk of their lives from their more brutal companions. Next morning, (the 26th,) at twelve o'clock, the pillage ceased, but Pavia for a long time felt the effects of this cruel treatment. It is not true, as has been stated by some, that the municipal magistrates were shot; they were only sent for a time as hostages to France. Four of the leaders of the insurrection were publicly executed, and about one hundred had been killed on the first irruption of the French into the city. The university, and the houses of some of the professors, Spallanzani's in particular, were exempted from pillage. General Haquin, who was sent after this to Pavia as governor, endeavoured to heal the wounds of that fatal day.

Bonaparte imposed on the Duke of Parma, who had not yet acknowledged the French Republic, a sort of peace, on condition of his paying to France a million and a half of francs, besides giving provisions and clothes

for the army, and twenty of his best paintings to be sent to Paris. The Duke of Modena, alarmed for his own safety, fled to Venice with the greater part of his treasures, leaving a regency at Modena, who sent to Bonaparte to sue for peace. Modena had committed no hostilities against France, but the duke was allied to the house of Austria, by the marriage of his daughter with one of the archdukes: he was also considered as a feudatory of the emperor of Germany. He was required to pay six millions of francs in cash, besides two millions more in provisions, cattle, horses, carts, &c., and fifteen of his choice paintings; but as he was not quick enough in paying the whole of the money, his duchy was taken from him a few months after. The Directory wanted cash, and Bonaparte says, that he sent, during his first Italian campaigns, fifty millions of francs from Italy to Paris.

The Grand-duke of Tuscany, although brother to the Emperor of Austria, was an independent sovereign; he had long acknowledged the French Republic, and kept an ambassador at Paris; but the Directory ordered Bonaparte to seize Leghorn, and confiscate the property of the English, Austrians, Portuguese, and other enemies of the republic. Bonaparte executed the order, took Leghorn without any opposition, put a garrison in it, seized the English, Portuguese, and other goods in the warehouses, which were sold by auction, and insisted upon the native merchants delivering up all the property in their hands belonging to the enemies of the French republic. The Leghornese merchants, to avoid this odious act, agreed to pay five millions of francs, as a ransom for the whole. The pope's turn came next. That sovereign was really in a state of hostility towards the French republic, which he had never acknowledged, in consequence of the abolition of the Catholic church in France. On the 18th of June, the French entered Bologna, whence Bonaparte ordered away the papal authorities, and established a municipal government. He did the same at Ferrara; and at the same time laid heavy contributions on both those provinces. The Monte di Pietà, of Bologna, shared the same fate as that of Milan, only the deposits or pledges (not exceeding two hundred livres each £8 sterling) were ordered to be returned to the owners. The people of Lugo, a town between Imola and Ravenna, rose against the invaders. Augereau was sent against Lugo: after three hours' fight, in which one thousand of the natives, and two hundred French soldiers fell, Lugo was taken, given up to plunder, and partly burnt: the women and children were spared. Proclamations were then issued that every town or village that took up arms against the French should be burnt, and that every individual, not a regular soldier taken with arms in his hands, should be put to death; and yet the French had loudly exclaimed against the Duke of Brunswick for using a similar threat when he entered France in 1792.

The court of Rome was now in great alarm, and Pius VI. sent envoys to Bonaparte to sue for terms. An armistice was signed on the 23d of June, preparatory to a definitive treaty of peace between the pope and the Directory. The conditions of the armistice were, that the pope should give up the provinces of Ferrara and Bologna, and the citadel of Ancona, should close his ports against the enemies of France, should pay fifteen millions of livres in gold or silver, and six millions in goods, provisions, horses, cattle, &c., besides surrendering a certain number of paintings, statues, vases, and five hundred manuscripts, at the choice of the commissaries sent by the Directory. This new species of spoliation, unprecedented in modern history, was brought into a regular system, and carried on in all countries conquered by the French armies until the fall of Napoleon. Some of the scientific and learned men of France, among whom were Monge and Berthollet, went in succession to Parma, Milan, Bologna, Rome, and afterwards to Venice and Naples, to take an inventory of the works of art, from among which they chose the best and sent them to Paris.

While these things were going on south of the Po, the court of Vienna was preparing a fresh army for the recovery of Lombardy. Marshal Wurmser, a veteran officer of considerable reputation, was detached with thirty thousand men, from the Austrian army of the Rhine, and marched into the Tyrol, where he collected the remains of Beaulieu's troops and the Tyrolese levies, forming altogether an army of between fifty and sixty thousand men. Bonaparte's army was not quite fifty thousand, of which part was stationed round Mantua to blockade that fortress, which was garrisoned by eight thousand Austrians.

Towards the end of July, Wurmser, with the main body of his troops, advanced from Trento by the Eastern shore of the Lake of Garda, towards Verona, while another corps under Quosnadovich marched by the western shore to Salò and Brescia, from which places they drove the French away. Bonaparte, after some hesitation, hastily raised the siege of Mantua, leaving his battering train, and collected the best part of his forces to meet Quosnadovich as the weaker of the two generals. He attacked him at Lonato, drove him back into the mountains, and then turned quickly to the right to face Wurmser, who, having passed Verona, had entered Mantua, destroyed the French intrenchments, and was now advancing by Castiglione, from whence he had driven away the French under General Valette.

This was a critical moment in Bonaparte's career, and it is said he was in doubt whether to fall back on the Po, but was dissuaded by Augereau. On the 3d of August, the French retook Castiglione, after an obstinate combat. Wurmser, however, took up a position near the town, where he was attacked again on the 5th, and completely defeated, with the loss of

his cannon and several thousand men. Wurmser withdrew beyond the Mincio, and afterwards up the Adige into the Tyrol, followed by the French, who attacked and defeated an Austrian division at Roveredo, on the 4th September, and entered the city of Trento.

Wurmser then suddenly crossed the mountains that divide the valley of the Adige from that of the Brenta, and entered Bassano, where he was joined by some reinforcements from Carinthia, intending to march down again towards Verona and Mantua. But Bonaparte followed him quickly by the same road, and attacked and routed him at Bassano.

Wurmser had now hardly sixteen thousand men left, and his artillery being lost, and his retreat cut off, he took the bold resolution to cut his way to Mantua, and shut himself up in that fortress. With a rapidity of movements then unusual in an Austrian army, he avoided the French divisions moving against him from various quarters, surprised the bridge of Legnago, passed the Adige, marched day and night, followed by Bonaparte, beat a French division at Cerea, cut down several other bodies who attempted to oppose him, and at last reached Mantua on the 14th of September. Thus, in the course of six weeks, a second Austrian army was destroyed in detail. The rapidity of movements of the French divisions, and the intricacy of their manœuvres can only be appreciated by an attentive examination of the map of the country.

A third general and a third army were sent by Austria into Italy in the autumn of the same year. Marshal Alvinzi, an officer of some reputation, advanced from Carinthia by the way of Belluno with thirty thousand men, while General Davidowich, with twenty thousand, descended from the Tyrol by the valley of the Adige. They were to meet between Peschiera and Verona, and proceed to relieve Wurmser at Mantua. Bonaparte, who was determined to attack Alvinzi before he could form this junction, gave him battle at Le Nove, near Bassano, 6th November; but in spite of all the efforts of Massena and Augereau, he could not break the Austrian line, and next day he retreated by Vicenza to Verona.

On the same day, Vaubois, whom Bonaparte had opposed to Davidowich, was driven away from Trento and Roveredo with great loss, and obliged to fall back to Rivoli and La Corona. Had Davidowich followed up his success, he might have pushed on to the plains on the right bank of the Adige near Verona, and have placed Bonaparte in a very critical position, with Alvinzi in front, Davidowich on his flank, and Mantua in his rear. Instead of this, Davidowich stayed ten days at Roveredo.

Alvinzi, meantime, had advanced by Vicenza and Villanova to the heights of Caldiero facing Verona, where he waited for Davidowich's appearance. Bonaparte attempted, on the 12th November, to dislodge Alvinzi from Caldiero, but after considerable loss, he was obliged to withdraw his troops again to Verona. He wrote, next day, a desponding



PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLE.

letter to Paris, in which he recapitulates his losses, his best officers killed or wounded, his soldiers exhausted by fatigue, and he himself in danger of being surrounded. He, however, determined to make a last effort to dislodge Alvinzi by turning his position. With two divisions under Massena and Augereau he marched quietly out of Verona in the night of the 14th, followed the right bank of the Adige, crossed that river at Ronco early next morning, and moved quickly by a cross road leading through a marshy country towards Villanova in the rear of Alvinzi, where the Austrian baggage, stores, &c., were stationed. The Alpone, a mountain stream, ran between the French and Villanova. The French attempted to pass it by the bridge of Arcole, but found it defended, and this led to the celebrated battle of that name, which lasted three days, and which was unquestionably the hardest fought in all those Italian campaigns. On the 17th, Bonaparte succeeded in turning the position of Arcole, when Alvinzi thought it prudent to retire upon Vicenza and Bassano, where the Austrians took up their winter quarters. Bonaparte wrote to Carnot, after the action of the third day: "Never was a field so obstinately contested: our enemies were numerous and determined. I have

hardly any general officers left." They were almost all killed, wounded, or prisoners.

On the same day that Bonaparte obliged Alvinzi to retire from the Adige, Davidowich, rousing himself from his inconceivable inaction, pushed down by Ala on the Adige, drove Vaubois before him, and entered the plains between Peschiera and Verona. But it was now too late: Bonaparte turned against him, and obliged him quickly to retrace his steps to Ala and Roveredo. Thus ended the third campaign of the year 1796.

Bonaparte had now some leisure to turn his attention to the internal affairs of the conquered countries. The Milanese in general remained passive, but the people of Modena and Bologna seemed anxious to constitute themselves into an independent state. Bonaparte himself had not directly encouraged such manifestations, but his subalterns had; and indeed the revolt of Reggio, which was the first Italian city that proclaimed its independence, was begun by a body of Corsican pontoneers, who were passing through on their way to the army.

Bonaparte allowed Modena, Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara to form themselves into a republic, which was called Cispadana. As for the Milanese, the Directory wrote that it was not yet certain whether they should not be obliged to restore that country to the emperor at the peace. Bonaparte has clearly stated his policy at that time towards the North Italians, in a letter to the Directory, December 28th, 1796. "There are in Lombardy (Milanese) three parties: 1st, that which is subservient to France, and follows our directions; 2d, that which aims at liberty and a national government, and that with some degree of impatience; 3d, the party friendly to Austria, and hostile to us. I support the first, restrain the second, and put down the third. As for the states south of the Po, (Modena, Bologna, &c.), there are also there three parties: 1st, the friends of the old governments; 2d, the partisans of a free constitution, though somewhat aristocratical; 3d, the partisans of pure democracy. I endeavour to put down the first; I support the second, because it is the party of the great proprietors and of the clergy, who exercise the greatest influence over the masses of the people, whom it is our interest to win over to us; I restrain the third, which is composed chiefly of young men, of writers, and of people who, as in France and everywhere else, love liberty merely for the sake of revolution."

The pope found that he could not agree to a peace with the Directory, whose conditions were too hard, and consequently, after paying five millions of livres, he stopped all further remittance. Bonaparte, after disapproving in his despatches the abruptness of the Directory, and saying that it was impolitic to make too many enemies at once, while Austria was still in the field, repaired to Bologna, in January, 1797, to threaten the Roman states, when he heard that Alvinzi was preparing to move down again

upon the Adige. The Austrian marshal had received reinforcements which raised his army again to fifty thousand men. He marched them in several columns, threatening several points at once of the French line on the Adige, and Bonaparte for a while was perplexed as to where the principal attack would be made. He learned, however, through a spy, that the main body of Alvinzi was moving down from the Tyrol, along the right bank of the Adige upon Rivoli, where Joubert was posted.

On the 13th, Bonaparte hurried from Verona with Massena's division to Rivoli, and on the 14th, the battle of Rivoli took place. Alvinzi, calculating upon having before him Joubert's corps only, had extended his line with the view of surrounding him. Twice was Rivoli carried by the Austrians, and twice retaken by the French. Massena, and afterwards Rey, with his division, coming to Joubert's assistance, carried the day. Alvinzi's scattered divisions were routed in detail with immense loss. Another Austrian division under General Provera had meantime forced the passage of the Adige near Legnago, and arrived outside of Mantua, when Provera attacked the intrenchments of the besiegers, while Wurmser made a sortie with part of the garrison.

Bonaparte hurried with Massena's division from Rivoli, and arrived just in time to prevent the junction of Provera and Wurmser. Provera, attacked on all sides, was obliged to surrender with his division of five thousand men, and Wurmser was driven back into the fortress. Alvinzi, with the remainder of his army, was at the same time driven back to Belluno at the foot of the Noric Alps. Soon after, Wurmser being reduced to extremities for want of provisions, the garrison having exhausted their last supply of horse-flesh, and being much reduced by disease, offered to capitulate. Bonaparte granted him honourable conditions, and behaved to the old marshal with the considerate regard due to his age and his bravery.



URING these hard-fought campaigns the condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of North Italy, and especially of the Venetian provinces, where the seat of war lay, was miserable in the extreme: both armies treated them as enemies. The Austrian soldiers, especially in their hurried retreats, when discipline became relaxed, plundered and killed those who resisted: the French plundered, violated the women, and committed murder too. This happened in the villages and scattered habitations; the towns were laid under a more regular system of plunder by the French commissaries, by requisitions of provisions, clothes, horses and carts, and forced contributions of money. At the same time the greater part of these enormous exactions contributed little to the comforts of the soldiers, but went

to enrich commissaries, purveyors, contractors, and all the predatory crew that follows an invading army.

Bonaparte, although he resorted to the system of forced contributions, was indignant at the prodigal waste of the resources thus extorted from the natives, while his soldiers were in a state of utter destitution. "Four millions of English goods," he wrote to the Directory in October and November, 1796, from Milan, "have been seized at Leghorn, the Duke of Modena has paid two millions more, Ferrara and Bologna have made large payments, and yet the soldiers are without shoes, in want of clothes, the chests without money, the sick in the hospitals sleeping on the ground. . . . The town of Cremona has given fifty thousand ells of linen cloth for the hospitals, and the commissaries, agents, &c., have sold it: they sell every thing: one has sold even a chest of bark sent us from Spain; others have sold the mattresses furnished for the hospitals. I am continually arresting some of them and sending them before the military courts, but they bribe the judges; it is a complete fair; every thing is sold. An employé, charged with having levied for his own profit a contribution of eighteen thousand francs on the town of Salò in the Venetian states, has been condemned only to two months' imprisonment. It is impossible to produce evidence; they all hold together." . . . And he goes on naming the different commissaries, contractors, &c., concluding, with very few exceptions, that "they are all thieves." He recommends the Directory to dismiss them, and replace them by more honest men, or at least more discreet ones. "If I had fifteen honest commissaries, you might make a present of one hundred thousand crowns to each of them, and yet save fifteen millions. . . . Had I a month's time to attend to these matters, there is hardly one of these fellows but I could have shot; but I am obliged to set off to-morrow for the army, which is a great matter of rejoicing for the thieves, whom I have just had time to notice by casting my eyes on the accounts." The system of plunder, however, went on during the whole of those and the following campaigns, until Bonaparte became First Consul, when he found means to repress, in some degree, the odious abuse; still the commissariat continued, even under the empire, to be the worst administered department of the French armies.

Bonaparte being now secure from the Austrians in the north, turned against the pope, who had refused the heavy terms imposed upon him by the Directory. The Papal troops, to the number of about eight thousand, were posted along the river Senio between Imola and Faenza, but after a short resistance they gave way before the French, who immediately occupied Ancona and the Marches. Bonaparte advanced to Tolentino, where he received deputies from Pius VI., who sued for peace. The conditions dictated were fifteen millions of livres, part in cash, part in diamonds, within one month, and as many again within two months, besides horses,

cattle, &c., the possession of the town of Ancona till the general peace, and an additional number of paintings, statues, and MSS.

On these terms, the pope was allowed to remain at Rome a little longer. The Directory wished at first to remove him altogether, but Bonaparte dissuaded them from pushing matters to extremes, considering the spiritual influence which the pope still exercised over the Catholics in France and other countries. Bonaparte manifested in this affair a cool and considerate judgment very different from the revolutionary fanaticism of the times; he felt the importance of religious influence over nations, and he treated the pope's legate, Cardinal Mattei, with a courtesy that astonished the free-thinking soldiers of the republic.

Austria had, meantime, assembled a new army on the frontiers of Italy, and the command was given to the Archduke Charles, who had acquired a military reputation in the campaigns of the Rhine. But this fourth Austrian army no longer consisted of veteran regiments like those that had fought under Beaulieu, Wurmser, and Alvinzi; it was made up chiefly of recruits joined with the remnants of those troops that had survived the disasters of the former campaigns. Bonaparte, on the contrary, had an army now superior in number to that of the Austrians, flushed with success, and reinforced by a corps of twenty thousand men from the Rhine, under the command of General Bernadotte.

Bonaparte attacked the archduke on the river Tagliamento, the pass of which he forced; he then pushed on Massena, who forced the pass of La Ponteba, in the Noric Alps, which was badly defended by the Austrian General Ocksay. The archduke made a stout resistance at Tarvis, where he fought in person; but was at last obliged to retire, which he did slowly and in an orderly manner, being now intent only on gaining time to receive reinforcements, and to defend the road to Vienna. Bonaparte's object was to advance rapidly upon the capital of Austria, and to frighten the emperor into a peace. He was not himself very secure concerning his rear, as he could not trust in the neutrality of Venice which he had himself openly violated. He was also informed that an Austrian corps in the Tyrol under General Laudon, after driving back the French opposed to it, had advanced again by the valley of the Adige towards Lombardy. Had this movement been supported by a rising in the Venetian territory, Bonaparte's communications with Italy would have been cut off. He, therefore, dissembling his anxiety, wrote to the archduke from Klagenfurth a flattering letter, in which, after calling him the Saviour of Germany, he appealed to his feelings in favour of humanity at large. "This is the sixth campaign," he said, "between our armies. How long shall two brave nations continue to destroy each other? Were you even to conquer, your own Germany would feel all the ravages of war. Cannot we come to an amicable understanding? The French Directory wishes for

peace.".... To this note, the archduke returned a civil answer, saying he had no commission for treating of peace, but that he had written to Vienna to inform the emperor of his (Bonaparte's) overtures. Meantime, Bonaparte continued to advance towards Vienna, and the archduke to retire before him, without any regular engagement between them. It would appear that the archduke's advice was to draw the enemy farther and farther into the interior of the hereditary states, and then make a bold stand under the walls of Vienna, while fresh troops would have time to come from Hungary and from the Rhine, and the whole population would rise in the rear of the French army and place Bonaparte in a desperate situation. But there was a party at the court of Vienna anxious for peace. Bonaparte had now arrived at Iudenburg, in Upper Styria, about eight days' march from Vienna. The citizens of that capital, who had not seen an enemy under their walls for more than a century, were greatly alarmed. The cabinet of Vienna resolved for peace, and Generals Bellegarde and Meerfeldt were sent to Bonaparte's head-quarters to arrange the preliminaries. After a suspension of arms was agreed upon, on the 7th of April, 1797, the negotiations began at the village of Leoben, and the preliminaries of the peace were signed by Bonaparte, on the 18th. Of the conditions of this convention, some articles only were made known at the time, such as the cession, by the emperor, of the Austrian Netherlands and of Lombardy. The secret articles were, that Austria should have a compensation for the above losses out of the territory of neutral Venice. This was a transaction which had been loudly stigmatized as disgraceful to all parties concerned in it, in spite of the palliation attempted by Bonaparte's advocates, who pretend that the Venetian senate had first violated their neutrality, and that they had organized an insurrection in the rear of the French army while Bonaparte was engaged with the Archduke Charles in Carinthia.

A careful attention to dates is sufficient to refute every attempt to palliate the dishonesty of the French Directory and of Bonaparte in their conduct towards Venice. The correspondence of Bonaparte, published by Panckoucke, serves to confirm this view of the subject. He says that he seized upon the opportunity of the Austrians having entered Peschiera by stratagem, and without the Venetian senate's consent, in order to frighten the senate into submission to his will. "If your object," he said to the Directory, "is to draw five or six millions from Venice, you have now a fair pretence for it. If you have further views respecting Venice, we may protract this subject of complaint until more favourable opportunities."

This was written in June, 1796. He then seized upon the castles of Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, and other fortified places of the Venetian state, he made the country support his army, and, meantime, he favoured the

disaffected against the senate, who at last, assisted by the Lombards and Poles in his army, revolted at Bergamo and Brescia, and drove away the Venetian authorities. When the senate armed to put down the insurrection, the French officers stationed on the Venetian territory obstructed its measures, and accused it of arming against the French. They dispersed, by force, the militia who assembled in obedience to the senate.

At last, the conduct of the French having driven the people of Verona to desperation, a dreadful insurrection broke out in April, 1797, which ended by Verona being plundered by the French. Bonaparte now insisted upon a total change in the Venetian government, and French troops being surreptitiously introduced into Venice, the Doge and all the authorities resigned.

A provisional government was then formed, but, meantime, Bonaparte bartered away Venice to Austria, and thus settled the account with both aristocrats and Democrats. He wrote to the Directory "That the Venetians were not fit for liberty, and that there were no more than three hundred Democrats in all Venice." By the definitive treaty of peace signed at Campoformio, near Udine, on the 17th of October, 1797, the emperor ceded to France the Netherlands and the left bank of the Rhine, with the city of Mainz; he acknowledged the independence of the Milanese and Mantuan states, under the name of the Cisalpine republic; and he consented that the French republic should have the Ionian Islands and the Venetian possessions in Albania. The French republic on its part *consented* (such was the word) that the emperor should have Venice and its territory as far as the Adige, with Istria and Dalmatia. The provinces between the Adige and the Adda were to be incorporated with the Cisalpine republic. The emperor was also to have an increase of territory at the expense of the Elector of Bavaria, and the Duke of Modena was to have the Brisgau.

All this time the Democrats of Venice were still thinking of a republic and independence; they had planted, with great solemnity, the tree of liberty in the square of St. Mark, and the French garrison graced the show. Bernadotte, who knew the conditions of the treaty, forbade a similar pageant at Udine, where he commanded; but another French commander put a heavy contribution on a small town of the Paduan province, because the inhabitants had cut down their tree of liberty.

At last the time approached when the French were to evacuate Venice. Bonaparte wrote to Villetard, the French secretary of legation, a young, enthusiastic republican, who had been a main instrument of the Venetian Revolution, that all the Venetian Democrats who chose to emigrate would find a refuge at Milan, and that the naval and military stores and other objects belonging to the late Venetian government might be sold to make a fund for their support. Villetard communicated this last proposal to the

municipal council, but it was at once rejected; "They had not accepted," they said, "a brief authority for the sake of concurring in the spoliation of their country. They had been too confiding, it was true, but they would not prove themselves guilty also;" and they gave in their resignation.

Villetard, sincere in his principles, wrote a strong letter to Bonaparte, in which he made an affecting picture of the despair of these men, who had trusted in him and now found themselves cruelly deceived. This drew from Bonaparte an answer, which has been often quoted for its unfeeling, sneering tone. "I have received your letter, but do not understand its contents. The French republic does not make war for other people. We are under no obligation to sacrifice forty thousand Frenchmen, against the interest of France, to please a band of declaimers whom I should more properly qualify as madmen, who have taken a fancy to have a universal republic. I wish these gentlemen would try a winter campaign with me" And then he went on quibbling on the words of the treaty, that the French republic did not deliver Venice into the hands of Austria; that when the French garrison evacuated the place and before the Austrians came, the citizens might defend themselves if they thought proper, &c. And this after the troops were disbanded, the Slavonians sent home, the cannons and other arms removed, the fleet carried off by the French to Corfu, Istria and Dalmatia already occupied by the Austrians, and the country drained of all resources. However, Serrurier was ordered by Bonaparte to complete the sacrifice of Venice.

Having emptied the arsenal, and the stores of biscuit and salt, having sent to sea the ships of war, sunk those that were not fit for sea, and stripped the famous state barge called Bucintoro of all its ornaments and gold, he departed with the French garrison, and the next day the Austrians entered Venice. The Venetian senator Pesaro came as imperial commissioner to administer the oaths. The late Doge Manin, while tendering his oath, fell into a swoon, and died soon after. Thus ended the republic of Venice, after an existence of nearly fourteen centuries. With it the only naval power of Italy became extinct, and Italy lost the only colonies which she still possessed.



DURING the several months that the negotiations for the peace lasted, Bonaparte had time to effect other changes in Italy. He began with Genoa. That republic, ever since the time of Andrea Doria, had been governed by patricians; but the patrician order was not exclusive, as at Venice, and new families were admitted into it from time to time. A club of democrats secretly encouraged by Saliceti, Faipoult, and other agents of the French Directory, conspired against the senate, and effected an insurrection. The lower

classes of the people, however, rose in arms against the democrats, and routed them: several Frenchmen were also killed in the affray.

Bonaparte immediately wrote threatening letters to demand satisfaction, the arrest of several patricians, the liberty of the prisoners, the disarming of the people, and a change in the constitution of the republic. All this was done; a sum of four millions of livres was paid by the principal nobles to the Directory, the French placed a garrison within Genoa, and a constitution modelled upon that then existing in France, with councils of elders and juniors, a Directory, &c., was put in operation. The people of the neighbouring valleys, who did not relish these novelties, revolted, but were put down by the French troops; and many of the prisoners were tried by court-martial, and shot.

The king of Sardinia, by a treaty with the French Directory, remained for the present in possession of Piedmont. Bonaparte showed a marked favour towards that sovereign; he spoke highly of the Piedmontese troops, and wrote to the Directory that the king of Sardinia with one regiment was stronger than the whole Cisalpine republic. Insurrections broke out in several towns of Piedmont, which Bonaparte, however, openly discounted, professing, at the same time, a deep regard for the House of Savoy. His letters to the Marquis of St. Marsan, minister of the king, were made public; and the insurgents having thus lost all hope of support from him, were easily subdued by the king's troops, and many of them were executed. Thus at one and the same time the democrats of Genoa were encouraged by Bonaparte, those of Piedmont were abandoned to the severity of the king, those of Venice were given up to Austria, and those of Lombardy were despised.

Bonaparte wrote to the Directory that he had with him only fifteen hundred Cisalpine soldiers, the refusal of the towns, that no reliance could be placed on the democrats, who were but a handful; and that were it not for the presence of the French, they would be all murdered by the people. He, however, thought proper to consolidate the Cisalpine republic, and to give it a constitution after the model of France. The installation of the new authorities took place at Milan on the 9th of July with great solemnity. Bonaparte appointed the members of the legislative committees, of the Directory, the ministers, the magistrates, &c. His choice was generally good; it fell mostly upon men of steady character, attached to order, men of property, men of science, or men who had distinguished themselves in their respective professions. The republic consisted of the Milanese and Mantuan territories, of that part of the Venetian territory situated between the Adda and the Adige, of Modena, Massa, and Carrara, and of the papal provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Faenza, and Rimini, as far as the Rubicon. Tuscany, Parma, Rome, and Naples remained under their old princes; all, however, with the exception of Naples, in complete subjection to France

In all these important transactions Bonaparte acted almost as if he were uncontrolled by any authority at home, and often at variance with the suggestions of the French Directory, though he afterwards obtained its sanction to all that he did. He was in fact the umpire of Italy. He at the same time supported the power of the Directory in France by offers of his services and addresses from his army, and he sent to Paris Augereau, who sided with the Directory in the affair of the 18th Fructidor.

Bonaparte, however, evinced on several occasions but an indifferent opinion of the Directory, calling it a government of lawyers and rhetoricians, unfit to rule over a great nation. He flatly refused, after his first Italian victories, to divide his command with Kellermann; he strongly censured the policy of the Directory with the Italian powers; he signed the preliminaries of Leoben, and withdrew his army from the hereditary states, without waiting for the Directory's ratification. He insisted upon concluding peace with the emperor, and threatened to give in his resignation if not allowed to do so; he made that peace on his own conditions, though some of those were contrary to the wishes expressed by the Directory, and in the end the Directory approved of all he had done. "It was a peace worthy of Bonaparte. The Italians may perhaps break out into vociferations, but that is of little consequence." Such were the words of the Directory's minister for foreign affairs, Talleyrand.

After the treaty of Campoformio, Bonaparte was appointed minister plenipotentiary of the French republic at the Congress of Rastadt for the settlement of the questions concerning the German Empire. He now took leave of Italy and of his fine army, who had become enthusiastically attached to him. His personal conduct while in Italy had been marked by frugality, regularity, and temperance. There is no evidence of his having shown himself personally fond of money; he had exacted millions, but it was to satisfy the craving of the Directory, and partly to support his army and to reward his friends.

On his way to Rastadt Bonaparte went through Switzerland, where he showed a haughty, hostile bearing towards Bern, and the other aristocratic republics of that country. He did not stop long at Rastadt, but proceeded to Paris, where he arrived in December, 1797. He was received with the greatest honour by the Directory: splendid public festivals were given to the conqueror of Italy; and writers, poets, and artists vied with each other in celebrating his triumphs. Great as his successes were, flattery contrived to outstrip truth. He however appeared distant and reserved. He was appointed general-in-chief of the "Army of England," but after a rapid inspection of the French coasts and of the troops stationed near them, he returned to Paris. The expedition of Egypt was then secretly contemplated by the Directory. A project concerning that country was found in the archives among the papers of the Duke de Choiseul, minister of Louis XV.,

and it was revived by the ministers of the Directory. The Directory on their part were not sorry to remove from France a man whose presence in Paris gave them uneasiness; and Bonaparte warmly approved of a plan which opened to his view the prospect of an independent command, while visions of an Eastern empire floated before his mind. He had in his composition something of that vague enthusiasm of the imagination for remote countries and high-sounding names. At the same time he saw there was nothing at present in France to satisfy his excited ambition, for he does not seem to have thought as yet of the possibility of his attaining supreme power. He was still faithful to the Republic, though he foresaw that its government must undergo further changes.

The expedition to Egypt having been got ready, partly with the treasures that the French seized at Bern in their invasion of Switzerland in March, 1798, in which Bonaparte took no active part, Bonaparte repaired to Toulon, from whence he sailed on board the admiral's ship *l'Orient* in the night of the 19th May, while Nelson's blockading fleet had been forced by violent winds to remove from that coast. The destination of the French fleet was kept a profound secret: thirty thousand men, chiefly from the army of Italy, composed the land force.

The fleet arrived before Malta on the 9th of June, and captured the island. The order of St. John of Jerusalem, as it was called, had never acknowledged the French republic, and were therefore considered at war with it. The grand-master Hompesch, a weak old man, made no preparations against an attack; yet the fortifications of La Valette were such that they might have baffled the whole power of the French fleet and army, even supposing that Bonaparte could have spared time for the siege. But he was extremely anxious to pursue his way to Egypt, expecting every moment to be overtaken by Nelson and the English fleet, who, having received information of his sailing from Toulon, were eagerly looking out for him. Every moment was therefore of value to Bonaparte. With his usual boldness, he summoned the grand-master to surrender on the 11th, and the grand-master obeyed the summons.

It is well known that there were traitors among the knights in high offices, who forced the grand-master to capitulate. As the French general and his staff passed through the triple line of fortifications, General Caffarelli observed to Bonaparte, that "It was lucky there was some one within to open the massive gates to them, for had the place been altogether empty they would have found it rather difficult to get into it." After the usual spoliation of the churches, the albergni, and other establishments of the order, the gold and silver of which were melted into bars and taken on board the French fleet, Bonaparte left a garrison at Malta under General Vaubois, and embarked on the 19th for Egypt.

As the French fleet sailed by the island of Candia it passed near the



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

English fleet, which having been at Alexandria, and hearing nothing of the French there, was sailing back towards Syracuse. Denon says the English were seen by some of the French ships on the 26th, but the French were not seen by Nelson's fleet, owing to the hazy weather. On the 29th of June, Bonaparte came in sight of Alexandria, and landed a few miles from that city without any opposition. France was at peace with the Porte, its chargé d'affaires, Ruffin, was at Constantinople, and the Turkish ambassador, Ali Effendi, was at Paris ; the Turks of Egypt therefore did not expect the invasion.

When they saw the French marching towards Alexandria, the garrison shut the gates and prepared for defence. The town, however, was easily taken ; when Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Egypt, in which he told them that he came as the friend of the Sultan to deliver them from the oppression of the Mamelukes, and that he and his soldiers respected God, the Prophet, and the Koran. On the 7th of July the army moved on towards Cairo. They were much annoyed on the road by parties of Mamelukes and Arabs, who watched for any stragglers that fell out of the ranks, and immediately cut them down, without the French being able to check them, as they had no cavalry. At last, after a harassing march, the French on the 21st arrived in sight of the great Pyramids, and saw the

whole Mameluke force under Mourad and Ibrahim Beys encamped before them at Embabeh. The Mamelukes formed a splendid cavalry of about five thousand men, besides the Arab auxiliaries ; but their infantry, composed chiefly of Fellahs, was contemptible. The Mamelukes had no idea of the resistance of which squares of disciplined infantry are capable. They charged furiously, and for a moment disordered one of the French squares, but succeeded no further, having no guns to support them. The volleys of musketry and grape-shot made fearful havoc among them ; and after losing most of their men in desperate attempts to break the French ranks, the remnants of this brilliant cavalry retreated towards Upper Egypt ; others crossed the Nile, and retreated towards Syria.

This was called the battle of the Pyramids, in which victory was cheaply bought over a barbarian cavalry unacquainted with European tactics. Bonaparte two days after entered Cairo without resistance, and assembled a divan or council of the principal Turks and Arab sheiks, who were to have the civil administration of the country. He professed a determination to administer equal justice and protection to all classes of people, even to the humblest Fellah, a thing unknown in that country for ages. He established an institute of sciences at Cairo ; and he endeavoured to conciliate the good will of the Ulemas and of the Imams, and to some extent he succeeded. It is not true, however, that he or any of his generals, except Menou, made profession of Islamism. The report originated in a desultory conversation he had with some of the sheiks, who hinted at the advantages that might result to him and his army from the adoption of the religion of the country. It was however a wild idea, unsuited both to him and the sort of men he commanded. It would have made him ridiculous in the eyes of his soldiers, and would not probably have conciliated the Moslem natives.

While he was engaged in organizing the internal affairs of Egypt, the destruction of his fleet by Nelson took place in the roads of Aboukir on the 1st and 2d of August. He was now shut out from all communication with Europe. The sultan at the same time issued an indignant manifesto, dated 10th September, declaring war against France for having invaded one of his provinces, and prepared to send an army for the recovery of Egypt. A popular insurrection broke out at Cairo on the 22d of September ; and the French found scattered in the streets were killed. Many, however, and especially the women and children, were saved in the houses of the better sort of inhabitants. Bonaparte, who was absent, returned quickly with troops ; the insurgents were killed in the streets, and the survivors took refuge in the Great Mosque, the doors of which they barricaded. Bonaparte ordered them to be forced with cannon. A dreadful massacre ensued within the mosque, even after all resistance had been abandoned ; five thousand Moslems were killed on that day. Bonaparte then issued a proclamation, in which, imitating the Oriental style, he told the Egyptians



BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

that he was the man of fate who had been foretold in the Koran, and that any resistance to him was impious as well as unavailing, and that he could call them to account even for their most secret thoughts, as nothing was concealed from him.

In the month of December Bonaparte went to Suez, where he received deputations from several Arab tribes, as well as from the shereef of Mekka, whom he had propitiated by giving protection to the great caravan of the pilgrims proceeding to that sanctuary. From Suez he crossed, at ebb tide, over the head of the gulf to the Arabian coast, where he received a deputation from the monks of Mount Sinai. On his return to Suez he was overtaken by the rising tide, and was in some danger of being drowned. This he told Las Cases at St. Helena.

Meantime the Turks were assembling forces in Syria, and Djeddar Pasha of Acre was appointed seraskier or commander. Bonaparte resolved on an expedition to Syria. In February, 1799, he crossed the desert with ten thousand men, took El Arish and Gaza, and on the 7th March he stormed Jaffa, which was bravely defended by several thousand Turks. A summons had been sent to them, but they cut off the head of the messenger. A great number of the garrison were put to the sword, and the town was given up to plunder, the horrors of which Bonaparte himself in his despatches to the Directory acknowledges to have been frightful.

Fifteen hundred men of the garrison held out in the fort and other buildings, until at last they surrendered as prisoners. They were then mustered, and the natives of Egypt being separated from the Turks and Arnauts, the latter were put under a strong guard, but were supplied with provisions, &c. Two days after, on the 9th, a body of prisoners was marched out of



REVOLT OF CAIRO.

Jaffa in the centre of a square battalion commanded by General Bon. They proceeded to the sand-hills S. E. of Jaffa, and there being divided into small bodies, they were put to death in masses by volleys of musketry. Those who fell wounded were finished with the bayonet. The bodies were heaped up into the shape of a pyramid, and their bleached bones were still to be seen not many years since. Such was the massacre of Jaffa, which Napoleon at St. Helena pretended to justify by saying that these men had formed part of the garrisons of El Arish and Gaza, upon the surrender of which they had been allowed to return home on condition of not serving against the French;—on arriving at Jaffa, however, through which they must pass, their countrymen retained them to strengthen the defence of that place.

It may be safely doubted whether the whole of these men were the identical men of El Arish or Gaza. But however this may be, it is true that the Turks did not at that time observe the rules of war among civilized nations; and, therefore, it may be said, were liable to be treated with the extreme rigour of warfare. Still it was an act of cruelty, because done in cold blood and two days after their surrender. The motive of the act, however, was not wanton cruelty, but policy, in thus getting rid of a body of determined men, who would have embarrassed the French as prisoners, or increased the ranks of their enemies if set at liberty. This is the only apology if apology it be, for the deed. Another and a worse reason w

the old principle of Bonaparte of striking terror into the country which he was invading. But this system, which succeeded pretty well with the North Italians or the Fellahs of Egypt, failed of its effect when applied to the Turks or the Arabs; it only made them more desperate, as the defence of Acre soon after proved. Miot, in his *Memoirs*, has, it seems, made a mistake as to the number of the victims, whom he states at two or three thousand; they were about twelve hundred.

At Jaffa the French troops began to feel the first attack of the plague, and their hospitals were established in that town. On the 14th the army marched towards Acre, which they reached on the 17th. Djézzar Pasha, cruel but resolute old Turk, had prepared himself for a siege. Sir Sidney Smith, with the *Tiger* and *Theseus* English ships of the line, after assisting him in repairing the old fortifications of the place, brought his ships close to the town, which projects into the sea, ready to take part in the defence. The *Theseus* intercepted a French flotilla with heavy cannon and ammunition destined for the siege; and the pieces were immediately mounted on the walls and turned against the French. Colonel Philippeaux, an able officer of engineers, who had been Bonaparte's schoolfellow at Paris, and afterwards emigrated, directed the artillery of Acre. Bonaparte was compelled to batter the walls with only 12-pounders: by the 28th of March, however, he had effected a breach. The French went to the assault, crossed the ditch, and mounted the breach, but were repulsed by the Turks led on by Djézzar himself. The Turks, joined by English sailors and marines, made several sorties, and partly destroyed the French works and mines.

Meantime the mountaineers of Naplous and of the countries east of the Jordan, joined by Turks from Damascus, had assembled a large force near Tiberias for the relief of Acre. Bonaparte, leaving part of his forces to guard the trenches, marched against the Syrians, defeated their undisciplined crowds at Nazareth and near Mount Tabor, and completely dispersed them: the fugitives took the road to Damascus. Bonaparte quickly returned to his camp before Acre, when the arrival of several pieces of heavy ordnance from Jaffa enabled him to carry on his operations with redoubled vigour. The month of April was spent in useless attempts to storm the place.

Philippeaux died on the 2d of May, of illness and over-exertion, but was replaced by Colonel Douglas of the marines, assisted by Sir Sidney Smith and the other officers of the squadron. The French, after repeated assaults, made a lodgment in a large tower which commanded the rest of the fortifications, upon which the Turks and the British sailors, armed with pikes, hastened to dislodge them. At this moment the long-expected Turkish fleet arrived with fresh troops, under the command of Hassan Bey, and the regiment Tchifflik, of the Nizam or regular infantry, was immediately landed.



SIEGE OF ACRE

Sir Sidney Smith, without losing time, sent them on a sortie against the French trenches, which the Turks forced, seizing on a battery and spiking the guns. This diversion had the effect of dislodging the French from the tower. After several other attempts Bonaparte ordered an assault on a wide breach which had been effected in the curtain. General Lannes led the column. Djezzar gave orders to let the French come in, and then close upon them man against man, in which sort of combat the Turks were sure to have the advantage. The foremost of the assailants advanced into the garden of the pasha's palace, where they were all cut down; General Rambaud was killed, and Lannes carried away wounded. On the 20th of May Bonaparte made a last effort, in which General Bon and Colonel Veneux were killed, with most of the storming party. General Caffarelli had died before.

The army now began to murmur: seven or eight assaults had been made, the trenches and ditches were filled with the slain, which the fire of the besieged prevented them from burying; and disease, assisted by the heat of the climate, was spreading fast in their camp. After fifty-four days since the opening of the trenches, Bonaparte saw himself under the necessity of raising the siege. The people of Mount Lebanon, the Druses,

and Mutualis, who were at one time disposed to join him against Djezzar, seeing his failure before Acre, altered their mind, and sent a deputation on board the Turkish and English fleet. At the same time, Bonaparte learned that the great Turkish armament from Rhodes was about to set sail for Egypt: the Mamelukes had also assembled in considerable numbers in Upper Egypt, and were threatening Cairo. Accordingly he resolved to return to Egypt.

On the 21st of May, the French army broke up from before Acre, and began its retreat. In the order of the day which he issued on that occasion, Bonaparte affected to treat with disdain the check he had met with, but he expressed himself very differently to Murat and his other confidants, and we find him, towards the end of his life at St. Helena, reverting to the subject with expressions of disappointment and regret. "Possessed of Acre, the army would have gone to Damascus and the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Armenians, would have joined us. The provinces of the Ottoman Empire which speak Arabic were ready for a change, they were only waiting for a man. . . . With a hundred thousand men on the banks of the Euphrates, I might have gone to Constantinople or to India; I might have changed the face of the world. I should have founded an empire in the East, and the destinies of France would have run into a different course." Whatever may be the thought of the chances of ultimate success, there is no doubt that Bonaparte, after taking Acre, would have become master of all Syria. But his position, and that of the countries around him, were very different from those of Alexander and the Persians.

The French army retreated through Jaffa, burning every thing behind them, harvest and all. "The whole country is on fire in our rear," is Berthier's laconic expression in his report of that campaign. Before continuing their retreat from Jaffa, Bonaparte ordered the hospitals to be cleared, and all those who could be removed to be forwarded to Egypt by sea. There remained about twenty patients, chiefly suffering from the plague, who were in a desperate condition, and could not be removed. To leave them behind would have exposed them to the barbarity of the Turks. Napoleon, some say another officer, asked Desgenettes, the chief physician, whether it would not be an act of humanity to administer opium to them. Desgenettes replied, that "his business was to cure and not to kill."

A rear-guard was then left behind at Jaffa, for the protection of these men, which remained there three days after the departure of the army. When the rear-guard left, all the patients were dead, except one or two, who fell into the hands of the English, and they, or some other of the sick who were sent by sea and were also taken, having heard something of the suggestion about the opium, propagated the report that the sick had been

really poisoned, which was believed both in France and in England for many years after. Such is the result of Las Cases's investigation of this business, both from Napoleon himself and from the chief persons who were at Jaffa at the time.

Bonaparte entered Cairo, on the 14th of June. The Syrian campaign lasted little more than three months, and it cost the French about four thousand men, who were killed or died of the plague. The history of that memorable campaign is given in Berthier's official account, as chief of the staff, Sir Sidney Smith's despatches, and Miot's "*Memoirs*;" the last appear to be rather exaggerated in some instances, but all agree in giving a sad picture of the condition and sufferings of the French army.

While Bonaparte was in Syria, Desaix had driven the Mamelukes from Upper Egypt, and beyond the cataracts of Assouan. The French had also occupied Cosseir. The division of Desaix contained the French savants, and Denon among the rest, who examined the monuments of Thebes, Dendera, Etfou, &c. From their observations, the splendid work on Egypt was afterwards compiled.

Towards the end of July, Bonaparte being informed that the Turkish fleet had landed eighteen thousand men at Aboukir, under Seid Mustapha Pasha, immediately assembled his army to attack them. He had formed a cavalry, which was commanded by Murat; the Turks had none. The Turks had intrenched themselves near the sea, and the French attacked their advanced posts, and drove them back upon their intrenchments; but the Turkish guns checked their advance, and threw the foremost of the assailants into disorder. The main body of the Turks then sallied out, but in the eagerness of their pursuit falling into complete disorder, they were charged by the French, both infantry and cavalry, routed, and followed into their intrenchments, where they fell into inextricable confusion. About ten thousand of them perished, either by the bayonet or in the sea, where they threw themselves in hopes of regaining their ships. The sea appeared covered with their turbans. Six thousand men received quarter, together with the pasha, whom Bonaparte condescended to praise for the courage he had displayed. This victory of Aboukir, fought on the 25th of July, 1799, closed Bonaparte's Egyptian campaign.

It was after this battle that Bonaparte received intelligence of the state of France, through the newspapers, and also by letters from his brothers and other personal friends. He learnt the disasters of the French armies, the loss of Italy, the general dissatisfaction prevailing in France against the Directory, and the intrigues and animosities among the directors themselves, and between them and the legislative councils. He determined at once to return to France. He kept it, however, a secret from the army, and ordered two frigates in the harbour of Alexandria to be got ready for sea, and having ordered his favourite officers, Murat, Lannes, Berthier



SURRENDER OF THE TURKS AT ABOUKIR.

Marmont, and also MM. Monge, Denon, and Berthollet, to meet him at Alexandria, he left Cairo on the 18th of August, and, on arriving at Alexandria, embarked secretly on board the frigate *La Muiron* on the 23d. He took leave of Kleber, whom he left in command, only by letter.

He left in Egypt twenty thousand men, having lost about nine thousand in his campaigns. The English fleet had gone to Cyprus to get provisions, and Bonaparte was again fortunate enough to avoid the English cruisers. He is said to have read, during the passage, both the Bible and the Koran with great assiduity. On the 30th of September, the two frigates entered the gulf of Ajaccio; on the 7th of October they sailed again, and passing unnoticed through the English squadron, they anchored on the 9th in the gulf of Frejus, to the eastward of Toulon. The usual forms of quarantine were dispensed with, and on his landing he was received with applause by the inhabitants of the various towns on his road to Paris, and especially at Lyons, which had suffered so much in the Revolution. People were tired of the Directory, which had shown both incapacity and corruption, and to which they attributed all the late misfortunes of France.

On arriving at Paris, Bonaparte found himself courted, as he probably expected, by the various parties. The republicans, with Generals Jour-

dan, Bernadotte, Augereau, and a majority in the Council of Five Hundred, wished to restrain the power of the Directory, to turn out Barras, but to maintain the Constitution of the year III. Sieyes, one of the directors, with a majority of the Council of Elders, wished for a new constitution, less democratic, of which he had sketched the outline. Barras strove to maintain the power of the Directory, of which till then he had been the most influential member. But his party was small and in bad odour with the people. Bonaparte decided on joining with Sieyes, and giving him his military support; the day for attempting the proposed change in the constitution was fixed between them and their friends.

The Council of Elders met at six o'clock in the morning of the 18th Brumaire, (November 9, 1799,) at the Tuileries; but several of the leading members of the republican party were not summoned. Cornudet, Lebrun, and other members in the interest of Sieyes, spoke of dangers which threatened the Republic, of conspiracies of the Jacobins, of a return of the Reign of Terror, &c. The majority of the council were either in the secret, or were really agitated by fear of the Jacobins. The council adopted a resolution, according to the powers given to it by the constitution, by which the two councils were appointed to meet at St. Cloud the next day, in order to be safer from any attempts of the mob of the capital. By another resolution General Bonaparte was appointed commander-in-chief of the military division of Paris, and charged with protecting the safe removal of the councils. A message signifying this appointment, and summoning him to appear before the elders, was carried to Bonaparte while he was in the midst of his military levee. He immediately mounted on horseback, and invited all the officers to follow him. The greater number did so; but Bernadotte and a few more declined the invitation. Bonaparte had been talking privately with Bernadotte, but could not win him over to his side; he found him "as stubborn as a bar of iron."

Bonaparte having given his orders to the adjutants of the various battalions of the national guards, and to the commanding officers of the regular troops which were formed in the Champs Elysées, repaired to the Council of Elders, surrounded by a numerous retinue, among whom were Moreau, Berthier, Lannes, Murat, and Le Fèvre, who commanded the National Guards. He told the council that they represented the wisdom of the nation, that by their resolutions of that morning they had saved the Republic, that he and his brave companions would support them, and he swore this in his and their names. Coming out of the hall, he read to the assembled troops the resolutions of the elders, which were received by the soldiers with bursts of applause.

Meanwhile the three directors, Barras, Moulins, and Gohier, who remained at the Luxembourg, after Sieyes and Ducos had gone to the Tuileries, and given in their resignation, became alarmed. They had no force

at their disposal; even their own personal guard had deserted them. Barras sent his secretary Bottot to endeavour to negotiate with Bonaparte. The general received him in public in the midst of his officers, and assuming the tone of an angry master, upbraided the directors with their misconduct:—"What have you done with that France which I left to you prosperous and glorious? I left her at peace, and I find her at war; I left her triumphant, and I find nothing but spoliations and misery. What have you done with a hundred thousand Frenchmen whom I left behind, my companions in arms and in glory? They are no more. . . ."

He then signified to Bottot in private his friendly sentiments towards Barras, and assured him of his personal protection if he immediately abdicated. Talleyrand had meantime seen Barras, who, fearing perhaps to expose himself to an investigation of his official conduct, consented to resign. He wrote a letter to the Council of Elders to that effect, and then set off for his estate in the country under an escort which Bonaparte gave him. Gohier and Moulins being thus left alone, did not constitute the number required by the constitution in order to give to their deliberations the authority of an executive council. Moreau was sent by Bonaparte to guard the palace of Luxembourg, and in fact to keep the two directors prisoners there.

The Council of Five Hundred having met at ten o'clock, on the same day, received a message from the elders, adjourning the sitting to St. Cloud for the next day. They separated amidst cries of "The Republic and the Constitution for ever!"

Fouché, the minister of police, Cambacères, minister of justice, Talleyrand, and other influential men, seconded the views of Bonaparte and of Sieyes. The power of the Directory was at an end. The question was, what form of government should be substituted for it. It was agreed at last that the council should adjourn themselves to the following year, after appointing a commission for the purpose of framing a new constitution, and that meantime an executive should be formed consisting of three consuls, Sieyes, Ducos, and Bonaparte. These measures it was known would obtain a majority in the Council of Elders, but would meet with a determined opposition in that of the Five Hundred.

On the 19th Brumaire, (10th November,) the councils assembled at St. Cloud. The republican minority in the Council of Elders complained loudly of the hasty and irregular convocation of the preceding day. In the midst of the debate Bonaparte appeared at the bar, accompanied by Berthier and his secretary Bourienne, the latter of whom gives an account of the scene. He told the deputies that they were treading upon a volcano, that he and his brethren in arms came to offer their assistance, that his views were disinterested, "and yet," he added, "I am calumniated, I am compared to Cromwell, to Cæsar." This was uttered in a rambling,

broken manner. Linglet, one of the minority, said to him, "General, will you swear to the constitution of the year III.?"

Bonaparte then became animated: "The Constitution!" he cried out, "you violated it on the 18th Fructidor, you violated it on the 22d Floréal, you violated it on the 30th Prairial. All parties by turns have appealed to the Constitution, and all parties by turns have violated it. As we cannot preserve the Constitution, let us at least preserve liberty and equality." He then talked of conspiracies, of danger to the Republic, &c. Several members insisted on the general revealing these conspiracies, explaining these dangers.

Bonaparte, after some hesitation, named Moulins and Barras, who, he said had proposed to him to take the lead in the conspiracy. This increased the vociferations among the members: "The general must explain himself, every thing must be told before all France." But he had nothing to reveal. He spoke of a party in the Council of Five Hundred which wanted to re-establish the convention and the Reign of Terror. His sentences became incoherent, he was confused, but at last he said, "If any orator, paid by foreigners, attempts to put me out of the pale of the law, let him beware! I shall appeal to my brave companions, whose caps I perceive at the entrance of this hall." Bourienne and Berthier advised him now to withdraw, and they came out together, when Bonaparte was received with acclamations by the military assembled before the palace.

The Council of Five Hundred had also assembled. Its president, Lucien Bonaparte, read aloud the resignation of Barras, which had been forwarded by the Council of Elders. Some of the leaders then proposed to repeat the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, which was carried by acclamation. "No dictator, no new Cromwell!" resounded through the hall. Augereau, who was present, went out and told Bonaparte what was passing in the council. "You have placed yourself in a pretty situation."—"Augereau," replied Bonaparte, "remember Arcole; things appeared still worse there at one time. Keep quiet, and in half an hour you will see." He then entered the Council of the Five Hundred, accompanied by four grenadiers.

The soldiers remained at the entrance, he advanced towards the middle of the hall, uncovered. He was received with loud and indignant vociferations. "We will have no dictator, no soldiers in the sanctuary of the laws. Let him be outlawed! he is a traitor!" Bonaparte attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned in the general clamour. He was confused, and seemed uncertain what to do. Several members crowded around him; a cry of "Let us save our general!" was heard coming from the door of the hall, and a party of grenadiers rushed in, placed Bonaparte in the midst of them, and brought him out of the hall.

One of the grenadiers had his coat torn in struggling with a deputy,

but the story of the daggers drawn against Bonaparte appears to be unfounded. In the confusion of the moment Bonaparte may have fancied it. Lucien, after the departure of his brother, attempted to pacify the council, but the exasperation of the members was too great. A motion was put to outlaw General Bonaparte. Lucien refused to put it to the vote, saying, "I cannot outlaw my own brother," and he deposited the insignia of president, and left the chair. He then asked to be heard in his brother's defence, but he was not listened to.

At this moment, a party of grenadiers sent by Napoleon entered the hall. Lucien put himself in the midst of them, and they marched out. He found the military outside already exasperated at the treatment their general had received. Lucien mounted on horseback, and in a loud voice cried out to them, that factious men, armed with daggers, and in the pay of England, had interrupted by violence the deliberations of the Council of Five Hundred, and that he, in his quality of president of that assembly, requested them to employ force against the disturbers. "I proclaim that the assembly of the Five Hundred is dissolved."

This address of Lucien decided the business. The soldiers felt no more scruples in obeying the orders of the president. Murat entered the hall of the Council, at the head of a detachment of grenadiers with fixed bayonets. He summoned the deputies to disperse, but was answered by loud vociferations, execrations, and shouts of "The Republic for ever!" The drums were then ordered to beat, and the soldiers to clear the hall. They levelled their muskets, and advanced to the charge. The deputies now fled, many jumped out of the windows, others went out quietly by the door. In a few minutes the hall was entirely cleared. In this affair the military were the instruments, and Lucien the chief director. It is well here to quote the words of Lucien, who, after a lapse of thirty-five years, filled with strange vicissitudes, has lately reverted to the subject in a pamphlet in answer to General Lamarque's *Memoirs*. "We were convinced that the immense majority of the French would approve our proceedings, but our audacity did not wait for the legal manifestation of the wishes of France, and for this we hesitated. . . . The conqueror of so many battles was for a moment confused, not, as it has been absurdly asserted, through weakness, but because he was going to usurp a right which he had not then,—the right of dissolving the legislature; we hesitated because we had in view the scaffold and the stigma of traitors, which would have been our lot had we failed, without having time to take the votes of the nation upon our bold attempt. If Napoleon wavered a moment, he soon conquered his hesitation; we braved the scaffold, and all France gave us a bill of indemnity by raising my brother to the consulate, and afterwards (unluckily perhaps) to the empire. And in another place he says, that "the appeal of the councils to the constitution was an inconsistency, as that con-

stitution had been already violated by themselves on the 18th Fructidor, 1797.

“On that day the legality of the councils was lost ; the inviolability of the Council of Five Hundred could only have continued as long as that assembly kept within the pale of the constitution. Beyond this there is no more legality for any one of the branches of the legislature.” One might go further back than the 18th Fructidor, and question the legality of the 13th Vendémiaire, in which Bonaparte had acted a conspicuous part. But to talk of legality in France, after the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy in 1792, would be merely a waste of time.

On the night of the same day, (19th Brumaire,) the elders assembled again, and agreed that a provisional executive of three consuls should be appointed. The initiative however belonging to the other council, Lucien assembled a small minority, some say only thirty members, out of Five Hundred, who on that night passed several resolutions, by one of which it was stated that there was no longer a directory. By another, a list of the more ardent republican members was drawn up, who were declared to have forfeited their seats in consequence of their violence and their crimes. By another, three provisional consuls were appointed, Sieyes, Ducos, and Bonaparte. At one o'clock in the morning, Bonaparte took the oath before the council. At three o'clock, the two councils adjourned for three months, after appointing a commission to revise the constitution.



VERY thing was now quiet at St. Cloud, and Bonaparte returned to Paris with Bourienne. After quieting the anxiety of his wife, he told Bourienne that he thought he had spoken some nonsense while before the councils. “I had rather speak to soldiers than to lawyers. These fellows really put me out of countenance ; I have not the habit of speaking before large assemblies. But the habit will come by and by. On the evening of the following day, Bonaparte took up his residence in the Luxembourg, the palace of the ex-directors.

The fall of the Directorial Government, however irregularly brought about, was certainly not a subject of regret for the great majority of the French people, who had neither respect for it nor any confidence in it. The profligacy and dishonesty of that government were notorious.

At the first sitting of the three consuls, Sieyes having said something about a president, Ducos immediately replied, “The general takes the chair of course.” Bonaparte then began to state his views on the various branches of the administration, and on the policy to be pursued by the government, and supported them in a firm, authoritative tone. Ducos of course assented, and from that moment Sieyes perceived that his own influ-

ence was at an end : he told his friends that they had given themselves a master, and that Bonaparte could and would manage every thing himself, and in his own way. The three consuls, in conjunction with the commission appointed by the councils, framed a new constitution, which was called the Constitution of the year VIII. The outline, with regard to the legislative power, was taken from a plan of Sieyes. It consisted of three consuls, of a senate called conservative, and composed of eighty members appointed for life, and enjoying a considerable salary, of a legislative body of three hundred members, one-fifth of whom was to be renewed every year, and of a tribunate of one hundred members, one-fifth to be renewed every year. The consuls, or rather the first or chief consul, (for the other two were appointed by him, and acted only as his advisers and assistants, but could not oppose his decisions,) proposed the laws, the tribunate discussed them in public, and either approved of or rejected them ; if it approved, it made a report accordingly to the legislative body, which voted by ballot on the project of law without discussing it. If the proposed law obtained a majority of votes, the senate registered it, and the consuls, in their quality of executive, promulgated it. The sittings of the senate were secret ; those of the legislative body were dumb ; the tribunate was therefore the only deliberative assembly in the state, but it had not the power of originating laws ; it could, however, denounce the measures of the government by an address to the senate. The members of the tribunate were appointed by the senate out of the lists of candidates made out by the electoral colleges. The senate filled its own vacancies from a triple list of candidates,—one proposed by the chief consul, one by the tribunate, and one by the legislative body. As for the legislative body, the members were selected by the senate out of lists of candidates furnished by the electoral colleges of the departments. The people, therefore, had no direct election of their representatives. This was the essential anomaly of Sieyes's plan of a constitution styled republican. With regard to the executive, Sieyes had devised a curious plan, which however was not adopted by the commission. He proposed a chief magistrate called Grand Elector, whose only prerogative was to appoint two consuls, one for the civil, and the other for the military department. The two consuls were to be independent of each other as well as of the great elector, who was to enjoy his dignity as a sinecure, with a large salary of several millions of francs. Bonaparte exclaimed against the whole scheme, ridiculed it, and treated it as an absurdity. The majority of the commission gave it up, and resorted to the plan already mentioned of three consuls appointed for ten years and re-eligible, the first or chief one having the power of appointing to all public offices, and of proposing all public measures, such as war or peace ; he commanded the forces of every description, superintended both the internal and foreign departments of the state, &c. The granting

of these vast powers met with some opposition in the commission, but Bonaparte sternly overcame them by declaring that if they attempted to weaken the power of the executive, he would have nothing more to do in the business, that he was already first consul, and hinted that a civil war might be the result of further opposition. The commission accordingly yielded to his views. In fact, most men were tired of revolutions, and they felt the necessity of a strong executive in order to re-establish order and internal security.

Bonaparte being thus appointed, or rather confirmed, in his office of first consul or chief magistrate, had the right of naming the other two; he offered Sieyès one of the places, but Sieyès declined the offer. He accepted the place of senator, with the yearly salary of twenty-five thousand francs, and the domain of Crosne, in the park of Versailles, belonging to the state. Bonaparte appointed Cambacères and Lebrun second and third consuls. They, together with Sieyès and Ducos, late consuls, appointed the majority of the members of the senate, who themselves appointed the remainder. The senate next named the one hundred tribunes, and the three hundred members of the legislative body, and thus the whole legislature was filled up at once under the plea of urgency, as there was no time to wait for the lists of candidates to be named by the departments.

The constitution was submitted to the acceptance of the people in every commune, and registers were opened for the purpose at the offices of the various local authorities: 3,012,569 voters were registered, out of which number 1562 rejected, and 3,011,007 accepted the new constitution, which was then solemnly proclaimed on the 24th of December, 1799. Although the number of favourable voters did not constitute in fact any thing like one-half of the French citizens above twenty-one years of age, yet as all had the option of registering their votes, it was considered that those who did not choose to do so, either did not care about the matter, or tacitly approved of the new form of government. The number of favourable votes on this occasion was much greater than that in favour of the former constitutions of 1792, and of the year III. Bonaparte did not altogether approve of Sieyès's constitution, although he had greatly modified it by strengthening the executive to a vast extent. "Napoleon," thus he spoke afterwards of himself at St. Helena, "was convinced that France could only exist as a monarchy: but the French people being more desirous of equality than of liberty, and the very principle of the revolution being established in the equalization of all classes, there was of necessity a complete abolition of the aristocracy.

"If it was difficult to construct a republic on a solid basis without an aristocracy, the difficulty of establishing a monarchy was much greater. To form a constitution in a country without any kind of aristocracy would be

as vain as to attempt to navigate in one element only. The French Revolution undertook to solve a problem as difficult as the direction of a balloon. . . . The ideas of Napoleon were fixed, but the aid of time and events were necessary for their realization. The organization of the Consulate presented nothing in contradiction to them: it taught unanimity, and that was the first step. This point gained, Napoleon was quite indifferent as to the forms and denominations of the several constituted bodies; he was a stranger to the Revolution; it was natural that the will of those men who had followed it through all its phases should prevail in questions as difficult as they were abstract. The wisest plan was to go on from day to day without deviating from one fixed point, the polar star by which Napoleon meant to guide the Revolution to the haven he desired." The above sentences furnish a clue to Bonaparte's subsequent policy with regard to the internal administration of France. Towards the end of January, 1800, Bonaparte removed from the palace of the Luxembourg to the Tuileries. Of his public entrance into that royal residence amidst the acclamations of the multitude, Madame de Stael has given a striking account.

The finances were left by the Directory in a wretched state: the treasury was empty: forced loans arbitrarily assessed had been till then the chief resource of the government. Gaudin, the new minister appointed by Bonaparte, repealed the odious system, for which he substituted twenty-five per cent. additional upon all contributions, direct or indirect. Confidence being thus restored, the merchants and bankers of Paris supplied a loan of twelve millions, the taxes were paid without difficulty, the sales of national domains were resumed, and money was no longer wanting for the expenses of the state. Cambacères continued to be minister of justice. The tyrannical law of hostages, by which nearly two hundred thousand Frenchmen were placed out of the pale of the law, because they happened to be relatives of emigrants or of Vendéans, and were made answerable for the offences of the latter, was repealed. About twenty thousand priests who had been banished or imprisoned were allowed to return, or were set at liberty on taking the oath of fidelity to the established government. All persons arrested on mere suspicion, or for their opinions, were set free. "Opinions," said Bonaparte, "are not amenable to the law; the right of the sovereign extends only to the exaction of obedience to the laws."

The subordinate situations under government were filled with men from all parties, chosen for their fitness. "We are creating a new era," said Bonaparte; "of the past, we must remember only the good, and forget the evil. Times, habits of business, and experience, have formed many able men, and modified many characters." Agreeably to this principle, Fouché was retained as minister of police. Berthier was made minister of war, instead of Dubois Crancé, the minister of the Directory, who could give

no returns of the different corps, and who answered all questions by saying—"We neither pay, nor victual, nor clothe the army; it subsists and clothes itself by requisitions on the inhabitants."

The churches which had been closed by the Convention were reopened and Christian worship was allowed to be performed all over France. The Sabbath was again recognised as a day of rest, the law of the Decades was repealed, and the computation by weeks resumed. The festival of the 21st January, being the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI., was discontinued. The oath of hatred to royalty was suppressed as useless, now that the republic was firmly established and acknowledged by all, as being an obstacle to the good understanding between France and the other powers. At the same time, the sentence of transportation passed on the 19th Brumaire, on fifty-nine members of the former Council of Five Hundred, was changed into their remaining at a distance from Paris, under the surveillance of the police.

France was still at war with Austria, England, and the Porte. Bonaparte sent Duroc on a mission to Berlin, by which he confirmed Prussia in its neutrality. The Emperor Paul of Russia had withdrawn from the confederation after the battle of Zürich, 25th September, 1799, in which Massena gained a victory over the Russian army. Bonaparte now wrote a letter to the King of England, expressing a wish for peace between the two nations. Lord Grenville, secretary of state for foreign affairs, returned an evasive answer, expressing doubts as to the stability of the present government of France, an uncertainty which would affect the security of the negotiations; "but disclaiming at the same time any claim to prescribe to France what shall be the form of her government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. His majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions and those of his allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained, his majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the means of immediate and general pacification. Unhappily no such security hitherto exists; no sufficient evidence of the principles by which the new government of France will be directed, no reasonable grounds by which to judge of its stability." This correspondence was the subject of animated debates in the British parliament.

Bonaparte had made the overture in compliance with the general wish for peace, but he says himself that he was not sorry it was rejected, and "that the answer from London filled him with secret satisfaction, as war was necessary to maintain energy and union in the state, which was ill organized, as well as his own influence over the imaginations of the people." Bonaparte at the same time succeeded in putting an end to the civil war in La Vendée: he entered into negotiations with the principal

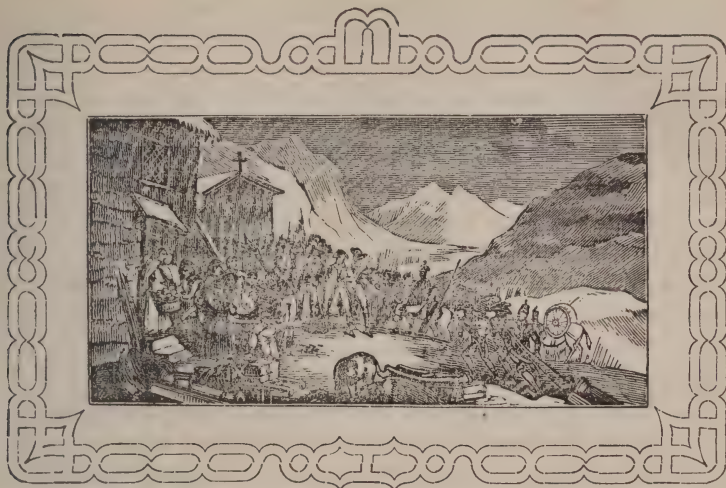
Vendean chiefs, offering a complete amnesty for the past, and at the same time he sent troops to La Vendée to put down any further resistance.

The royalist party had gained considerable strength; owing to the weak and immoral policy of the Directory, many officers of the republic, both civil and military, had entered into correspondence with it, because, as they confessed to Bonaparte, they preferred any thing to anarchy and the return of the Reign of Terror. But the temperate and yet firm policy of the First Consul effected a great alteration in public opinion. The Vendéans themselves were affected by it. The principal of them, Chatillon, D'Autichamp, the Abbé Bernier, Bourmont, and others, made their peace with the government by the treaty of Montluçon in January, 1800. Georges capitulated to General Brune, and the Vendean war was at an end.

Bonaparte now turned all his attention to the war against Austria. He gave to Moreau the command of the army of the Rhine, and himself assumed the direction of that of Italy. Massena was shut up in Genoa, and the Austrians, under General Melas, occupied Piedmont and the Genoese territory as far as the French frontiers. Bonaparte made a demonstration of assembling an army of reserve at Dijon in Burgundy, which was composed of a few thousand men, chiefly conscripts or old invalids.

The Austrians, lulled into security, continued their operations against Genoa and towards Nice, while Bonaparte secretly directed a number of regiments from the interior of France to assemble in Switzerland on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. He himself repaired to Lausanne on the 13th of May, and marched with about thirty-six thousand men and forty pieces of cannon, up the Great St. Bernard, which had till then been considered impracticable for the passage of an army, and especially for artillery. The cannons were dismounted, put into hollow trunks of trees, and dragged by the soldiers; the carriages were taken to pieces and carried on mules. The French army descended to Aosta, turned the fort of Bard, and found itself in the plains of Lombardy, in the rear of Melas's Austrian army, which was south of the Po, and intercepting its communications with the Austrian states.

Bonaparte entered Milan on the 2d of June, without meeting with any opposition, and was there joined by other divisions which had passed by the Simplon and the St. Gothard. He now marched to meet Melas, who had hastily assembled his army near Alessandria. Passing the Po at Piacenza, he drove back Melas's advanced guard at Casteggio, near Voghera, and took a position in the plain of Marengo, on the right bank of the river Bormida, in front of Alessandria. On the 14th of June Melas crossed the Bormida in three columns, and attacked the French. The Austrians carried the village of Marengo, and drove the French back upon that of San Giuliano, which was attacked by a column of five thousand Hungarian grenadiers



PASSAGE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the battle seemed lost to the French, who were retiring on all points, and in considerable disorder, when Desaix arriving with a fresh division attacked the advancing column, while the younger Kellermann, with a body of heavy horse, charged it in flank. The column was broken, and General Zach, the Austrian second in command, and his staff, were taken prisoners. The commander-in-chief, Melas, an old and gallant officer, exhausted with fatigue, and thinking the battle won, had just left the field and returned to Alessandria.

The other French divisions now advanced in their turn, a panic spread among the Austrians, who, after fighting hard all day, had thought themselves sure of victory, and they fled in confusion towards the Bormida, many being trampled down by their own cavalry, which partook of the general disorder. The Austrian official report stated their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners at nine thousand and sixty-nine men, and fourteen hundred and twenty-three horses. The French stated their own loss at four thousand only, and that of the Austrians at twelve thousand. But the loss of the French must have been greater.

Desaix was shot through the breast in the charge; he fell from his horse, and telling those around him not to say any thing to his men, he expired. He and Kellermann turned the fate of the battle. An armistice was concluded on the 16th of June between the two armies, by which Melas was allowed to withdraw his troops to the line of Mantua and the Mincio, the French keeping Lombardy as far as the river Oglio. Melas, on

his side, gave up Piedmont and the Genoese territory, with all their fortresses, including Genoa and Alessandria, to the French.



BONAPARTE having established provisional governments at Milan, Turin, and Genoa, returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 3d of July, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The battle of Marengo had wonderfully consolidated his power, and increased his influence in the opinion of the French. Negotiations for peace took place between Austria and France; Austria, however, refused to treat without England, and Bonaparte demanded an armistice by sea, as a preliminary to the negotiations with England. Malta and Egypt were then on the point of surrendering to the English, and Bonaparte wished to send reinforcements to those countries during the naval armistice. This was refused by England, and hostilities were resumed by sea and land. Moreau defeated the Austrians commanded by the Archduke John, in the great battle of Hohenlinden, and advanced towards Vienna. The French in Italy drove the Austrians beyond the Adige and the Brenta.

Austria was now obliged to make a separate peace. The treaty of Luneville, 9th of February, 1801, arranged by the two plenipotentiaries, Count Cobertzel and Joseph Bonaparte, was mainly grounded on that of Campoformio. Austria retained the Venetian territories, but Tuscany was taken away from the Grand-duke Ferdinand, and bestowed upon Louis, son of the Duke of Parma, who had married a princess of Spain. Through the mediation of the Emperor Paul of Russia, with whom Bonaparte was now on very friendly terms, the King of Naples also obtained peace. The new pope, Pius VII., was likewise acknowledged by Bonaparte, and left in full possession of his territories, except the legations which had been annexed to the Cisalpine republic.

In the course of the same year negotiations were begun with England, where Mr. Addington had succeeded Mr. Pitt as, prime minister. Egypt and Malta having surrendered to the English, the chief obstacles to peace were removed. The preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris, on the 10th of October, 1801, and the definitive treaty was signed at Amiens, 27th of March, 1802. The principal conditions were, that Malta should be restored to the Knights of St. John, and the forts be occupied by a Neapolitan garrison. The independence of the Cisalpine, Batavian, Helvetic, and Ligurian republics was guaranteed. Egypt was restored to the sultan, the Cape of Good Hope to Holland, and the French West India Islands to France. England retained the island of Ceylon.

Bonaparte had shown at this period an earnest desire for peace, which France stood greatly in need of. Both royalists and republicans were

dissatisfied with his dictatorship. Joseph Arena, a Corsican, and brother of Bartolomeo Arena, of the Council of Five Hundred, who had warraly opposed Bonaparte on the 19th Brumaire, Ceracchi and Diana, Italian refugees, and several other violent republicans, formed a conspiracy against Bonaparte's life ; but they were discovered and imprisoned.

Soon after, a fresh conspiracy of the royalists, some say of the royalists and Jacobins united, was near terminating the life of the First Consul. As Bonaparte was passing in his carriage through the Rue Nicaise, on his way to the Opera, 24th of December, 1800, a tremendous explosion of several barrels of gunpowder in a wagon, that was drawn up on one side of the street, destroyed several houses, and killed many persons. Bonaparte's carriage had just passed, owing to the furious driving of the coachman, who was half intoxicated, and who made his way through all obstacles that had been purposely placed on the road. The police discovered the conspirators, who were fanatical royalists, connected with the Chouans in the west of France. They were tried and executed. At the same time, Arena and his republican friends, who had been already found guilty, although, it was said, upon evidence not quite conclusive, were brought out of their confinement and executed.

By a *Senatus Consultum*, for such the decrees of the Senate were styled, one hundred and thirty known leaders of the old Jacobin party, several of whom had participated in the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, were ordered to be transported beyond the seas. Bonaparte expressed his determination to put down both Jacobins and Bourbonists. A law passed the Legislative Body, empowering the executive to banish from Paris, and even from France, persons who should express opinions inimical to the present government. By another law, which passed the Tribune by a majority of only eight, and was afterwards sanctioned by the Legislative Body, special criminal courts were established to try all persons accused of treason against the state. The secret police was now organized with the utmost skill by Fouché, and numerous informers from all classes were taken into its pay. Besides the general police, there was a military police, and another police establishment under Bonaparte himself, in his own household.

In April, 1801, a general amnesty was granted to all emigrants who chose to return to France, and take the oath of fidelity to the government within a certain period. From this amnesty about five hundred were excepted, including those who had been at the head of armed bodies of royalists, those who belonged to the household of the Bourbon princes, those French officers who had been guilty of treason, and those who had held rank in foreign armies against France. The property of the returned emigrants which had not been sold, was restored to them. Another conciliatory measure was the concordat concluded between Joseph Bonaparte and Cardinal Consalvi, which was signed by Pius VII., in September, 1801.

The pope made several concessions, seldom if ever granted by his predecessors. He suppressed many bishoprics, he sanctioned the sale of church property which had taken place, he superseded all bishops who had refused the oath to the republic, and he agreed that the First Consul should appoint the bishops, subject to the approbation of the pontiff, who was to bestow upon them the canonical institution. The bishops, in concert with the government, were to make a new distribution of the parishes of their respective dioceses, and the incumbents appointed by them were to be approved by the civil authorities. The bishops, as well as the incumbents, were to take the oath of fidelity to the government, with the clause of revealing any plots they might hear of against the state. With these conditions it was proclaimed, on the part of the French government, that the Catholic religion was that of the majority of Frenchmen; that its worship should be free, public, and protected by the authorities, but under such regulations as the civil power should think proper to prescribe for the sake of public tranquillity; that its clergy should be provided for by the state; that the cathedrals and parish churches should be restored to them. The total abolition of convents was also confirmed.

This concordat was not agreed to by the pope without some scruples, nor without much opposition from several of the theologians and canonists of the court of Rome. On Easter Sunday, 1802, the concordat was published at Paris, together with a decree of regulations upon matters of discipline, which were so worded as to make them appear part of the text of the original concordat. The regulations were that no bull, brief, or decision from Rome should be acknowledged in France, without the previous approbation of the government; no nuncio or apostolic commissioner to appear in France, and no council to be held without a similar consent; appeals against abuses of discipline to be laid before the council of state; professors of seminaries to subscribe to the four articles of the Gallican Church of 1682; no priest to be ordained, unless he be twenty-five years of age, and have an income of at least three hundred francs; and lastly, that the grand vicars of the respective dioceses should exercise the episcopal authority after the demise of the bishop, and until the election of his successor, instead of vicars elected *ad hoc* by the respective chapters, as prescribed by the Council of Trent. This last article grieved most the court of Rome, as it affected the spiritual jurisdiction of the church. The pope made remonstrances, to which Bonaparte turned a deaf ear. Regulations concerning the discipline of the Protestant churches in France were issued at the same time with those concerning the Catholic church. The Protestant ministers were also paid by the state.

On the occasion of the solemn promulgation of the concordat in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame the Archbishop of Aix officiated, and Bonaparte attended in full state. The old generals of the republic had been invited

by Berthier in the morning to attend the levee of the First Consul, who took them unawares with him to Nôtre Dame. Bonaparte said at St. Helena, that he never repented having signed the concordat: that it was a great political measure; that it gave him influence over the pope, and through him over a great part of the world, and especially over Italy, and that he might one day have ended by directing the pope's councils altogether. "Had there been no pope," he added, "one ought to have been made for the occasion."

Bonaparte established an order of knighthood both for military men and civilians, which he called the Legion of Honour. This measure met with considerable opposition in the Tribunate. At the first renewal of one-fifth of the members of that body, the Senate contrived to eject the most decided members of the opposition.

In January, 1802. Bonaparte convoked together at Lyons the members of the provisional government of the Cisalpine republic, together with deputations of the bishops, of the courts of justice, of the universities and academies, of the several towns and departments, and the national guards, of the regular army, and of the chambers of commerce. The number of deputies amounted to about five hundred, out of whom a commission of thirty members was selected, which made a report to the First Consul of France on the actual state of the Cisalpinè republic.

The report stated, that owing to the heterogeneous parts of which that republic was composed, there was a want of confidence among them; that the republic was in a state of infancy, which required for some time to come the tutelary support of France: and it ended by requesting that the First Consul would assume the chief direction of its affairs. Bonaparte then repaired to the hall of the deputies, and delivered a speech which was the echo of the report: he agreed with all its conclusions, and confirmed them in more positive language. He told them, that "they should still be protected by the strong arm of the first nation in Europe, and that as he found no one among them who had sufficient claims to the chief magistracy, he was willing to assume the direction of their affairs, with the title of President of the Italian Republic, and to retain it as long as circumstances should require it."

The new constitution of the Italian republic was then proclaimed; three electoral colleges—1, of proprietors; 2, of the learned; 3, of the merchants—represented the nation, and appointed the members of the legislature, and the judges of the upper courts. The legislative body of seventy-five members voted without discussion on the projects of law presented to it by the executive. There were two councils, under the names of Consulta of State and Legislative Council, which examined the projects of law proposed by the president, the treaties with foreign states, &c. The principal difference between this constitution and that of France, was in the

composition of the electoral colleges, they being selected in Italy by classes, and in France by communes and departments, without distinction of classes; and also, that in Italy there was no tribunate to discuss the projects of law proposed by the executive. As to the rest, the election of members to the legislature in both countries was not made by the body of the people: in both, the executive had the exclusive right of proposing the laws: in both, the government was monarchical, under republican names, and tempered by constitutional forms. The president was for ten years, and re-eligible. He appointed to all civil and military offices, transacted all diplomatic affairs, &c.

Bonaparte appointed Melzi d'Eril as vice-president, to reside at Milan in his absence. This choice was generally approved of. Bonaparte gave also a new constitution to the Ligurian or Genoese republic, similar to that of the Italian republic; he did not assume the chief magistracy himself, but placed a native doge at the head of the state. On the 2d of August, 1802, Bonaparte was proclaimed Consul for life, by a decree of the Senate, which was sanctioned by the votes of the people in the departments, to the number of three millions and a half. A few days after, another *Senatus Consultum* appeared, altering the formation of the electoral bodies, reducing the Tribunate to fifty members, and paving the way, in fact, for absolute power. The *Mémoires sur le Consulat*, by Thibaudeau, explain the intrigues that took place at the time.

Switzerland was at this time distracted by civil war. The French troops had evacuated the country after the peace of Amiens, but the spirit of dissension among the different cantons remained. Bonaparte called to Paris deputations from every part of Switzerland, and after listening to their various claims, he told them that he would mediate among them; he rejected the schemes of unity and uniformity, saying, that nature itself had made Switzerland for a federal country; that the old forest cantons, the democracies of the Alps, being the cradle of Helvetic liberty, still formed the chief claim of Switzerland to the sympathies of Europe. "Destroy those free primitive commonwealths, the monument of five centuries," he added, "and you destroy your historical associations, you become a mere common people, liable to be swamped in the whirlpool of European politics."

The new Helvetic confederation was formed of nineteen cantons, on the principle of equal rights between towns and country, the respective constitutions varying, however, according to localities. The General Diets of the confederation were re-established. The neutrality of Switzerland was recognised; no foreign troops were to touch its territory; but the Swiss were to maintain a body of sixteen thousand men in the service of France, as they formerly did under the old monarchy.

Bonaparte assumed the title of Mediator of the Helvetic league. He retained, however, Geneva and the bishopric of Basle, which had been

seized by the Directory, and he separated the Valais, which he afterwards aggregated to France. To the end of his reign, Bonaparte respected the boundaries of Switzerland, as settled by the act of mediation; that and little San Marino were the only republics in Europe whose independence he maintained.

Bonaparte had directed a commission of lawyers of the first eminence, under the presidency of Cambacères, to frame or digest a code of civil laws for France. He himself frequently attended their meetings, and took great interest in the discussions. The result of their labours was the Civil Code, which has continued ever since to be the law of France. It was styled "Code civil des Français," and it was accompanied by a Code de procédure. A Code penal, accompanied likewise by a Code d'instruction criminelle, a commercial code, and a military code, were afterwards compiled and promulgated under Bonaparte's administration. These several codes, which are very different in their respective merits, are often confusedly designated by the name of Code Napoleon. The Civil Code is considered by far the best, and constitutes perhaps the most useful bequest of Bonaparte's reign.

The various branches of public instruction also attracted Bonaparte's attention, though in very unequal proportions. The task of providing elementary education was thrown upon the communes, but the communes being mostly very poor, the establishment of primary schools met with many difficulties, and elementary education remained in a languishing and precarious state during the whole of Napoleon's reign. Several reports delivered by the councillor of state, Fourcroy, to the legislative body under the Consulate and the Empire, show the wretched state of primary and secondary instruction throughout France. The secondary instruction was chiefly given in private establishments. Fourcroy stated the number of pupils under ten years of age in the primary and secondary schools at only seventy-five thousand, and this in a population of thirty-two millions. Classical and literary instruction was afforded by the Lycea to about four thousand pupils, whose expenses were defrayed by the state, besides boarders kept at the charge of their parents. The discipline of these establishments was altogether military. Latin, mathematics, and military manœuvres were the chief objects of instruction at the Lycea. Scientific education was given in the special schools in the chief towns of France, such as the schools of law and of medicine, the college of France, and the polytechnic school at Paris, the military school at Fontainebleau, the school of artillery and engineers at Mainz, that of bridges and highways, or civil engineers, the schools for the mines, &c. Speculative, philosophical, or political studies met with little encouragement under Bonaparte's administration. He sneered at all such studies as ideology, and censured them as an idle and dangerous occupation.

The provincial administration of France was now organized upon one uniform plan, and was made entirely dependent on the central power or executive. Each department had a prefect, who had the chief civil authority; he was generally a stranger to the department, received a large salary, and was removed or dismissed at the will of Bonaparte. The mayors of the towns of five thousand inhabitants and upwards were appointed by Bonaparte; those of the communes under five thousand inhabitants, as well as all the members of the municipal councils, were appointed by the respective prefects. Thus all remains of municipal or communal liberty and popular election were quietly abrogated in France. "I was a dictator," says Napoleon, "called to that office by the force of circumstances. It was necessary that the strings of the government, which extended all over the state, should be in harmony with the key-note which was to influence them. The organization which I had extended all over the empire required to be maintained with a high degree of pressure, and to possess a prodigious force of elasticity," &c. His power, in fact, was much greater than that of the kings of the old monarchy, as his prefects were not men distinguished by rank and fortune and connections, as the former governors and lieutenant-generals; they owed their whole power to their immediate commissions; they had no personal influence on opinion, and no force except the impulse they received from the chief of the state.

After the peace with England, Bonaparte sent a fleet and an army under his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to St. Domingo, to reduce the blacks, who had revolted. A dreadful war ensued, which was marked by atrocities on both sides, and ended in the destruction of the French force, and the total emancipation of the blacks. At the same time he re-established the slavery of the blacks in Guadeloupe and Martinique, and authorized afresh the slave trade. By a treaty with Spain, that country gave up Louisiana to France, which France afterwards sold to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars. By another treaty with Portugal, France acquired Portuguese Guiana.

In Italy, France took possession of the Duchy of Parma, at the death of the Duke Ferdinand, in October, 1802. She likewise took possession of the island of Elba, by an agreement with Naples and Tuscany. The annexation of Piedmont to France next filled up the measure of alarm of the other powers at Bonaparte's encroachments. Since the victory of Marengo, Piedmont had been provisionally occupied by the French, and Bonaparte had given out hopes that he would restore it to the old king, for whom Paul of Russia evinced a personal interest. He was then still at war with England, and he had formed a scheme of an offensive alliance with Russia at the expense of Turkey, with a view to march a combined army to India.

The violent death of Paul having put an end to this scheme, he immediately procured a decree of the Senate constituting Piedmont into a military division of the French empire, under a council of administration, with General Menou at the head. Still the ultimate fate of Piedmont remained in suspense, as it was understood that the Emperor Alexander interested himself for the King of Sardinia. But after the assumption of the presidency of the Italian republic, and the annexation of Parma and Elba, and other stretches of power on the side of Holland and the Rhine, at which Alexander openly expressed his displeasure, Bonaparte having no further reason to humour him, a *Senatus Consultum* appeared in September, 1802, definitively incorporating Piedmont with the French Republic, and dividing it into six departments, Po, Dora, Sesia, Stura, Marengo, and Tanaro.

England on her side refused to deliver up Malta, as a Neapolitan garrison would have been a poor security against a sudden visit of the French. Lord Whitworth had a long and stormy conference with Bonaparte at the Tuileries on this subject. The English minister having represented to him that the state of things which the treaty of Amiens had contemplated, was completely altered by his enormous accession of power in Italy, Bonaparte peremptorily rejected England's claim to interfere in his arrangements concerning other states; he insisted upon Malta being delivered up to some neutral power; and at the same time did not even disguise his further views upon Egypt. He complained of the attacks of the English press upon him, talked of conspiracies hatched in England against him, which he assumed that the English government was privy to, although Charles Fox himself, who was in opposition to the English minister of the day, had once, during his visit to Paris, told him with honest bluntness to drive that nonsense out of his head; he complained that every wind that blew from England was fraught with mischief for him; and at last, after an hour and a half of almost incessant talking, he dismissed the English minister to prepare for the renewal of hostilities.

On the 25th of March, 1803, a *Senatus Consultum* placed at the disposal of the First Consul, one hundred and twenty thousand conscripts. England on her side was making active preparations. On the 18th of May, England declared war against France, and laid an embargo upon all French vessels in her ports. In retaliation for this, a decree of the 22d of May ordered that all the English, of whatever condition found on the territory of France, should be detained as prisoners of war, under pretence that many of them belonged to the militia. General Mortier was sent to occupy the Electorate of Hanover belonging to the king of Great Britain.

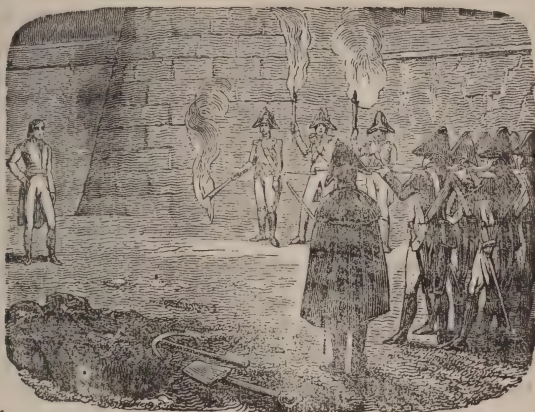
In the following September, a decree of the consuls, "in order," as it stated, "to secure the liberty of the press," forbade any bookseller to publish any work, until he had submitted a copy of it to the commission of revision. Journals had already been placed under still greater restrictions.



ON February, 1804, the police discovered that a number of emigrants and Vendéans were concealed at Paris, that General Pichegru, who, after his escape from Guiana, had openly espoused the cause of the Bourbons, was with them, and that he had had some interviews with General Moreau. Georges Cadoudal, the Chouan chief, who had once before submitted to the First Consul,

was likewise lurking about Paris. Pichegru, Moreau, and Georges were arrested. The real purpose of the conspirators has never been clearly known. Georges, it seems, proposed to take away the life of the First Consul, but it was not proved that the rest assented to this. It was also reported to Bonaparte, that the young Duke of Enghien, son of the Duke of Bourbon, and grandson of the Prince of Condé, who was living at Ettenheim, in the grand-duchy of Baden, was in correspondence with some of the Paris conspirators, and that he was to enter France as soon as the intended insurrection should break out. Bonaparte, worried with reports of plots and conspiracies against him, gave orders to arrest the duke, although on a neutral territory.

On the 14th of March, a party of gendarmes from Strasburg crossed the Rhine, entered the Baden territory, surrounded the château of Ettenheim, seized the duke and his attendants, and took him to the citadel of Strasburg. On the morning of the 18th, the duke was put into a carriage, and taken under an escort to the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, where he arrived in the evening of the 20th. A military court of seven members was ordered by the First Consul to assemble at Vincennes that very night. The members were appointed by General Murat, commandant of Paris. General Hulin was president. The captain rapporteur, D'Autancourt, interrogated the duke. The charges laid before the court against the prisoner were: that he had borne arms against the French republic; that he had offered his services to the English government; that he was at the head of a party of emigrants assembled near the frontiers of France, and had treasonable correspondence with the neighbouring departments; and lastly, that he was an accomplice in the conspiracy formed at Paris against the life of the First Consul. This last charge the duke indignantly denied, and there was not the least evidence that he was implicated in it, nor that he had corresponded with either Pichegru or Georges. He was however found guilty of all the charges. The duke expressed a desire to have an interview with the First Consul. This, however, was overruled by Savary, who was present at the trial, though not one of the members, and who abruptly told the court that it was inexpedient to grant the prisoner's request. The duke was sentenced, by the same court, to death for crimes of espionage, of correspondence with the enemies of the republic, and of attempts against the safety, internal and external, of the state.



DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

Savary had orders from Bonaparte to see the sentence carried into execution, which was done that very night, or rather early in the morning of the 21st of March. The duke asked for a priest, which was refused; he then knelt down, and prayed for a minute or two, after which he was led down by torchlight to a postern gate, which opened into the castle ditch, where a party of gendarmes was drawn up, and a grave had been dug. It was dawn. Savary, from the parapet, gave the signal for firing. The duke fell dead, and was immediately buried in the dress he had on, without any funeral ceremony.

It is remarkable that Murat, afterwards King of Naples, when himself under sentence of death, told Captain Stratti, who guarded him, "I took no part in the tragedy of the Duke of Enghien, and I swear this before that God into whose presence I am soon to appear." In fact, Murat, as governor of Paris, merely appointed the members of the court-martial, according to the orders he received.

It is not true that the duke wrote a letter to Bonaparte which was not delivered to him, as Bonaparte himself seems to have believed. The apology which Bonaparte made at St. Helena for this judicial murder, was, that he believed the duke was privy to the conspiracy against his life, and that he was obliged to strike terror among the royalists, and put an end to

their plots, by showing that he was not a man to be trifled with. An additional motive has been ascribed to him, namely, that of reassuring the party implicated in the former French Revolution against any fears they might have of his ever restoring the Bourbons.

On the 6th of April, Pichegru was found dead in his prison. About the same time, Captain Wright, of the English navy, who, having been employed in landing Pichegru and the other emigrants in Brittany, was afterwards captured by the French, and brought to Paris for the purpose of being examined concerning the conspiracy, was likewise reported to have been found dead. The death of these two men is still involved in mystery.

Bonaparte has positively denied any knowledge of Captain Wright's death, and has asserted his belief that Pichegru really strangled himself, as it was reported. Yet, even freely admitting the sincerity of his statements, one may suspect that the agents of his police, screened as they were from all public responsibility, might, in their eagerness to serve their master, or rather themselves, have resorted to foul means to get rid of these men when they could not extract from them confessions that would suit their purpose.

Bonaparte had repeatedly complained of the hasty zeal of some of his agents. It is stated by Bourienne that Pichegru's depositions did not inculpate Moreau, whom there was an apparent eagerness to find guilty. Some dark rumours were circulated about Captain Wright having been put to excruciating torture. It is very possible that Bonaparte himself did not know at that time all the secrets of his prison-houses. There is a remarkable passage in Bourienne, who, when he was French agent at Hamburg, kidnapped a spy, a really bad character, and sent him to Paris, "where," he says, "Fouché, no doubt, took good care of him." These are ominous words. See Montholon's *Memoirs*, vol. i., where Napoleon speaks of the arbitrary tyranny which the minister of police and his agents exercised, until, by his decree on state prisons, 13th March, 1810, he stripped them "of that terrible power of committing any individual at their own pleasure, and keeping him in their own hands, without the tribunals taking any cognisance of the case." This abuse had existed from the time of the convention.

The trial of Moreau, Georges, and the others, did not take place for several months after Pichegru's death. Meantime, a motion was made in the Tribune, by one Curée, to bestow upon Napoleon Bonaparte the title of emperor, with the hereditary succession in his family. Carnot alone spoke against the motion, which, however, was passed by a great majority on the 3d of May. The resolution of the Tribune was then carried to the Senate, where it was unanimously agreed to. It was then submitted to the votes of the people in the departments. Above three millions of the

registered votes were favourable, and between three and four thousand contrary. It was said that in many places those who did not vote were registered as assentients, and that this was the case at Geneva among others. However, even before the votes were collected, Napoleon assumed the title of emperor at St. Cloud, on the 18th of May, 1804. On the 19th he issued a decree appointing eighteen of his first generals marshals of the French empire. Deputations with congratulatory addresses soon began to pour in from the departments, and the clergy followed in the wake. The first decrees of the new sovereign were headed—"Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the Constitution of the Republic, Emperor of the French," &c.; but the name of the republic was soon after dropped altogether.

In the month of June the trial of Moreau, Georges, and the others concerned in the conspiracy, took place before a special court. A decree of the Senate had, previously suspended, for two years, the functions of the jury in cases of attempts against the person of Napoleon Bonaparte. Twenty of the accused, with Georges at their head, were condemned to death; Moreau, with four more, to two years' imprisonment; and the rest were acquitted, but the police seized them on coming out of court, and replaced them in prison at the command of the Emperor. Rivière, Polignac, and some others who had been condemned to death, were reprieved by Napoleon through the entreaties of his wife and sisters. Georges and some of his more stubborn friends were executed. Moreau had his sentence of imprisonment exchanged for perpetual banishment, and sailed for the United States. The proceedings of the trial, and Moreau's, defence were published in the newspapers of the time.

Napoleon requested the pope to perform the ceremony of his coronation. After consulting with his cardinals, Pius VII. determined to comply with his wish, and came to Paris at the end of November, 1804. The coronation took place in the church of Nôtre Dame, on the 2d of December. The crown having been blessed by the pope, Napoleon took it himself from the altar, and placed it on his head, after which he crowned his wife as empress. The heralds then proclaimed the accession "of the high and mighty Napoleon I., Emperor of the French," &c., &c.

The Italian republic was soon after transformed into a kingdom. A deputation of the consulta or senate proceeded to Paris, in March, 1805, humbly requesting Napoleon to accept the ancient iron crown, the crown of Italy, with the condition that the two crowns of France and Italy should remain united only on Napoleon's head, and that he should appoint a separate successor to the Italian kingdom. On the 26th of May, the ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Milan, by the archbishop of that city. Napoleon seized the iron crown of the old Longobard kings and placed it on his brow, saying, "God has given it to me; wo to him who shall



THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

attempt to lay hands on it." He appointed his step-son, Eugene Beauharnois, his viceroy of the kingdom of Italy.

On the 7th of June, Napoleon opened in person the session of the Italian legislative body. About the same time the Doge of Genoa, Durazzo, repaired to Milan with a deputation of senators, and expressed a wish on the part of the Genoese to be united to the French empire. A decree of Napoleon, 9th of June, united Genoa to France. Soon after the republic of Lucca was transformed into a principality, and given to Elisa, Napoleon's sister, and her husband Baciocchi, to be holden as a fief of the French empire. Thus, two more Italian republics disappeared; San Marino alone remained.

In the preceding year, (1804,) Napoleon had assembled a large force on the shores of the British channel, with a flotilla at Boulogne, and had given it the name of "the army of England." The invasion of England, and the plunder of London, were confidently talked of among his soldiers. After his return from Milan, he gave a new impulse to the preparations for the projected invasion, and spoke of it publicly as an attempt resolved upon. His real intentions, however, have been a matter of much doubt and controversy.

Bourienne, who was then still near Bonaparte's person, positively states

that he did not entertain any serious view of landing in England ; that he was fully aware of the difficulty and risk of such an undertaking ; that even had he succeeded in landing a hundred thousand men, which was no easy matter, he might have lost one-half or two-thirds in taking possession of London ; and then, had the English nation persevered, he, not having the superiority at sea, could not have obtained reinforcements, &c.

Bonaparte, at St. Helena, spoke differently. He said he had taken all his measures ; he had dispersed his ships all over the sea ; and while the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world, his ships were to return suddenly and at the same time ; he would have had seventy or eighty French and Spanish ships in the channel, with which he could have remained master of the narrow seas for two months. Three or four thousand boats and one hundred thousand men were ready at a signal.

The enterprise was popular with the French, and was supported, Napoleon said, by the wishes of a great number of English. One pitched battle after landing, the result of which could not be doubtful, and in four days he would have been in London, as the nature of the country does not admit of a war of manœuvres ; his army should have preserved the strictest discipline, he would have presented himself to the English people with the magical words of liberty and equality, and as having come to restore to them their rights and liberties, &c.

It must be observed, that all this declamation applies to his preparations towards the end of 1803, and the beginning of 1804, when he was still First Consul, and preserved a show of respect for the liberties of the people. To O'Meara he spoke in a rather different strain. He said he would have gone straight to London, and have seized the capital, that he would have had all the mob for him, all the low, dissipated, and loose characters, all the restless, discontented, who abound in great cities, and who are everywhere the same, fond of change, and riot, and revolution. He would have excited the democratic element against the aristocracy, he would have revolutionized England, &c. Whether, with such instruments let loose, he would have preserved the discipline of his army, and prevented the horrors that attended his invasion of Spain, and other countries, he did not say. Luckily, perhaps, for all parties, the trial was not made. While his army was assembled near Boulogne, a new storm burst on the side of Germany.

Austria had remonstrated against the never-ending encroachment of Napoleon in Italy. The Emperor of Russia and Gustavus, King of Sweden, protested against the violation of the German territory, on the occasion of the seizure of the Duke of Enghien ; the *Moniteur* answered them by taunts and jibes against the two sovereigns. By the treaty of Luneville, the Italian, Batavian, and Ligurian republics were acknowledged as independent states, but Napoleon had now seized the crown of Italy, had annexed Liguria to France, and Holland as well as Hanover

were occupied by his troops. Both Russia and Austria complained, but their complaints remained unheeded. A new coalition was formed in the summer of 1805, between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden. Prussia was urged to join it: she hesitated, increased her armies, but remained neutral, looking forward to the events of the war. Austria, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians, who were assembling on the frontiers of Galicia, marched an army into the electorate of Bavaria; and on the elector refusing to join the coalition, they entered Munich. General Mack, who had given sufficient proofs of incapacity in the field while commanding the Neapolitans in 1798, was, by some strange influence, placed at the head of the great Austrian army. The Archduke Charles commanded the Austrian forces on the side of Italy. Napoleon directed his army of England to march quickly to the Rhine: other troops, from Holland, Hanover and the interior of France, were ordered to march to the same quarter. He appointed Massena to command the army in Italy.

On the 23d of September, 1805, Bonaparte went in state to the Senate, where he delivered a speech on the occasion of the war. As this is a fair specimen of his peculiar style of oratory, we shall quote some extracts. "The wishes of the eternal enemies of the continent," he said, "are at last fulfilled; war is begun in the middle of Germany. Austria and Russia have joined England, and our generation is plunged again into all the calamities of war. . . . The Austrian army has crossed the Inn; the elector of Bavaria has been driven away from his capital; all my hopes of the preservation of peace have vanished. In this instance the wickedness of the enemies of the continent has fully revealed itself. They feared the manifestation of my deep love for peace; they feared that Austria, at the sight of the precipice they have dug under her feet, might return to sentiments of justice and moderation, and they have hurried her into war. I sigh in thinking of the blood that this will cost Europe, but the French name shall derive a fresh lustre from it. Senators, when, at your request, at the voice of the whole French people, I assumed the imperial crown, I received of you, and of all citizens, a solemn engagement to preserve it pure and without stain. My people will rush to the standard of its emperor and of his army, which in a few days shall have crossed the frontiers. Magistrates, soldiers, citizens, all are determined to keep our country free from the influence of England, who, if she should prevail, would grant us none but an ignominious peace, the principal conditions of which would be the burning of our fleets, the filling up of our harbours, and the annihilation of our industry. I have fulfilled all the promises which I made to the French people, who in their turn have exceeded all their engagements towards me. In the present crisis, so important to their glory and mine, they will continue to deserve the name of the great people by which I have repeatedly saluted them on the fields of battle."

It was by constantly throwing all the blame of the war upon the English, by continually representing them as a sort of incarnation of the evil principle ever intent on the ruin of France, that Bonaparte succeeded, in a country where great ignorance prevailed on political subjects, and where the press was sure not to contradict him, to create that spirit of bitter and deep animosity against England, which continued to exist long after his death. It is curious to read the *Moniteur* of those times, and to see the barefaced assertions and charges against England with which its columns are filled. In one instance, the English were gravely accused of having thrown bales of infected cotton on the coast of France in 1804, in order to introduce the plague into that country; and the *Moniteur* (the official journal) added, "the English cannot conquer us by the sword, they assail us with the plague;" and, strange to say, this absurd story has been revived in the "Memoirs of Marshal Ney," published at Paris, in 1832.

Napoleon repaired to Mainz, where he took the command of the grand army, a name which was afterwards always applied to the army while he commanded in person. He also began in this campaign to issue regular bulletins of the events of the war. Coloured as these documents generally are, (Bourienne, in his account of the Egyptian war, shows the process by which Napoleon used to frame them,) they constitute, however, a series of important historical papers.

We cannot enter into the details of the campaign of 1805, and we must refer our readers to the professional statements of military men of both sides who were in it, such as Stutterheim's *Campaign of Austerlitz*; Rapp's *Memoirs*, &c. Suffice it to say, that General Mack allowed himself to be surrounded at Ulm, and then surrendered, on the 17th of October, without fighting, with more than twenty thousand men, all his staff, artillery, &c. The other Austrian divisions being now scattered about could make no effectual resistance, and the French entered Vienna on the 13th of November. The Russian army had by this time assembled in Moravia, under the Emperor Alexander in person. Being joined by some Austrian divisions, it amounted to about eighty thousand men. Napoleon told his soldiers that they were now going to meet a new enemy, "who had been brought from the ends of the world by the gold of England."

Alluding to the high character borne by the Russian infantry, he added:—"This contest is of much importance to the honour of the French infantry. The question must be now finally settled whether the French infantry be the first or the second in Europe."

The great battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2d of December, 1805. The two armies were nearly equal in number. The Russians, confident of success, extended their line too much. Bonaparte broke through it and separated their divisions, which, after a stout resistance, especially on the part of the Russian guards, were routed in detail. The loss of the



BONAPARTE ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

allies was tremendous ; thousands were drowned in the frozen lakes in the rear of their position. The Emperor of Austria had an interview with Napoleon the day after, and an armistice was concluded, by which the remaining Russian troops were allowed to retire to their own country. Peace between Austria and France was signed at Presburg, on the 26th of December. Austria gave up the Venetian provinces and Dalmatia to the kingdom of Italy, Tyrol to the Elector of Bavaria, and other districts, besides a contribution of one hundred millions of francs.

This war, which was to have checked the preponderance of Napoleon in Italy, left that country entirely at his disposal, and established his influence over a great part of Germany, where, having raised the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg to the rank of kings, he placed himself at the head of all the smaller states, which he formed into the Confederation of the Rhine under his protection. The old German empire was thus dissolved. Soon after, the Emperor Francis formally renounced his title of Emperor of Germany, and assumed the title of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and of his other hereditary states.

It must be observed that the position of Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz in the heart of Moravia, the winter having set in, and he far from the frontiers of France and from his reinforcements and supplies, the Russians, who were expecting reinforcements, in his front, Prussia wavering on his flank, Bohemia untouched, the Archduke Charles and the Hunga-

rian insurrection in his rear, was extremely critical, had he chosen to protract the war. This of course induced him to grant Austria better terms than what she appeared to have a right to, on a mere superficial view of the condition of the two powers. The Austrian empire was not overthrown because Vienna was in the power of the invader. But Napoleon calculated on the habits and the fears of the Emperor Francis, and on his affection for the good citizens of Vienna; and he was not mistaken on this occasion.

The King of Naples, breaking his recent treaty with France, had allowed a Russian and English army to land in his dominions, where they remained useless during the great struggle that was going forward in Germany. Napoleon sent an army to Naples in February, 1806; and King Ferdinand took refuge in Sicily. A decree of Napoleon, March, 1806, appointed his brother Joseph King of Naples and of Sicily. On the 6th of June following, he appointed, by another decree, his brother Louis King of Holland, thus transforming, by a stroke of the pen, the Batavian republic into a kingdom dependent on France. His brother-in-law, Murat, was made Grand-duke of Berg.

During his victorious progress in Germany, Napoleon received the news of the total destruction of the French and Spanish fleets by Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805. His peevish remark on the occasion is said to have been—"I cannot be everywhere;" and he threw all the blame on his unfortunate admiral, Villeneuve, who soon after killed himself. From this time, Napoleon renounced his plans of invading England, and he applied himself to destroy all English trade and correspondence with the Continent. Charles Fox, who had succeeded Pitt as minister, was known to be favourable to peace. Negotiations accordingly were entered into by Napoleon, on the basis of the *uti possidetis*. Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards Lord Lauderdale, were the English negotiators. Napoleon, however, required that Sicily should be given up to Joseph Bonaparte. But Sicily had never been conquered by the French; it had been, throughout the war, the ally of England, and, owing to that alliance, its sovereign had lost his continental dominions of Naples. To have bartered away Sicily to France would have been, on the part of England, an act of bad faith, equal to, if not worse than the former barter of Venice by the French. The English minister refused, and, Fox dying soon after, the negotiations broke off.

The conduct of Prussia had been one of tergiversation. Napoleon knew that she had felt the wish, without having the resolution, to strike a blow while he was engaged in Moravia against the Russians. To keep her in good humour, he had given Hanover up to her, which Prussia, though at peace with the King of England, scrupled not to accept. She, moreover, shut her ports against British vessels. Bonaparte, after having settled his

affairs with Austria, altered his tone towards Prussia. The *Moniteur* began to talk of Prussia as a secondary power, which assumed a tone that its extent and position did not warrant. In his negotiations with Lord Lauderdale, Napoleon had offered to restore Hanover to the King of England.

The Confederation of the Rhine extended round a great part of the Prussian frontiers. The Prussian minister at Paris, Von Knobelsdorf, in a note which he delivered to Talleyrand, on the 1st of October, 1806, said truly, "that the king, his master, saw around his territories none but French soldiers, or vassals of France, ready to march at her beck." The note demanded that the French troops should evacuate the territory of Germany. Napoleon answered in a tone of sneer and defiance, saying, that "to provoke the enmity of France was as senseless a course as to pretend to withstand the waves of the ocean." The King of Prussia issued a long manifesto from his head-quarters at Erfurt, on the 9th of October, 1806, in which he recapitulated the long series of Napoleon's encroachments, which all the world was acquainted with, but which the King of Prussia seemed now to discover for the first time. Napoleon was speedily in the field; he attacked the Prussians first, and this time he had on his side a large superiority of numbers, added to his superiority of tactics.

The double battle of Auerstadt and Jena (16th of October) decided the campaign. The Prussian troops fought bravely, but their generals committed the same error as the Austrian generals had committed before, of extending too much their line of operations. The consequences of the Prussian defeat were most disastrous. Most of their divisions were surrounded and obliged to lay down their arms. Almost all their strong fortresses, Magdeburg, Spandau, Kustrin, Stettin, Hameln, surrendered without firing a shot. The work of the great Frederick's whole life crumbled to pieces in a few weeks. Blücher and Lestocq were the only officers who kept some regiments together, with which they made a gallant stand in the northern provinces.

Bonaparte entered Berlin on the 21st of October. He despatched Mortier to occupy Hamburg, and seize all English property there. On the 21st of November, 1806, Napoleon issued his well-known Berlin Decree against British commerce. "The British islands were to be considered as in a state of blockade by all the Continent. All correspondence or trade with England was forbidden under most severe penalties. All articles of English manufacture, or produce of the British colonies, were considered as contraband. Property of every kind belonging to British subjects, wherever found, was declared lawful prize. All letters to and from England to be detained and opened at the post-offices." The English government retaliated by its Orders in Council, 11th November, 1807.

Meantime, the King of Prussia had fled to Königsberg, and the Russian

armies advanced to the Vistula : the French occupied Warsaw. French agents had previously penetrated into Russian Poland, and spread a report that Kosciusko was at Napoleon's head-quarters. Napoleon had invited Kosciusko, who was then living in Switzerland, to come, but that single-minded patriot, mistrusting the views of the conqueror, declined the invitation.

Napoleon received, at his head-quarters at Posén, numerous addresses from various parts of Poland, entreating him to restore that country to its independence. His answers were cold and cautious. He began his winter campaign against the Russians by the battle of Pultusk, (28th of December,) in which the French experiencing a severe check, retired towards the Vistula. The month of January, 1807, passed without any engagements, but on the 8th of February, the great battle of Eylau was fought between the two grand armies. General Beningsen commanded the Russians. The French made repeated and furious attacks on the Russian infantry, which stood like walls of brass, and the assailants were at last obliged to desist. The battle lasted till near ten o'clock at night. The loss on both sides was dreadful ; it has never been correctly ascertained, but has been roughly estimated at fifty thousand men.

After the battle, Napoleon withdrew again to the line of the Vistula, and Beningsen retired towards Königsberg. There was no more fighting between the two armies for more than three months after. The French meantime besieged Dantzic, which was defended by the Prussian General Kalkreut, and surrendered at the end of May, 1807. Napoleon having now reinforced his army to two hundred thousand men, advanced again towards the Russians. On the 13th of June, the battle of Friedland took place, in which, after an obstinate struggle, the Russians were at last worsted, and driven beyond the river Aller. They did not lose, however, either cannon or baggage, and they effected their retreat upon Tilsit, near the Russian frontiers.

As Bonaparte and Alexander both wished for peace, an armistice was made, and a personal interview took place between the two emperors on a raft, in the middle of the river Niemen, on the 25th of June. The two sovereigns after this took up their residence in the town of Tilsit, where the treaty of peace was finally signed. The King of Prussia was restored to about one-half of his former territories, as far as the Elbe. The duchy of Warsaw was given to the elector of Saxony, who was made a king, and became the faithful ally of Napoleon. The principal Prussian fortresses and seaport towns were to remain in the hands of the French till the general peace. Russia made no sacrifices ; on the contrary she obtained a part of Prussian Poland. But there were secret articles to the treaty, by which France allowed Russia to take Finland from Sweden, and Russia, on her part, promised to close her ports against British vessels. On the

9th of July, Napoleon left Tilsit, to return to Paris, where he received the usual tribute of servile addresses and fulsome flattery.

On the 19th of August, a *Senatus Consultum* suppressed the Tribunal, the only remains of a national deliberative body in France. It had been previously reduced to one-half of its original number. "The Tribunal," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was absolutely useless, while it cost nearly half a million; I therefore suppressed it. I was well aware that an outcry would be raised against this violation of the law; but I was strong; I possessed the full confidence of the people, and I considered myself a reformer. I did every thing for the best. Had I been hypocritical, I should have maintained the Tribunal, for who can doubt that it would have adopted and sanctioned, when required, my views and intentions?" And speaking of the alleged servility of the Senate, he informs us that "in almost every important measure many of the senators, before they gave their vote, came to communicate with him privately, and stated, sometimes very decidedly, their objections; but that they went away convinced either by his arguments, or by the necessity and urgency of affairs."

Necessity and the urgency of circumstances were mighty words with Napoleon; they generally concluded all his arguments on matters of morality and politics. Whether these urgent circumstances were not often of his own creating or seeking, is a point which he seems not to have stopped to examine. Three committees of administration, of legislation, and of finances, taken from the Legislative Body, discussed the projects of law in lieu of the Tribunal.

Having stripped the Elector of Hesse Cassel of his dominions, under the plea that he had not joined him in the war against Prussia, as well as the Duke of Brunswick of his, on the ground that the duke had joined Prussia against him, Napoleon created out of these and other districts the kingdom of Westphalia, 18th of August, and gave it to his brother Jerome, who took up his residence at Cassel. Soon after, the Prince Regent of Portugal having refused to enforce the Berlin Decree against England, Napoleon sent Junot with thirty thousand men across Spain to take possession of Portugal. At the same time he published in the *Moniteur*, that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign in Europe." Junot entered Lisbon without opposition, November 30th, 1807, the Prince Regent and his court having just before embarked for Brazil.

In December of the same year, Napoleon having gone to Milan, sent for the Queen of Etruria, and her son, and signified to her that she must resign Tuscany, which was immediately occupied by French troops; and in the following June, (1808,) Tuscany was formally annexed, not to the kingdom of Italy, but to the French empire, of which it formed three new departments. The queen was promised a compensation in Portugal, which she never obtained.

On the 17th of December, 1807, Napoleon issued from Milan a decree by which all merchant vessels which should submit to the British Orders in Council, were declared to be lawful prizes by the French. In the following year, (1808,) a number of American vessels were seized and confiscated in the French and Italian ports. The pope was next to feel Napoleon's displeasure. The French troops had for some time occupied Ancona and Civita Vecchia, in order to keep away the English and the Russians; but Napoleon now insisted on the pope declaring war against England. The pope answered that he was a sovereign of peace, and could not declare war against any Christian power. Napoleon said, that as the successor of Charlemagne, he was emperor of the west, king of Italy, and Suzerain of the pope; that the English were heretics, and therefore enemies of the holy see, and that the donation of Charlemagne had been made to defend the holy church against its enemies; that if the pope did not comply with his wishes, he, Napoleon, would take back Charlemagne's grant. We cannot go further here into the long and vexatious correspondence and controversy between Napoleon and the court of Rome, which were carried on for several years, and which form an interesting episode in the general history of those times.

By a decree of the 2d of April, 1808, Napoleon annexed the Marches or Adriatic provinces of the Roman state to his kingdom of Italy. There were other points of dispute between the pope and Napoleon on matters concerning the Concordat with the kingdom of Italy. About the same time, (February, 1808,) a French force under General Miollis entered Rome, occupied the Castle St. Angelo, and began to do military duty in that city. The general took the papal troops under his own command. The pope remained in his palace with the mere shadow of a civil power, which he had no means to enforce.

We now come to another and most important transaction of Napoleon's reign, the invasion of Spain. Spain was the humble and submissive ally of Napoleon; her navy, her army, her treasures were at his disposal. She was at war with Great Britain; she had allowed a free passage to the French troops through her territory to Portugal. Other French divisions had entered Spain as friends in the beginning of 1808, and seized by stratagem the fortresses of St. Sebastian, Pamplona, and Barcelona. At the same time, the internal administration of Spain was carried on in a most corrupt and profligate manner.

Charles IV., his queen, and the favourite Godoy, had completely disgusted the Spaniards. An insurrectional movement took place at Aranjuez, 20th of March, and Ferdinand, the heir to the crown, who was a favourite with the people, was proclaimed king, and Charles was induced to abdicate. Napoleon founded upon this a pretence for interfering. He invited father, mother, son, and favourite to Bayonne, where he himself repaired

in April. Charles and his queen went readily; Ferdinand hesitated; but Napoleon sent Savary, who with many asseverations of his master's honourable and friendly intentions towards him, gradually decoyed the weak prince from stage to stage, until he was fairly out of the Spanish territory. A scene of duplicity and dishonesty, of indecent and unnatural recriminations now took place between Napoleon, the old king, the queen, and her son, which for moral turpitude has no parallel in history. Charles resumed his character of king, stigmatized Ferdinand as a rebellious son, the queen joined in reviling and disgracing him at the expense of her own and her husband's honour, and Ferdinand, overwhelmed by insults and threats, renounced his claim to the crown of Spain on the 6th of May. Charles likewise resigned all his rights "in favour of his friend and ally, the Emperor of the French."

Napoleon now issued a decree, appointing "his dearly beloved brother, Joseph Napoleon, King of Naples and Sicily, to the crowns of Spain and the Indies." By a subsequent decree, 15th of July, he appointed "his dearly beloved cousin, Joachim Murat, Grand-duke of Berg, to the throne of Naples and Sicily, which remained vacant by the accession of Joseph Napoleon to the kingdoms of Spain and the Indies." Both these curious documents are signed Napoleon, and countersigned by the minister secretary of state, Maret.

The memorable events which resulted from these nefarious transactions, the occupation of Madrid by Murat, the revolt and subsequent massacre of the people of that city, on the 2d of May, the insurrection which broke out simultaneously in all parts of the Peninsula against the invaders—the heroic, though often unfortunate resistance of the Spaniards—the atrocities committed by the French troops, and the cruel retaliations by the Spanish guerrillas—the long, murderous, war of seven years, from 1808 till 1814, in which the British army acted a conspicuous part—all these may be read in the numerous works written expressly on the subject of the Peninsular war.

During the seven years of the Peninsular war, six hundred thousand Frenchmen entered Spain at different times by the two great roads of Bayonne and Perpignan. There returned into France at various times about two hundred and fifty thousand. The other three hundred and fifty thousand did not return. Making full deduction for those who remained prisoners in the hands of the Spaniards and English, and were afterwards set free at the peace of 1814, the number who perished during that war, cannot be estimated at less than two hundred and fifty thousand, if it does not approach rather three hundred thousand. The loss of the Spaniards, soldiers and peasants, who were destroyed in detail on almost every spot in the Peninsula, cannot be calculated, but it must have been greater than that of the French.

In the year 1808, Napoleon re-established titles of nobility in France. Lefebvre, who had taken Dantzic the year before, was the first duke that he created. Many others, both military and civilians, received titles from towns in Italy and Germany, with an income charged upon the revenues or national domains of the conquered countries. Both the titles and incomes attached to them were made hereditary.

In September, 1808, Napoleon repaired to Erfurt to hold conferences with the Emperor Alexander. The subject of these conferences remained a secret, but it would seem that the question of Turkey was agitated. Napoleon says that the principal obstacle to a partition of that country was Constantinople. It seems, however, that he consented to Russia encroaching on the frontier provinces of Turkey, as the Russian troops invaded Moldavia and Wallachia soon after the conference. On returning from Erfurt, Napoleon told his senate that he and the Emperor of Russia were irrevocably united in a bond of alliance.

The English, in the mean time, had reconquered Portugal, and were advancing to the assistance of the Spaniards. King Joseph had been obliged to leave Madrid, and the French armies had withdrawn behind the Ebro. Napoleon resolved to set out for Spain himself. On the 25th of October, he opened, in person, the session of the Legislative Body with one of his characteristic speeches:—"The hideous presence of the English leopards contaminates the continent of Spain, and Portugal. I go to place myself at the head of my armies, to crown my brother at Madrid, and to plant the French eagles on the ramparts of Lisbon." Two days afterwards he set off for Spain.

On the 23d of November, 1808, Napoleon defeated the Spanish troops at Tudela, and, on the 4th of December, Madrid capitulated. He told the Spanish deputation that their grand-children would bless his memory. He then set off for Astorga, expecting to intercept Sir John Moore in his retreat. In this, however, he did not succeed, and leaving the task of pursuing the English to Soult and Ney, he suddenly quitted Astorga, and returned in great haste to France, in January, 1809.

A new Austrian war was on the point of breaking out. This time Austria came single into the field. She had made astonishing exertions to recruit her armies to the number of nearly half a million of men. Austria had apparently no new personal subject of complaint, except the alarm she naturally felt at the rapid strides of Napoleon towards universal dominion. The Archduke Charles commanded the Austrian army of Germany, and the Archduke John, that of Italy. The Austrians crossed the Inn, on the 9th of April, and occupied Bavaria and the Tyrol. Napoleon quickly assembled his army beyond the Rhine, repaired to Augsburg, and by one of his skilful manœuvres broke the line of the Austrians, gained the battle of Eckmühl, and obliged the Archduke Charles to retire into Bohemia.



DEATH OF MARSHAL LANNES.

On the 12th of May, the French entered Vienna. The archduke now collected his army on the left bank of the Danube. Bonaparte crossed the river to attack him, and the great battle of Aspern took place, on the 21st of May. The battle remained undecided; but on the following day it was renewed with fury on both sides, when, in the midst of the action, Bonaparte was informed that the bridge in his rear, which communicated with the right bank of the Danube, had been carried off by a flood. He then ordered a retreat, and withdrew his army into the island of Lobau in the middle of the Danube. The loss of the French was very great: Marshall Lannes was among the generals killed.

Napoleon remained for six weeks on the island. Having re-established the bridge, and received reinforcements, he crossed once more to the left bank, when he fought the Battle of Wagram, 6th July, in which he defeated the Austrians, with a tremendous loss on both sides. Still the Austrian army was not destroyed nor dispersed, and the Archduke Charles was for continuing the struggle. Other counsels, however, prevailed, and an armistice was concluded at Znaim, and this led to the peace of Schönbrunn, which was not signed, however, till the 14th of October. Napoleon had entertained some idea of dismembering the Austrian empire; he had even addressed an invitation to the Hungarians to form an independent kingdom under a native ruler, but this address produced no effect.

Germany began to be agitated by popular resistance against him ; bands of partisans, under Schill, the Duke of Brunswick, and others, had appeared ; Tyrol was still in arms, and he was not quite sure of Russia. The war in Spain continued with dubious success, and the English had landed a considerable force at Flushing. He thought best, therefore, to grant peace to Austria on moderate conditions. The Archduke Charles disapproved of the peace, and gave up his command. Austria ceded Trieste, Carniola, and part of Croatia, Salzburg, Cracow, and Western Galicia, and several other districts to the amount of about two millions and a half of inhabitants. The brave Tyrolese were abandoned to their fate. Hofer and others of their chiefs were seized by the French, taken to Mantua and there shot.

Whether the subsequent marriage of Napoleon with a daughter of the Emperor Francis was in course of negotiation at the time of the peace of Schönbrunn has been doubted, but soon after his return to Paris, he made known to his wife Josephine, his determination to divorce her. A painful scene took place on this occasion, which is well described by De Bausset, prefect of the imperial household, in his *Mémoires Anecdotiques sur l'Intérieur du Palais*. Napoleon himself seems to have been sincerely affected at Josephine's grief, but his notion of the necessity of having an heir to the empire subdued his feelings. It is known that from the time of the conferences of Erfurt, and perhaps of Tilsit, he had had in view a marriage with one of Alexander's sisters, and the project had been communicated to the Russian court, but the empress-mother had always objected to it on the plea of difference of religion. The divorce being consented to by Josephine in presence of commissioners from the Senate, the act was solemnly passed and registered on the 16th of December, 1809. On the 11th of March, 1810, Napoleon married by proxy the Archduchess Maria Louisa, who soon after set off for Paris. The marriage ceremony was performed at Paris by Cardinal Fesch.

The years 1810 and 1811 were the period of Napoleon's greatest power. There is an interesting report made by Count Montalivet of the situation of the French empire in 1810, which displays the gigantic extent of its dominions. One passage which refers to Holland is curious. That country was under the government of Louis Bonaparte, who felt really anxious for the welfare of his Dutch subjects, and did not enforce very strictly the continental system, as it was styled, against English trade. This led to frequent reproofs from his imperious brother, who at last resolved to enforce his own decrees himself by uniting Holland to the French empire. Count Montalivet, in his report, made use of a curious argument to prepare the people's minds for this measure :—"Holland," he said, "is in reality a continuation of France ; it may be defined as being formed out of the alluvia of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, which are the great arte-

ries of the empire." And Champagny, minister for foreign affairs, in a report to the emperor, said:—"Holland is an emanation of the French empire. In order to possess the Rhine, your majesty must extend your territory to the Zuyderzee." But even the Zuyderzee was not far enough.

By a *Senatus Consultum*, 13th of December, 1810, Holland, Friesland, Oldenburg, Bremen, and all the line of coast to Hamburg, and the country between that town and Lubeck, were annexed to the French empire, of which this new territory formed ten additional departments. The French empire now extended from the frontiers of Denmark to those of Naples, for Napoleon had finally annexed Rome and the southern papal provinces to France. The pope launched a bull of excommunication against Napoleon, upon which he was arrested in his palace on the Quirinal, in the middle of the night of the 5th of July, 1809, by a party of gendarmes, who escalated the walls, and was carried off to Savona, where he was kept prisoner until he was removed to Fontainebleau. Radet was the colonel of gendarmes who seized the person of the pope. The papal territory was divided into two departments of the French empire, called of Rome and of the Thrasymene, of which last Perugia was the head town. Napoleon gave his "good city of Rome" the rank of second town in the French empire.

Besides the French empire, which, thus extended, reckoned one hundred and thirty departments, and forty-two millions of people, Napoleon held under his sway the kingdom of Italy, which included Lombardy and Venice, Modena, Bologna, and the other legations and the marches, with above six millions of inhabitants; and the Illyrian provinces, including Dalmatia, Carniola, and part of Croatia, which formed a separate government. The kingdom of Naples, with about five millions more, was also dependent on his will, as well as the kingdom of Westphalia, the grand duchy of Berg, &c.

The policy of Napoleon towards the countries which he bestowed on his brothers and other relatives, was plainly stated by himself to his brother Lucien, in an interview in Mantua, in 1811. "In the interior, as well as the exterior, all my relatives must follow my orders: every thing must be subservient to the interest of France; conscriptions, laws, taxes, all must be in your respective states for the advantage and support of my crown. I should otherwise act against my duty and my interest. No doubt you would like to act the part of a Medici at Florence," (there had been some talk about placing Lucien over Tuscany,) "but were I to allow you to do so, it is clear that Tuscany, happy and tranquil, would become an object of envy to the French." He would not allow his brothers to identify themselves with their subjects, and to strengthen themselves on their thrones, because he foresaw that it might suit him some day to remove them on the occasion of a general peace, or upon some new scheme of his

own. He sacrificed the people of those countries and their interests, as well as the happiness and the greatness of his brothers, to what he conceived to be the interest and the glory of France. But even his brothers were restive under this discipline. Louis ran away from his kingdom of Holland; Murat was in continual disputes with his brother-in-law, and Lucien would not accept any crown under such conditions.

As Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon had under his orders the kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg, the Grand-duke of Baden, and the other German princes. He had also under his protection the Helvetic Confederation, which was bound to furnish him with troops, and to follow his policy. Prussia, humbled and dismembered, lay entirely at his mercy. He could thus dispose of more than eighty millions of people. Never, since the fall of the Roman empire, had so great a part of Europe been subject to the will of one man. Austria was his ally through fear as well as by family connection; Russia through prudence and self-interest. In Sweden, General Bernadotte had been chosen Crown Prince, and, after obtaining Napoleon's consent, had repaired to Stockholm. Spain, bleeding at every pore, struggled hard, and apparently with little hope of ultimate success. Britain alone continued to defy his power, and held Sicily and Portugal under her protection. Such was the political condition of Europe at the beginning of 1811. In the month of March of that year, Maria Louisa was delivered of a son, who was saluted by Napoleon as "King of Rome," an ominous title to those Italians who still fancied that the crown of Italy was to be, according to Napoleon's promise, separated from that of France.

In 1811 the first symptoms of coolness between Alexander and Napoleon manifested themselves. The complaints of the Russian landholders against the continental system, which prevented their exporting by sea the produce of their vast estates, had induced Alexander to issue an ukase, 31st of December, 1810, by which colonial and other goods were allowed to be imported into the ports of Russia, unless they appeared to belong to subjects of Great Britain. This last restriction was of course easily evaded, and the trade with England might be said to be in reality opened again. This was soon made a ground of complaint on the part of Napoleon. The Russian emperor, on his side, complained that his relative, the Duke of Oldenburg, had been dispossessed of his territory contrary to the treaty of Tilsit. A third subject of difference was concerning Poland.

Napoleon having, by the peace of Schönbrunn, united western Galicia and Cracow to the duchy of Warsaw, seemed to encourage the prospect of re-establishing the whole of Poland as an independent state. But there was another and a deeper feeling of mistrust and insecurity on the part of the emperor, and the nobility of Russia in general, at the evident assumption of universal dictatorship by Napoleon, especially since his marriage

with an Austrian archduchess. At Tilsit, he had been willing to share the empire of the world with Russia, but now he would "have no brother near his throne." He summoned Sweden, in an imperious manner, to enforce his decrees against the British trade, while his armed vessels and privateers in the Baltic seized upon fifty Swedish merchantmen, which were confiscated, upon the charge of contraband trade with England. Lastly, in January, 1812, General Davoust was sent to take possession of Swedish Pomerania, and the island of Rugen. This act of aggression induced the crown prince, Bernadotte, to sign a treaty of alliance with the Emperor Alexander, in March, 1812. In the interview between these two princes at Abo, in Finland, the plan of resistance to Napoleon was settled. Russia had not yet declared war, but she reinforced her armies, waiting to be attacked. Napoleon was pouring troops into Prussia, Pomerania, and the duchy of Warsaw.

Some of the older and wiser counsellors of Napoleon had the courage to remonstrate with him, not on the injustice, but on the impolicy of this new act of aggression. Fouché presented him an eloquent memorial on the occasion. "I regulate my conduct," answered Napoleon, "chiefly by the opinion of my army. With eight hundred thousand men, I can oblige all Europe to do my bidding. I will destroy all English influence in Russia, and then Spain will easily fall. My destiny is not yet accomplished; my present situation is but the outline of a picture, which I must fill up. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world. There must be all over Europe but one code, one court of appeal, one currency, one system of weights and measures. Am I to blame if the great power which I have already attained forces me to assume the dictatorship of the world?" And to De Pradt at Dresden, he said, "I will destroy Russian influence in Europe. Two battles will do the business: the Emperor Alexander will come on his knees, and Russia shall be disarmed. Spain costs me very dear: without that I should be master of the world; but when I become such, my son will have nothing to do but to retain my place." In calmer times, and after the full experience of disappointment, we find him confirming the sentiments he had expressed on the former memorable occasions.

After his return from Elba, he said to Benjamin Constant, "I desired the empire of the world, and who in my situation would not? The world invited me to govern it; sovereigns and subjects vied with each other in bending before my sceptre. I have rarely found any opposition in France." And later, at St. Helena, "If I have been on the point of accomplishing the universal monarchy, it was without any original design, and because I was led to it step after step. The last effort wanting to arrive at it seemed so trifling, was it unreasonable to attempt it? . . . But I had no ambition distinct from that of France, her glory, her ascendancy,

her majesty, with which my own were identified. Had I lived in America, I should willingly have been a Washington; but had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within and attack from without, I would have defied him to be what he was in America. . . . I have been spoiled by success. I have always been in supreme command: from my first entrance into life, I have enjoyed high power: and circumstances, and my own energy of character, have been such, that from the instant I gained military superiority, I acknowledged neither masters nor laws."

The events of the memorable Russian campaign of 1812 are known to the world. We can only refer our readers to the works of Segur, and of Colonel Boutourlin, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander; to the Memoirs of Oginski; and to the Italian account of Captain Laugier, *GP Italiani in Russia*. By consulting these various authorities, a sum of very correct information concerning that stupendous catastrophe may be obtained.

Before Napoleon set off from Paris for the Russian expedition, he directed Maret, Duke of Bassano, to write a letter to Lord Castlereagh, proposing negotiations for peace, on the basis of the *uti possidetis*. He was willing this time to let Sicily remain under Ferdinand, and Portugal under the House of Braganza, but he insisted on Spain being secured to his brother Joseph. It must be observed that Lord Wellington had just taken possession of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo, and was advancing into Spain towards Madrid, which he shortly after entered upon gaining the battle of Salamanca. The English minister immediately replied, that England's engagements with the Spanish Cortes, acting in the name of King Ferdinand VII., rendered the acknowledgment of Joseph impossible.

The Russian minister, Prince Kourakin, still remained at Paris. Early in May, he presented an official note to the Duke of Bassano, stating that the matters in dispute between the two empires might easily be made the subject of amicable negotiations, provided the French troops should evacuate Pomerania and the Duchy of Warsaw, where they could be for no other purpose than that of threatening the frontiers of Russia. Napoleon pretended to be exceedingly angry at this demand, which he said was insolent, adding that he was not used to be addressed in such a style, and to have his movements dictated by a foreign sovereign; and he sent Prince Kourakin his passports.

On the 9th of May, he himself set off with his empress for Dresden, where he had invited the kings of his own creation, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, Westphalia, and his other tributaries, to meet him. The Emperor of Austria also repaired to Dresden with his empress. The King of Prussia came too, as he had just signed a treaty with Napoleon, by which he placed twenty thousand men at his disposal in the approaching campaign. Austria agreed to furnish thirty thousand men to act

against Russian Poland. Napoleon sent the Count de Narbonne to Wilna, where the Emperor Alexander then was, to invite him to come to Dresden, but Alexander declined. After brilliant festivals, Napoleon quitted Dresden for Thorn, where he arrived on the 2d of June. His immense army was assembled chiefly between the Vistula and the Niemen, which latter river formed the boundary of the Russian empire. There were two hundred and seventy thousand French, eighty thousand Germans of the Confederation of the Rhine, thirty thousand Poles under Prince Poniatowski, twenty thousand Italians under Eugene, and twenty thousand Prussians. On the 22d of June, Napoleon issued a proclamation to his soldiers, saying, "that the second war of Poland had begun. The fate of Russia must be fulfilled. Let us cross the Niemen and carry the war into her own territory," &c.

On the 24th and 25th of June Napoleon's army, in three large masses, crossed the Niemen, and entered Lithuania without meeting with any opposition. The Russian army, under General Barclay de Tolly, one hundred and twenty thousand strong, evacuated Wilna, and retired to the banks of the Dwina. Another Russian army eighty thousand strong, under Prince Bagration, was stationed near the Dneiper. On the 28th of June, Napoleon entered Wilna, where he remained till the 16th of July. He there received a deputation from the diet of the Duchy of Warsaw, entreating him to proclaim the union and independence of Poland. Napoleon's answer was still cold and cautious: he told them that he had guaranteed to the Emperor of Austria the part of Poland he still retained: that for the rest they must depend chiefly on their own efforts.

In the mean time, the French soldiers treated Lithuania as an enemy's country. The provisions ordered by Napoleon to follow his army not having arrived, and the Russians having removed all the stores, the French and German soldiers went about marauding, plundering alike the mansions of the nobility and the huts of the peasants, feeding their horses on the green corn, violating the women, and killing those who resented such treatment. Lithuania, a poor and thinly inhabited country, which had suffered from the bad harvest of the preceding year, (1811,) was utterly devastated. At the same time, disorganization and demoralization spread fearfully through the enormous masses of the invaders; disease thinned their ranks; twenty-five thousand patients were crowded within Wilna, in a few weeks, where there was not accommodation for one-third of the number; heavy rains rendered the roads impassable, and ten thousand horses were lost.

After partial engagements at Mohilow and Witepsk, the Russians continued their retreat upon Smolensk, in the interior of Russia. Napoleon determined to follow them; "Forward marches alone," he observed, "can keep such a vast army, in its present condition, together; to halt or retire



NAPOLEON DRAWING THE PLAN OF A BATTLE ON THE SNOW

would be the signal of dissolution. It is an army of attack, not of defence ; an army of operation, not of position. We must advance upon Moscow, and strike a blow in order to obtain peace, or resting-quarters and supplies." He crossed the Dneiper, and entered Russia Proper with about one hundred and eighty thousand men, leaving a body of reserve at Wilna and the corps of Macdonald on the Dwina, towards Riga. In his march through Lithuania, no less than a hundred thousand men had dropped off from his ranks, and were either dead, or sick, or had been taken prisoners by the Cossacks, or were straggling and marauding about the country.

On the 16th of August, the two hostile armies met under the walls of Smolensk. But the Russians, after carrying off or destroying the provisions, and allowing time to the inhabitants to remove themselves, evacuated Smolensk, which their rear-guard set on fire. They continued their retreat upon Moscow, and Napoleon followed them. The battle of Borodino, near the banks of the river Moskwa, was fought on the 7th September. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, a hundred and twenty thousand each. After a dreadful slaughter on both sides, the Russian general sounded a retreat, and the French were left in possession of

the bloody field; but the French took hardly any prisoners or guns: fifteen thousand Russians, and about ten thousand Frenchmen lay dead. Next day the Russian army continued its retreat; and on the 14th of September, it traversed the city of Moscow, which most of the inhabitants had already evacuated. On that same day the French entered Moscow, and found it deserted, except by the convicts and some of the lowest class who lingered behind for the sake of plunder. On the evening of this day a fire broke out in the Coach-makers' street, but it was put down in the night. On the next day, 15th, Napoleon took up his residence in the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Tzars. On the following night the fire burst out again, in different quarters of the city, and no exertions of the French could stop it: the wind spread the flames all over the city, and on the third day, Napoleon was obliged to leave the Kremlin, where he stood in imminent danger. The fire raged till the 19th, when it abated, after destroying seven thousand six hundred and eighty-two houses, about four-fifths of the town. This burning of Moscow has been attributed to a premeditated plan of the Russians; but Count Rostopchin, the governor, has denied this positively. "Several individuals," he says, "set fire to their own houses, rather than leave them in possession of the invaders, and the French soldiers, seeking for plunder, or for wine and spirits in the cellars, where they got intoxicated, did the rest."

The markets of Moscow used to be supplied, not from the immediate neighbourhood, but from a considerable distance in the interior, and especially from the southern districts towards Kaluga, where the Russian army was now posted. The French, therefore, could get no provisions, and they were obliged to live chiefly on the flesh of their horses, which was salted down.

Napoleon remained among the ruins of Moscow for five weeks. He had sent Lauriston to the Russian head-quarters, with a letter for the Emperor Alexander; the letter was forwarded to Petersburg, but no answer was returned. Napoleon was deceived in his calculations upon the temper of Alexander, and of the Russian people. At last, on the 19th of October, seeing no chance of making peace, Napoleon began his retreat. The weather was fine and moderately cold. He attempted first to retire by Kaluga, where he expected to find provisions, but the stout resistance he met at Malo Yaroslavetz, induced him reluctantly to turn again to the road by Vareña and Viazma to Smolensk, by which he had advanced. He was closely followed by the Russian army, but was more especially harassed by swarms of Cossacks under the Hetman Platoff. His rear divisions had sharp engagements at Viazma, and at the passage of the Wop. His army dwindled away apace, through fatigue, privations, and the constant attacks of the Cossacks. It had left Moscow one hundred and twenty thousand strong, but was now reduced to one-half that number of fighting men: the



PLATOFF HARASSING THE FRENCH IN THEIR RETREAT.

rest formed a confused and disorderly mass in the rear, with an immense train of baggage and artillery.

In this condition, they were overtaken on the 6th of November, by the Russian winter, which that year set in earlier than usual. The emaciated frames of soldiers and horses could not resist this fresh enemy, and they dropped by thousands on the road, where they were soon buried under the snow. The bitter frosty nights killed thousands more; but the winter only completed the destruction of the army, which had begun during the advance in the summer. The wretchedness and the sufferings of the retreat from Moscow, must be read in the works referred to, p. 403. The French at last reached Smolensk, where they found their stores, which had come up so far. Many had not tasted a piece of bread or biscuit since they had advanced through that town three months before. On the 14th of November, Napoleon left Smolensk with about forty thousand men able to carry arms. His rear divisions had now to sustain repeated attacks from the Russians, and when he arrived at Orca, in Lithuania, he had only twelve thousand men with arms in their hands. Of forty thousand horses, there were hardly three thousand left. In this plight he reached the banks of the Berezina, where he was joined by a corps of reserve of nearly fifty thousand men, under Victor and Oudinot. The passage of the Berezina, 26th and 27th of November, cost him about one-half of his army thus reinforced.

On the 3d of December, Napoleon arrived at Malodeczno, whence he



RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

issued the famous 29th bulletin, which came like a clap of thunder to awaken Europe. This time he told the whole truth in all its sternness; except the guards, he had no longer an army. At Smorgoni, where he arrived on the 5th of December, he took leave of his generals, left the command of the army, such as it was, to Murat, and set off in a sledge with Caulaincourt to return to Paris.

He arrived at Warsaw on the 10th, where he had that curious conversation with De Pradt, which the latter has so humorously related. Continuing his route, he passed through Dresden on the 14th, and arrived at Paris on the 18th of December, at night. The remains of his unfortunate army were collected by Murat, on the line of the Vistula. The report of the chief of the staff, Berthier, dated 16th of December, gives a dismal picture of the state of the troops after Napoleon left them:—"The plunder, insubordination, and disorganization have reached the highest pitch." The loss of the French and their auxiliaries in this campaign is reckoned by Boutourlin at one hundred and twenty-five thousand slain, one hundred and thirty-two thousand dead of fatigue, hunger, disease, and cold, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand prisoners, including three thousand officers, and forty-eight generals. The "St. Petersburg Gazette" stated that the bodies burnt in the spring after the thaw, in Russia Proper and

Lithuania, amounted to three hundred and eight thousand, of which of course a considerable proportion were Russians. In the Berezina alone, and the adjoining marshes, thirty-six thousand dead bodies were said to have been found. The French left behind nine hundred pieces of cannon, and twenty-five thousand wagons, cassoons, &c.

Napoleon, after his return to Paris, exerted himself to recruit his army by fresh conscriptions, by drafting the national guards into his skeleton battalions, by recalling all the men he could spare from Spain, and by sending the sailors of his fleet to serve on land. He thus collected again in Germany, in the spring of 1813, an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men. The king of Prussia had now allied himself to Alexander, and the allies had advanced as far as the Elbe. Austria remained neutral; she offered her mediation, but Napoleon would hear of no cession on his part, in either Germany, Italy, or Spain. He soon after repaired to Germany, where he fought and won the battle of Lutzen, 2d of May, 1813, from the Russians and Prussians united. On the 21st, he attacked them again at Bautzen, and obliged them to retire. But these victories led to no decisive results; the allies retired in good order, and lost few prisoners and no guns. Bonaparte bitterly complained of this, and his generals observed to each other, that these were no longer the days of Marengo, Austerlitz, or Jena, when one battle decided the fate of the war. On the 22d of May, in another engagement with the retreating allies, Duroc, his old and most faithful companion, who was one of the few personally attached to him, was struck by a cannon-ball and dreadfully mangled. The dying man was taken to the house of a clergyman near the spot. Napoleon went to see him and was deeply affected. It was the only instance in which he refused to attend to the military reports which were brought to him. "Every thing to-morrow," was his answer to his aids-de-camp. He had a few days before lost another of his old brother officers, Bessieres.

An armistice was now agreed to on the 4th of June, and Bonaparte returned to Dresden, where Metternich came with fresh offers of mediation on the part of Austria. Austria proposed, as a principal condition, that Germany should be evacuated by the French arms, and the boundaries of the French empire should be fixed at the Rhine, as Napoleon himself had repeatedly declared. But Napoleon would not hear of giving up the new departments which he had annexed as far as Hamburg and Lubeck, nor would he resign his Protectorate of Germany. This led to a warm discussion, in which Napoleon said he only wished Austria to remain neutral, while he fought the Russians and Prussians, and he offered to restore to her the Illyrian provinces as the price of her neutrality. Metternich replied, that things had come to that pass that Austria could no longer remain neutral; she must be either with France or against France; that Germany had been long enough tormented by these wars, and it was time

she should be left to rest, and to national independence. The conferences, however, were carried on at Prague, without coming to any agreement; and in the midst of this the armistice expired 10th of August, and Austria joined the allies.

A series of battles were fought about Dresden on the 24th, 25th, and 27th August, between the Austrians and Prussians on one side, and the French on the other, in which the latter had the advantage. But in pursuing the allies into Bohemia, Vandamme, with a corps of thirty thousand, was surrounded, and made prisoner with eight thousand men at Culm. Oudinot was likewise worsted at Gross Beeren by the Swedes and Prussians under Bernadotte. Ney, who was sent by Napoleon to replace Oudinot, lost the battle of Dennewitz 6th September, near Berlin. On the Katzbach, in Silesia, Blücher routed the French opposed to him. The month of September passed in this desultory warfare, Napoleon's armies losing ground and strength on every side. Bavaria made a separate peace with Austria. The Saxons and other German troops began to forsake the French cause. At last, after a painful struggle between pride and necessity, Napoleon was obliged to begin his retreat upon Leipzig, followed by the allies. At Leipzig he determined to make a final stand. "One victory alone," he said, "and Germany might still be his." On the 16th October the first battle of Leipzig took place. It was fought gallantly on both sides, but the allies had now a great superiority in numbers, and the French were driven close upon the ramparts of the town. The 17th passed without fighting; on the 18th the battle was renewed, the French divisions lost ground, and a body of ten thousand Saxons left them and went over to the enemy. Napoleon now made his dispositions to effect his retreat towards the Rhine. But while his army was filing out of Leipzig by a long bridge, or rather a succession of bridges, in the morning of the 19th, the allies forced their way into the town after a desperate resistance, and the bridge being blown up, twenty-five thousand Frenchmen were obliged to surrender prisoners of war. The retreat from Leipzig was nearly as disastrous to Napoleon as that from Moscow. His army was completely disorganized. He was, however, able to fight his way at Hanau, 30th October, through the Bavarians, his late allies, who now wanted to oppose his passage. At last he reached the Rhine, and passing over the seventy or eighty thousand men, all that remained out of an army of three hundred and fifty thousand, with which he had begun the campaign, he placed them on the left bank while he set off for Paris, where he arrived on the 9th November. About eighty thousand men left in the Prussian garrisons Magdeburg, Dantzic, Stettin, &c., surrendered to the allies.

The enormous losses and reverses of the French armies, and the approach of the allies to the frontiers of France, produced a strong feeling of dissatisfaction in that country. The Legislative Body showed, for the first

time, a spirit of opposition to the headlong system of Napoleon. A committee was appointed to draw up a report on the state of the nation ; Raynouard, Lainé, Gallois, and other members who had a character for independence, were of the committee. The report which they laid before the Legislative Body, 28th December, 1813, expressed a desire for peace consistent with the honour and the welfare of France, and a wish to know what steps the emperor had taken to attain so desirable an object, and it ended by saying that "while the government will take the most effective measures for the safety of the country, his majesty should be entreated to maintain and enforce the entire and constant execution of the laws which ensure to the French citizens the rights of liberty, property, and security, and to the nation the free exercise of its political rights." The Legislative Body by a large majority ordered the report to be printed. This was a language which Napoleon had not been used to. He immediately ordered the doors of the hall of the Legislative Body to be closed and guarded by soldiers, and the copies of the report to be seized at the printer's. On the 31st an imperial decree adjourned the Legislative Body.

On the 1st of January, 1814, several members of the Legislative Body having appeared at his levee, he gave vent to his ill humour in a violent and coarse address ; told them that they were not the representatives of the nation, but only the representatives of the individual departments ; that he was the only representative of the people ; that their report and the address founded upon it were seditious ; that they ought not thus publicly to have commented on his conduct ; and he ended by saying, "France stands more in need of me than I stand in need of France." The Senate, more subservient, had already passed a decree for a new conscription of three hundred thousand men, including all those who had escaped the conscriptions of former years. The taxes were at the same time ordered to be doubled ; but the people were weary of these never-ending sacrifices, and in many departments it was found difficult to collect either men or money.

Napoleon's disposable army on the Rhine amounted to no more than from seventy to eighty thousand men. He had to contend with twice that number, besides numerous reinforcements which were hastening through Germany. Meantime conferences were held at Chatillon, in which the allies proposed to fix the limits of France as they were in 1792, that is to say, with the exclusion of Belgium ; but Napoleon would not listen to this. It was his last chance of peace.

At the end of January, 1814, Napoleon began the campaign, which has been considered by tacticians as that in which he most strikingly displayed his astonishing genius for military combinations, fertility of resources, and quickness of movements. For more than two months he held at bay the various armies of the allies, now beating one corps and then flying to attack another ; at times severely checked himself, and yet recovering his strength

the next day. But the odds were too many against him. While he, by a bold movement, placed himself in the rear of the allies, the latter marched upon Paris, and after a hard-fought battle, 30th March, took possession of the whole line of defence which protected that city on the north-eastern side. The empress had left it for Blois, and Joseph Bonaparte, after the battle of the 30th, quitted Paris also. Marshal Marmont asked for an armistice, and this led to the capitulation of Paris, which the emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia entered on the 31st, amidst the loud acclamations of the Parisians. Napoleon, hearing of the attack upon Paris, had fallen back to the relief of the capital, but it was too late. He met near Fontainebleau the columns of the garrison, which were evacuating the city. His own generals told him that he ought now to abdicate, as the allied sovereigns had declared that they would no longer treat with him. Meantime a decree of the Senate declared that Napoleon Bonaparte, in consequence of sundry arbitrary acts and violations of the constitution, (which were specified and classed under various heads in the preamble to the decree,) and by his refusing to treat with the allies upon honourable conditions, had forfeited the throne and the right of inheritance established in his family, and that the people and the army of France were freed from their oath of allegiance to him.

A provisional government was formed, consisting of Talleyrand, Bournonville, Dalberg, and others. Upon this, Bonaparte, after much reluctance, and upon his generals refusing to join him in a last desperate attempt upon Paris, which he meditated, signed the act of abdication at Fontainebleau on the 4th of April, 1814. In this first act there was a reservation in favour of the rights of the empress and of his son. By a second act, however, he "renounced unconditionally" for himself and his heirs the throne of France and Italy. The emperor Alexander proposed that he should retain the title of emperor with the sovereignty of the island of Elba, and a revenue of six millions of francs to be paid by France. This was agreed to by Prussia and Austria; and England, though no party to the treaty, afterwards acceded to it. On the 20th April, Napoleon, after taking an affectionate leave of his generals and his guards, left Fontainebleau for Elba. He ran some danger from the populace in passing through Provence, but arrived safe at Frejus, where he embarked on board the British frigate the *Undaunted*, and on the 4th of May landed at Porto Ferrajo, in the Island of Elba.

Napoleon remained in the Island of Elba about ten months. At first he seemed reconciled to his lot, set about making roads, improving the fortifications, &c.; but after some months, he was observed to become more reserved, gloomy, and frequently absent and lost in thought. He was, in fact, at the time, engaged in secret correspondence with his friends in France and Italy. During so many years of supreme power, attended by

most splendid successes, he had formed, of course, many adherents ; men whose fortune was dependent on his ; most of whom had lost their emoluments and prospects by his fall ; the bold and aspiring, the reckless and restless, saw no further prospect of conquest and new organization of foreign states, which left at Napoleon's disposal thousands of offices and situations with which to reward his partisans. The old soldiers, to whom the camp had become a home, regretted him who used to lead them from victory to victory, affording them free quarters, a continual change of scenery, and pleasant cantonments in the finest cities of Europe. His brothers, sisters, and other relatives, all rich, some still powerful, as Murat at Naples, felt that by his fall they had lost the main prop of their family. On the other side, the restored Bourbons had committed faults, and had listened perhaps too much to the old emigrants by whom they were surrounded ; and lastly, France in general had been too long in a state of violent excitement to subside at once into quiet and contented repose. Many of the subordinate agents of the police, post-office, and other departments, were in Napoleon's interest. A wide conspiracy was formed ; the old republicans joined the Bonapartists, and Napoleon was invited to return to France.

On the 26th of February, 1815, Napoleon embarked with about one thousand men of his old guards, who had followed him to Elba, and landed on the 1st of March, at Cannes, not far from Frejus. At Grenoble, the first defection of the army took place : Colonel Labedoyere, commanding the 7th regiment of the line, joined Napoleon ; the rest of the march to Paris was a triumphant one. The Bourbons were abandoned by the whole army ; and Marshal Ney, sent by Louis XVIII. to stop Napoleon's progress, went over to him ; Macdonald and Marmont, and several other marshals, remained faithful to the oath they had taken to the king. Augereau also kept aloof from Napoleon ; but the Bourbons had no troops they could depend upon. Napoleon arrived at the Tuileries on the 20th of March, Louis XVIII. having left the capital early in the morning by the road to Flanders. Napoleon's return to Paris was accompanied with the acclamations of the military, and the lower classes in the suburbs ; but the great body of the citizens looked on astounded and silent : he was recalled by a party, but evidently not by the body of the nation.

The Congress of Vienna was still sitting, when Talleyrand laid before them the news of Bonaparte's landing at Cannes. They immediately agreed to join again their forces, in order to frustrate his attempt, and to maintain entire the execution of the treaty of Paris, of the 30th of May, 1814, made with France under the constitutional monarchy of the Bourbon dynasty. The Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies, which had evacuated France, resumed their march towards the frontiers of that country.

Napoleon found, on his return to Paris, that he could not resume the unlimited authority which he had before his abdication. The republicans and constitutionalists who had assisted, or not opposed his return, with Carnot, Fouché, Benjamin Constant, and his own brother Lucien at their head, would support him only on condition of his reigning as a constitutional sovereign: he therefore proclaimed a constitution under the title of "*Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire*," which greatly resembled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. the year before. There were to be an hereditary chamber of peers appointed by the emperor, a chamber of representatives elected by the electoral colleges, and to be renewed every five years, by which all taxes were to be voted; ministers were to be responsible; judges irremovable; the right of petition was acknowledged, and property was declared inviolable. Lastly, the French nation was made to declare, that they would never recall the Bourbons; deputies from the departments came to Paris to swear to the additional act, at the Champ de Mai, as it was called, although held on the 1st of June. The Emperor and his brothers were present at the ceremony.

The chambers opened on the 4th of June, while Napoleon prepared to march towards the frontiers of Flanders, where the allied English and Prussian armies were gathering. He assembled an army of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, chiefly old troops, of whom twenty-five thousand were cavalry, and three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, with which he advanced upon Charleroi, on the 15th of June. Ney, Soult, and Grouchy held commands under Napoleon. On the 16th, Napoleon attacked in person Marshal Blücher, who was posted with eighty thousand men at Ligny, and drove him back with great loss. At the same time he sent Ney against part of the English army at Quatre Bras, which, after sustaining a severe attack, retained possession of the field. In the morning of the 17th, the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of Blücher's retreat, fell back with his army to the position of Waterloo. Napoleon followed him, after despatching, on the 17th, Grouchy, with a body of thirty thousand men, to follow the retreat of the Prussians. On the 18th, the famous battle of Waterloo took place. Napoleon's army on the field was about seventy-five thousand, and Wellington's force opposed to him consisted of fifty-four thousand men, actually engaged at Waterloo, the rest, about sixteen thousand, being stationed near Hal, and covering the approach to Brussels on that side. There were thirty-two thousand British soldiers, including the German legion; the rest was composed of Belgians, Dutch, and Nassau troops. The events of the battle are well known. The French made several furious attacks with infantry and cavalry upon the British line, gained some advantages, took possession of La Haye Sainte, but all the efforts of their cavalry could not break the British squares. In these repeated attacks, the French cavalry was nearly de-

stroyed. At six o'clock, Bulow's Prussian corps appeared on the field of battle, and soon after, Blücher came in person with two more corps. Napoleon now made a last desperate effort to break the English line, before the Prussians could act: he directed his guard, which had not yet taken part in the action, to advance in two columns against the English. They were received with a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry; they attempted to deploy, but in so doing became confused, and at last gave way. Napoleon, who was following with his eye, through a spyglass, the motions of his favourite guards, turned pale, and exclaimed, "They are mixed together!" and galloped off the field.

The French accounts are evidently inaccurate as to several circumstances of the battle. One thing is certain, that Napoleon attacked the English repeatedly, with all his force, and was repulsed, with the loss of the flower of his troops: that after the last attack by his guards, at seven in the evening, which also failed, he had no reserve left; when the arrival of Blücher, with fresh troops on the field of battle, changed the repulse into a total defeat. The astonishing firmness of the British infantry, (to which several French generals, and Foy among the rest, have paid an eloquent tribute of praise,) gained the day; Bonaparte's army fled in dreadful confusion, pursued by the Prussians, and lost cannon, baggage, and all. The loss of the English was fifteen thousand men in killed and wounded. On the same day, Grouchy was engaged at Wavre, thirteen miles distant, with one division of the Prussian army, which gave him full employment, while the other Prussian divisions were marching on to Waterloo. His orders were to follow the Prussians, and attack them wherever he met them. Napoleon seems to have underrated the strength of the Prussians, when he thought Grouchy's corps sufficient to keep in check the whole of their army.

The battle of Waterloo finally closed a war, or rather a succession of wars, which had lasted with little interruption for twenty-three years, beginning with 1792. As to these wars, Napoleon is only strictly accountable for those that took place after he had attained supreme power in France: in some of them, such as those of Spain and of Russia, he was decidedly the aggressor. Whether he did not likewise give sufficient provocation to those which Austria, England, and Prussia waged against him, the reader must judge for himself. His determination to be the dictator, the umpire of all Europe, left no chance of national independence to any one country: had he subjected all Europe, he would have reverted to his old scheme of the conquest of the East. Even his peace establishment, supposing him ever to have been at peace, was to consist of an army of eight hundred thousand men, besides four hundred thousand of reserve. During the ten years of the Empire, he raised by conscription two millions one hundred and seventy-three thousand men, of whom two-thirds, at



BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

he least, perished in foreign lands, or were maimed for life. See the *Memoirs* of Larrey, one of the chief surgeons of his army, about this frightful waste of human lives.

After the defeat of Waterloo, Napoleon, having given his brother Jerome directions to rally the remains of his army, hurried back to Paris. The House of Representatives declared itself permanent, and demanded his abdication. Lucien appeared before the House, and spoke eloquently of the former services of his brother, and of the claims which he had on the gratitude of France. "We have followed your brother (answered Lafayette) over the sands of Africa, and through the frozen deserts of Russia; the whitened bones of Frenchmen, scattered over every part of the globe, bear witness to our long fidelity to him." Lucien made no impression on the Assembly. He advised his brother to dissolve the chamber; Napoleon refused; "It would be the signal," he said, "of civil war." The House of Peers had adopted the same views as the lower house. There was but one man, it was openly stated, between France and peace. Napoleon signed his second abdication on the 22d of June; but this time it was of his own accord, and against the advice of his intimate friends, Carnot, Lucien, &c. The abdication was in favour of his son, Napoleon II. A



NAPOLEON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

provisional government was appointed by the chambers, and they required that Napoleon should leave France, and embark at Rochefort for the United States. General Becker was appointed to escort him to Rochefort, where he arrived on the 3d of July. All this did not take place, however, without many violent altercations in the chambers, and much reluctance on the part of Napoleon. The allies, who entered Paris on the 7th of July, refused to acknowledge Napoleon's right to abdicate in favour of his son, and on the following day, Louis XVIII. re-entered the capital, and resumed the government.

Napoleon, at Rochefort, seeing that the whole country around him was submitting to the Bourbons, and finding that he had no chance of escaping by sea, through the vigilance of the English cruisers stationed along the coast, sent Count Las Cases and Savary to Captain Maitland, who commanded the English ship *Bellerophon*, to ask for leave to proceed to America, either in a French or a neutral vessel; Captain Maitland replied, "That his instructions forbade this, but that if Napoleon chose to proceed to England, he would take him there on board the *Bellerophon*, without, however, entering into any promise as to the reception he might meet with there, as he was in total ignorance of the intentions of the British govern-

ment as to his future disposal." This offer was made by Captain Maitland, in his second interview with Las Cases, on the 14th of July, and Napoleon had already, the day before, written a letter addressed to the Prince Regent of England, saying, that "he came, like Themistocles, to claim the hospitality of the British people, and the protection of its laws." Captain Maitland offered to despatch General Gourgaud to England with this letter immediately, repeating at the same time to him, "that he was not authorized to stipulate as to the reception of Bonaparte in England, where he must consider himself at the disposal of the prince regent." On the 15th, Napoleon left Rochefort, and came on board the *Bellerophon* with his suite: as Captain Maitland advanced to meet him on the quarter-deck, Napoleon said to him, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and your laws." On the 24th, the ship entered Torbay. On the 31st of July, Admiral Lord Keith and Sir Henry Bunbury, under secretary of state, came on board the *Bellerophon*, to announce to him the final resolution of the British government,—that the Island of St. Helena should be his future residence. Napoleon protested against this determination, said he was not a prisoner of war, that he had come as a voluntary passenger on board the *Bellerophon*, that he wished to be allowed to remain in England as a private citizen, &c. On the 6th of August, however, Napoleon frankly acknowledged to Captain Maitland, that, "he had certainly made no conditions on coming on board the *Bellerophon*, that he had only claimed hospitality, and that he had no reason to complain of the captain's conduct, which had been that of a man of honour." On the 7th, Napoleon removed from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland*, Sir George Cockburn's flag-ship, which was appointed to carry him to St. Helena. He landed there on the 16th of October, 1815.

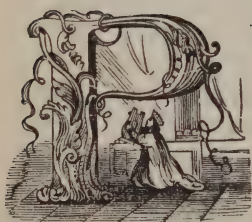
By a convention, signed at Paris, 20th of August, 1815, between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the custody of Napoleon's person was intrusted to the British government, and commissioners were appointed by Russia, Austria, and France, to reside at St. Helena to look after his safe detention. In July, 1816, General Sir Hudson Lowe arrived at St. Helena as governor of the island. From the very first interview, Bonaparte behaved uncivilly, or rather insultingly, to that officer, and this treatment was repeated with aggravation at every subsequent opportunity. One of Napoleon's great grievances was his being styled General Bonaparte; another, his not being allowed to stroll about the island unattended by a British officer. He was allowed a space measuring eight, and afterwards twelve, miles in circumference around Longwood, through which he might range at his pleasure; beyond these limits he was to be accompanied by an officer. But the real grievance was that of being detained as a prisoner at all. The governor, however, had no power to remedy these subjects of complaint. Various minor matters of dispute with the

governor were laid hold of by Bonaparte and his attendants, as if with the view of keeping alive an interest in the public mind in favour of the exile of St. Helena. We cannot enter into the particulars of this petty system of warfare, in which, as it generally happens, both parties may have occasionally been in the wrong. But it is impossible to read even Napoleon's statements, made through Las Cases, Santini, Antommarchi, &c., without perceiving that there was a determination on his part not to be pleased with any thing the governor could do for him, unless he had disobeyed his orders. Napoleon's mind was in a state of irritation whenever it recurred to the subject of his confinement, which made him querulous and peevish. He seems also to have had, almost to the last, some latent hope of making his escape. In other respects, the particulars of his life and conversations at St. Helena are highly interesting. He could be very agreeable towards visitors who were admitted to pay their respects to him, as we may see from Mr. Ellis's and Captain Hall's accounts of their interviews with him.

In September, 1818, Napoleon's health began to be visibly affected, but he would take no medicines. He also refused to ride out, as advised, because he would not submit to the attendance of a British officer. In September, 1819, Dr. Antommarchi, of the University of Pisa, came to St. Helena, as physician to Napoleon. Two clergymen came also from Italy, to act as his chaplains. Towards the end of 1820, he grew worse, and remained in a weak state until the following April, when the disease assumed an alarming character. It was then that Bonaparte said that he believed it was the same disorder which killed his father, namely, a scirrhus in the pylorus; and he desired Dr. Antommarchi to examine his stomach after his death. He made his will, leaving large bequests to his friends and attendants, and on the 3d of May, 1821, the Chaplain Vignali administered to him extreme unction. Napoleon stated, "that he believed in God, and was of the religion of his father: that he was born a Catholic, and would fulfil all the duties of the Catholic Church." On the 5th of May, after being some time delirious, he breathed his last about eleven minutes before six o'clock in the evening. The following day, the body was opened by Dr. Antommarchi, in presence of several British staff and medical officers, when a large ulcer was found to occupy the greater part of the stomach. On the 8th of May, his remains were interred with military honours, in Slane's Valley, near a fountain overhung by weeping willows. This had been a favourite spot with Napoleon. The procession was followed to the grave by the governor, the admiral, Napoleon's attendants, and all the civil and military authorities. The grave was afterwards enclosed by a railing, and a sentry kept on duty to guard the spot.



PETER THE GREAT.

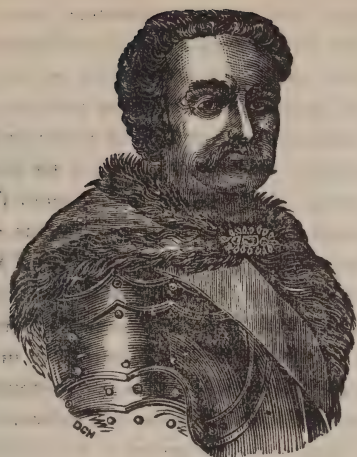


PETER I., styled Peter the Great, czar and afterwards emperor of Russia, founder of the Russian empire; for though the country was well known, and of great antiquity, yet it had no extent of power, of political influence, or of general commerce, in Europe, till his time. He was born in 1672; and was proclaimed czar when but ten years of age, in exclusion of John his elder brother, who was of a sickly constitution, and weak in his understanding. The princess Sophia, his half sister, made an insurrection in favour of John; and to put an end to the civil war, it was at last agreed that the two brothers should jointly share the imperial dignity. Peter had been very ill brought up, not only through the general defects of the Russian education, but likewise through the arts of the princess Sophia, who surrounded him with every thing that might stifle his natural desire of knowledge, deprave his mind, and enervate it with pleasures. Notwithstanding this, his inclination for military exercises discovered itself in his tenderest years. "He formed a company of fifty men, commanded by foreign officers, clothed and exercised after the German manner. He entered himself into the lowest post, that of a drummer; and never rose otherwise than as a soldier of fortune. Herein his design was to teach his nobility, that merit, not birth, was the only title to military employments. He reinforced his company with several others, till at last he had got together a considerable body of soldiers. As he had then no war on his hands, he exercised them in all sorts of mock engagements, and by this means secured to himself a body of well-disciplined troops. The sight of a Dutch vessel which he had met with on a lake

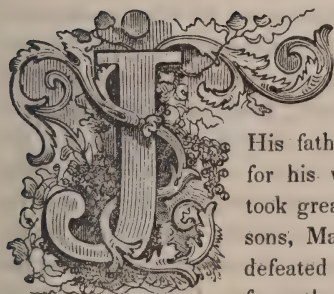
belonging to one of his pleasure-houses, made such an impression on his mind, that he conceived the almost impracticable design of forming a navy. His first care was to get some Hollanders to build some small vessels at Moscow; and he passed two successive summers on board English or Dutch ships, which set out from Archangel, that he might instruct himself in every branch of naval affairs. In 1696, czar John died, and Peter was now sole master of the empire. In 1698, he sent an embassy to Holland; and went *incognito* in the retinue, and visited England as well as Holland, to inform himself fully in the art of ship-building. At Amsterdam, he worked in the yard as a private ship-carpenter, under the name of Peter Michaeldorf; but he was often heard to say, that if he had never gone to England he had remained ignorant of that art. In 1700, he had got together a body of standing forces, consisting of thirty thousand foot; and now the vast project he had formed displayed itself in all its parts. He opened his dominions, which till then had been shut up, having first sent the chief nobility of his empire into foreign countries, to improve themselves in knowledge and learning. He invited into Russia all the foreigners he could meet with, who were capable of instructing his subjects in any thing, and offered them great encouragement to settle in his dominions. This raised many discontents; and the despotic authority he exerted on that occasion was scarcely powerful enough to suppress them. In 1700, being strengthened by the alliance of Augustus, king of Poland, he made war on Charles XII., King of Sweden. His first ill success did not deter him; for he used to say, "My armies must be overcome, but this will at last teach them to conquer." He afterwards gained considerable advantages; and founded Petersburg in 1703. In 1709, he gained a complete victory over the Swedes at Pultowa. In 1712, he was enclosed by the Turks on the banks of the Pruth; and seemed inevitably lost, had not the czarina Catharine bribed the grand vizier, and the czar's prudence completed his deliverance. In 1716, he made a tour through Germany and Holland, and visited the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. It would be endless to enumerate all the various establishments for which the Russians are obliged to him. He formed an army according to the manner of the politest and most experienced nations: he fitted out fleets in all the four seas which border upon Russia: he caused many strong fortresses to be raised after the best plans; and made convenient harbours: he introduced arts and sciences into his dominions, and freed religion from many superstitious abuses; he made laws, built cities, cut canals, &c.; was generous in rewarding, impartial in punishing; faithful, laborious, and humble; yet was not free from roughness of temper. He had, indeed, cured himself of excess in drinking; but he has been branded with other vices, particularly cruelty. He published the unfortunate history of his son, Prince Alexis, whom he caused to be executed, and towards whom some blame

his severity, while others think it was necessary. He was equally severe to his son's friends. He beheaded his own brother-in-law, Count Lapuchin, brother to his wife Ottokessa Lapuchin, whom he had divorced, and uncle to Prince Alexis. The prince's confessor had also his head cut off. The remainder of the czar's life was nothing but a series of grand projects, labours, and exploits, that seemed to efface the memory of his excessive severities. He made frequent speeches to his court, and to his council. In one, he told them that he had sacrificed his son to the welfare of his dominions. He died of the strangury, in 1725, and left the world at least with the magnanimity of a hero, if not with the piety of a Christian. Peter was tall of stature, and of a bold and majestic aspect, though sometimes disfigured by convulsions, which altered his features. He conversed with persons in all stations. He loved women; and valued himself on drinking large draughts, rather than sipping delicious wines.





JOHN SOBIESKI.



JOHN SOBIESKI, or John III., king of Poland, one of the greatest warriors of the seventeenth century, was born 1629.

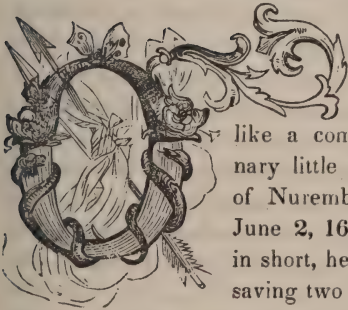
His father, James Sobieski, equally distinguished for his virtues in peace and his courage in war, took great care to nourish the same qualities in his sons, Mark and John. The Poles had just been defeated at Pilawiecz, when these youths returned from their travels. This misfortune only served to excite their courage. Mark fell in a second engagement with the Cossacks, on the banks of the Bog; but John, more fortunate than his brother, became successively grand marshal and general of the kingdom. Full of courage, he exposed himself, like the meanest soldier, to the greatest dangers, and, when urged to take care of his person, replied, "If I follow your advice, you will despise me." He became the terror of the Tartars and Cossacks, over whom he was perpetually gaining new victories. November 11, 1673, he won the celebrated battle at Choczim against the Turks, who lost there twenty-eight thousand men. The following year, he was elected king of Poland. When the Turks laid siege to Vienna, in 1683, he hastened thither with a Polish army, and rescued the imperial city. His cavalry was splendid, but his infantry poorly equipped. To conceal the condition of the latter, he was advised to send one of the worst clothed regiments of infantry over the river by night, to save them from the gaze of the spectators. Sobieski was of a different opinion. When the regiment

was on the bridge, he said to those who surrounded him, "Behold them—they are invincible ; they have sworn never to wear any dress but that of enemies ; in the last war, they were all clothed in the garb of Turks." On his arrival, he chose the most advantageous position, ascended an elevation to observe the disposition of the grand vizier, and remarked, "He has selected a bad position. I understand him ; he is ignorant, and persuaded of his own genius. We shall gain no honour from this victory." Sobieski was not deceived. The next day the Turks were driven from their camp in terror, leaving behind the holy standard of Mohammed, which the conqueror sent to the pope, with the following letter : "I came, I saw, and God has conquered." On his entrance into Vienna, at the head of his victorious Poles, the inhabitants received him with indescribable enthusiasm. They pressed around to embrace his feet, to touch his garments or his horse, and proclaimed him their saviour and deliverer. He was moved even to tears, and, under the strong impulse of his feelings, called this the happiest day of his life. In 1693, he was attacked by a dangerous sickness, and was doomed to witness that dissension which usually attends the election of a king in Poland. Foreign enemies united with domestic factions. Sobieski was no longer in a condition to quiet the disturbances, and the moment was fast approaching which was to deprive him at once of his life and his throne. The queen wished him to make a will, and communicated her wishes through one of the bishops. He refused, asserting that, in a nation like his, party rage would prevail over all his influence. He died 1696, in the twenty-third year of his reign. Scarcely had he closed his eyes, when jealousy and envy united to stain his memory. Some reproached him with having purchased lands contrary to the laws, which forbade the king to hold any private property. Others maintained that the Christian league which he had joined against the Turks, had cost his country more than two hundred thousand men. Others still asserted that he was too fond of money and expensive journeys. Certainly no court was ever less stationary than his. He performed the tour of Poland every year with his queen, and visited all his estates, like a nobleman. This fault, however, if it may be called a fault, should not cast a veil over the virtues of Sobieski. He was fond of the sciences, spoke several languages, and deserved to be loved for his gentleness and affability. His three sons died without leaving any male descendants.





MATTHEW BUCKINGER.



F all the imperfect beings brought into the world, few can challenge, for mental and acquired endowments, any thing like a comparison to vie with this truly extraordinary little man. Matthew Buckinger was a native of Nuremburg, in Germany, where he was born, June 2, 1674, without hands, feet, legs, or thighs ; in short, he was little more than the trunk of a man, saving two excrescences growing from the shoulder-blades, more resembling fins of a fish than arms of a man. He was the last of nine children, by one father and mother, viz. : eight sons and one daughter. After arriving at the age of maturity, from the singularity of his case, and the extraordinary abilities he possessed, he attracted the notice and attention of all persons, of whatever rank in life, to whom he was occasionally introduced.

It does not appear, by any account extant, that his parents exhibited him at any time for the purpose of emolument, but that the whole of his time must have been employed in study and practice, to attain the wonderful perfection he arrived at in drawing, and his performance on various musical instruments ; he played the flute, the bagpipe, dulcimer, and trumpet, not in the manner of general amateurs, but in the style of a finished master. He, likewise, possessed great mechanical powers, and conceived

the design of constructing machines to play on all sorts of musical instruments.

If Nature played the niggard in one respect with him, she amply repaid the deficiency, by endowments that those blessed with perfect limbs could seldom achieve. He greatly distinguished himself by beautiful writing, drawing coats of arms, sketches of portraits, history, landscapes, &c., most of which were executed in Indian ink, with a pen, emulating in perfection the finest and most finished engraving. He was well skilled in most games of chance, nor could the most experienced gamester or juggler obtain the least advantage at any tricks, or game, with cards or dice.

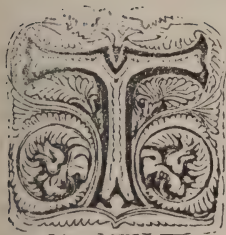
He used to perform before company, to whom he was exhibited, various tricks with cups and balls, corn, and living birds; and could play at skittles and nine-pins with great dexterity; shave himself with perfect ease, and do many other things equally surprising in a person so deficient, and mutilated by Nature. His writings and sketches of figures, landscapes, &c., were by no means uncommon, though curious; it being customary, with most persons who went to see him, to purchase something or other of his performance, and as he was always employed in writing or drawing, he carried on a very successful trade, which, together with the money he obtained by exhibiting himself, enabled him to support himself and family in a very genteel manner. The late Mr. Herbert, of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, editor of "Ames's History of Printing," had many curious specimens of Buckinger's writing and drawing, the most extraordinary of which was his own portrait, exquisitely done on vellum, in which he most ingeniously contrived to insert, in the flowing curls of the wig, the 27th, 121st, 128th, 140th, 149th, and the 150th Psalms, together with the Lord's Prayer, most beautifully and fairly written. Mr. Isaac Herbert, son of the former, while carrying on the business of a bookseller, in Pall-Mall, caused this portrait to be engraved, for which he paid Mr. Harding fifty guineas.

Buckinger was married four times, and had eleven children, viz.: one by his first wife, three by his second, six by his third, and one by his last. One of his wives was in the habit of treating him extremely ill, frequently beating and other ways insulting him, which, for a long time, he very patiently put up with; but once his anger was so much aroused, that he sprung upon her like a fury, got her down, and buffeted her with his stumps within an inch of her life; nor would he suffer her to arise until she promised amendment in the future, which it seems she prudently adopted, through fear of another thrashing. Mr. Buckinger was but twenty-nine inches in height, and died in 1722. One of his grandsons lately kept a music-shop in the Strand, and was esteemed the best performer on the lute in England. He is still living, and resides with his son-in-law, Mr. Barry, a harp-maker, in Frith street, Soho.



MRS. CHRISTIAN DAVIES,

COMMONLY CALLED MOTHER ROSS.



HIS very extraordinary female was born in Dublin in the year 1667 ; her father was a maltster and brewer, in which business he employed, at least, twenty servants, and was himself remarkable for industry, and attention to the concern he was engaged in ; until the desperate situation of King James II. drove his Irish subjects to take up arms in his defence against William III. The father of Mother Ross, on this occasion, though a Protestant, sold off the whole of his stock, in order to raise a troop of horse for the service of King James, which troop was called by his name, Cavanaugh's ; but the decisive battle of the Boyne put an end to the hopes of that party, and Mr. Cavanaugh was involved in the general ruin that followed, which had such an effect on his spirits as to bring on a fever, which carried him off in a short time.

The mother of Christian Cavanaugh had, during her husband's illness, procured him a pardon for having appeared in arms, and levied men for the service of King James ; yet, notwithstanding, the government seized upon all his effects that remained, after the expense he had put himself to on this unfortunate undertaking ; and his widow and children were left wholly destitute and unprovided for.

Christian Cavanaugh had, from childhood, exhibited proofs of a romping disposition and masculine propensities, and having formed a connection

with a first cousin of her mother's, named Thomas Howell, became an easy victim to his amorous advances ; fortunately, however, no fruits of this illicit intercourse appearing, she went to reside with an aunt, who kept a public-house in Dublin, where the propriety of her conduct, and attention to this relation, engaged her regard so much as, at her death, to leave her heiress to all she left. Continuing the public business, she fell in love with her waiter, Thomas Welsh, to whom she was married, and had by him two fine boys, and was big with her third child, when her husband disappeared in a most extraordinary manner. He had gone out to pay his brewer fifty pounds, after which, meeting with a school-fellow, an ensign, he was tempted to accompany him on board a vessel that carried recruits, where, drinking punch until he became intoxicated, and a wind springing up, the captain sailed with what recruits he had on board, and the vessel reached Helvoet Sluys before Welsh had recovered from the effects of the liquor ; and, having paid what money he took out to his brewer, he was under the necessity, for support, to enlist as a private soldier. In the mean while, after every possible inquiry, his wife gave him up for dead, and put herself and children into mourning ; at the expiration of a twelve-month, she received a letter from him, stating his situation, and that he had previously written eleven letters on the same subject.

On the receipt of this information, Mrs. Welsh came to the resolution of putting on male attire, and as a soldier go in search of her husband ; to which end she enlisted, under the name of Christopher Welsh, and was shipped for Holland, in company with several other recruits. She had disposed of her house, and placed her eldest son under the care of her mother ; and that born after her husband's departure, she put out to nurse ; her second was dead.

With the change of apparel, Mrs. Welsh appears to have changed the nature of her sex, and returning to her former masculine habits, made love and romped with every female that would give her the least encouragement. She entirely lost sight of searching after her husband, in the novelty of her new life ; and, if we are to credit her own account, performed acts of most desperate service in the capacity of a soldier, and, at the battle of Landen, received a wound from a musket-ball, above the ankle, but it did not injure the bone. The following summer she was taken, with threescore others, prisoner by the French, and conducted to St. Germain's en Lay, but soon obtained her liberty with the rest, in exchange for French prisoners.

Quarreling with a serjeant, who had offended a burgher's daughter Mrs. Welsh made love to, a duel ensued, in which she wounded her antagonist in so dangerous a manner that his life was despaired of. This affair was near to be attended with serious consequences to our heroine, she being deemed the aggressor ; but as it happened to be in revenge for the offence given the burgher's daughter, he made interest sufficient to obtain Mrs.

Welsh's discharge from the regiment. But so much was she enamoured with a military life, that she immediately entered into another.

At the battle of Donawert, she received a musket-ball, which so lodged in her hip, between the bones, that it never could be extracted; being carried to the hospital, near Shellenberg, she very narrowly escaped the discovery of her sex. Being sufficiently recovered of her wound to be enabled to perform duty, after the battle of Hochstet, she was one of those detached to guard the prisoners, when, to her inexpressible surprise and mortification, she recognised her husband caressing a Dutch woman, who appeared to be congratulating him on his safe return from the late battles.

Mrs. Welsh lost not much time in making herself known to him, and upbraiding him for the levity of his conduct; but gave him a piece of gold, informing him, at the same time, he should always find in her an affectionate brother, but that he must not think of her as a wife, while she could remain concealed, and the war lasted; they then parted in a friendly way, each to the duty of their respective service.

Not long after, at the battle of Ramilies, Mrs. Welsh had her skull fractured, and, while under cure, a discovery of her sex was made by the surgeon who attended on her. This being made known to brigadier Preston, her commanding officer, a reconciliation with her husband was effected, and the lady resumed the female garb, and by way of encouragement to continue the same, a new marriage took place, at which all the officers of the regiment were invited, who, after the ceremony, took leave, each saluting the bride, and leaving a piece of gold, (some four or five,) to put the happy couple in a way to support themselves in a comfortable manner.

She now undertook to cook for the regiment; but did not long carry it on, as the close attendance it required prevented her marauding, which she found far more beneficial. After she had given over cooking she turned sutler, and, by the indulgence of the officers, was permitted to pitch her tent in the front, while others were driven to the rear of the army. She continued to attend the camp in this situation, always taking care to provide the most comfortable accommodation in her power for her husband, and, in several instances, ran great hazard in conveying refreshment to him at the distance of several miles.

At the battle of Taisnieres, it was Mrs. Welsh's fortune to lose her husband, whom she found dead, after turning over near two hundred bodies in search of him among the killed and wounded. While deploring his loss with abundance of tears and lamentation, a Captain Ross came by, who seeing her agony, sympathized with her, protesting her grief touched him nearer than the loss of so many brave men; this compassion from the captain gave her the nick-name of Mother Ross; by which she became better known than by those of either of her husbands, and which she was called, and answered to, to the time of her death.

Notwithstanding the grief she was plunged in on this melancholy occasion, Mother Ross found consolation in the arms of one Hugh Jones, a grenadier, who, at the expiration of eleven weeks, she took for her second husband. In all the campaigns Mother Ross attended the army, and never lost an opportunity of marauding, and often obtained considerable booty in kitchen-utensils, brass-pails, pewter-plates, and dishes, and now and then a silver-spoon or two. At the siege of St. Venant she lost her second husband, who was wounded in the thigh by a musket-ball, which, turning to a mortification, carried him off in ten weeks.

Returning to England, she was recommended by the Duke of Argyle to present a petition to Queen Anne, which she did. setting forth, that, for twelve years, she had served in the Earl of Orkney's regiment as a man; had received several wounds, and lost two husbands in the service. The queen graciously received the petition, and perceiving the petitioner to be pregnant, said, *If the child should be a boy, she would give him a commission as soon as born*; in the mean while ordered her fifty pounds to defray the expenses of her lying-in; but it proved to be a girl, to Mother Ross's vexation and disappointment.

She now turned her mind to visiting Ireland, in order to learn tidings of her children by her first husband, and, on her arrival in Dublin, found the eldest of them died at the age of eighteen, and that the younger was in the workhouse; the nurse she had left the child in care of, with the best of her goods, having dissipated the property, threw the boy on the parish. Whatever intention Mother Ross had in seeking her children does not appear: she did not take the least notice of her surviving son in the workhouse; but set herself up in a little public-house, and by this, and making pies, contrived to pick up a comfortable livelihood. Queen Anne, in addition to her bounty of fifty pounds, had granted her a shilling a day subsistence for life; the knowledge of this, and her having some property, induced a soldier named Davies to pay his court to her, and with such success, that in a very short time they were married; this, her third husband, with his regiment being ordered to Hereford, Mother Ross broke up housekeeping to follow her favourite occupation in a camp, and continued this kind of life until her husband, Davies, was admitted into Chelsea Hospital.

At length her husband being taken ill, she would sit up with him at nights, by which she contracted a cold, that threw her into a continual fever, which carried her off in four days. She was long before her death afflicted with a complication of disorders, as dropsy, scurvy, &c.

She died on the 7th of July, 1739, and was interred in the burying-ground belonging to Chelsea Hospital, with military honours.



MARGARET PATTEN.



MARGARET PATTEN was a native of Glasgow, where she was born in the year 1596, towards the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Her maiden-name was Gibson, though at what period she exchanged it for Patten, has not reached us; but, removing from Scotland, probably with her husband, she settled in Westminster, and afterwards found an asylum in St. Margaret's Parish workhouse, where she died in the year 1739, at the very advanced age of one hundred and forty-three years.

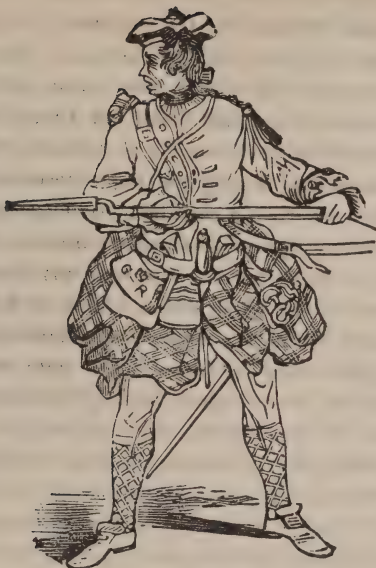
She is said to have retained her mental faculties to the last, and was extremely communicative to the numerous persons that were led by curiosity to visit and converse with her. These visitations were much encouraged by the master of the workhouse, who derived little less emolument from the practice, than if he had taken a booth at Bartholomew, or any other fair, to have shown the old lady as a curiosity. She was visited by all classes of people, and among others the portrait painters did not forget to attend, and to two of them we are indebted for the preservation of her likeness, viz. when at the age of one hundred and forty-one, taken by J. Cooper, in the year 1737, representing her in a white hood, with a spinning-rock in her hand; and another done from the life, in the same year, by Jacob Smith, a profile etching, representing her as habited in a riding-hood.

Generally when persons are led by curiosity to visit any object, or to inquire into circumstances of an extraordinary nature, they remain satisfied with their own peculiar gratification ; and rarely think it worth the trouble of taking memorandums of what, at the moment, engages their notice. To this circumstance may be attributed the cause of our possessing such slender materials to satisfy the curiosity and research of subsequent inquiry : if the age and date of the year be preserved, little more is thought necessary to record the memory of very interesting characters. What entertaining and instructive anecdotes could Margaret Patten have communicated concerning the persons and times of Queen Elizabeth, James I., the two Charles's, Oliver Cromwell, James II., William and Mary, Anne, and the first George, which have since her time been lost and buried in oblivion !

Margaret Patten was rather lively and pleasant in her conversation, than reserved or morose in her manner, and would return as well as receive a joke. A gentleman once conversing with her, as to her health, and on other subjects, requested she would inform him at what period of life a woman's amorous propensities ceased ? She very readily, and cheerfully, answered with a smile, that to be satisfied in that particular he must consult an older woman than herself.

She was buried in the Broadway-chapel burying-ground, Westminster, June 29th, 1739. Affixed to the brick wall is a stone, bearing an inscription to record her memory and great age.





SAMUEL McPHERSON.



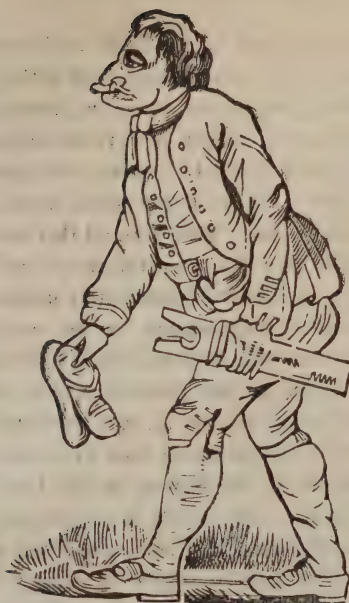
THIS Highlander acquired notoriety as one of the leaders of a mutiny, attended with some remarkable circumstances, in the year 1743. Soon after the disarming act, for securing the peace of the Highlands, was passed, a considerable force was raised in Scotland, composed of Highlanders friendly to the existing government, for the purpose of more effectually overawing the disaffected clans. They had the title of independent companies, and wore the ancient Highland dress, that they might be the better able to pursue any rebellious offenders into their fastnesses.

War having been declared in 1742, these independent companies were regimented, and the command given to the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay as their colonel. On being first embodied, the men understood that they were to serve only in the Highlands, or at least that their services were not to extend beyond Scotland. When, therefore, it was proposed by government to treat them as if they were regular troops of the line, a good deal of discontent was expressed by the privates, and it was not without difficulty that they were prevailed upon to march into England. They did march, however, and reached London, where they were reviewed by General Wade, on the 14th of May, 1743. A Highland regiment was

then a novelty in the metropolis, and the review excited much interest. The Highlanders were flattered by the civilities paid to them, and the praises they received for their military exercises. But a report having unfortunately reached them that they were about to be shipped for the West Indies, their former discontent broke out afresh, and, from that moment, they determined on returning, in a body, to their own country. They accordingly assembled during the night, between the Tuesday and Wednesday after the review, on a common, near Highgate, and began their march northward, keeping as nearly as possible between the great roads, and passing from wood to wood, so as to prevent any immediate knowledge being obtained of their route. The secret of their resolution to return home had been so well kept, and their retreat was so dexterously managed, that two days elapsed before any certain accounts were received of them by government. They had then reached the neighbourhood of Northampton, and were supposed to be shaping their course for Nottinghamshire. General Blakeney, being at that time stationed in Northampton, despatched Captain Ball, of Wade's regiment of horse, with a squadron of cavalry, in search of them. Though well acquainted with the country, it was with difficulty that the captain at last got intelligence of their route, which had been accidentally discovered by Major Creed, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county, and from whom the captain received a despatch to that effect. The Highlanders had then got into Lady-wood, about four miles from Oundle, and on ascertaining this, the major, immediately after he had written to Captain Ball, proceeded thither and had a conference with them, at the conclusion of which they agreed to lay down their arms, he promising to intercede for a pardon. He was received with due respect, both by the men and their leaders, but in the course of the conference they insisted that, as their lives were at stake, they ought to be sure of a pardon before parting with their arms; arguing that, if they were to die, it was better and more honourable to fall fighting in the field, than by the hand of the executioner. The major having written to the Duke of Montague, master-general of the ordnance, stating all that had occurred at the conference, Captain Ball arrived soon after with an answer, which was in substance, "that if they would peaceably lay down their arms, and submit themselves prisoners, the most favourable report would be made of their case in the proper quarter." The Highlanders, however, sternly refused these terms, and declared that they would rather die than yield under any other condition than a free pardon for all. At first Captain Ball found some of them disposed to surrender upon a general promise of mercy. He therefore attempted to talk with them separately, but found that this would not be permitted. Four of them presented their firelocks at him, and swore they would shoot him instantly if he attempted a separate treaty with any of them. He then told them frankly, that unless they

accepted the terms contained in the Duke of Montague's letter, without further delay, he had orders to use force, and if that were rendered inevitable by their obstinacy, no quarter would be given, and they would all be cut to pieces. After some further parley, the captain left them, but was soon followed by eighteen of their number, who accepted his terms and surrendered. He then returned to the wood, when ninety-eight followed the example of the eighteen. This was all that remained in a body, the rest having dispersed over the country, every one shifting for himself. Those who thus surrendered were immediately marched to London. They showed no symptoms of despondency by the way, nor any thing like alarm when brought into the Tower; but when four of their number, supposed to be principals in the mutiny, one of whom was McPherson, were separately put into confinement, they exhibited a good deal of dismay. These four were immediately tried by a court-martial, condemned to be shot, and executed in the Tower, on the 18th of July, 1743. The fate of McPherson was deeply felt by his countrymen, because he it was who had all along stood out for their rights, and had not only planned their retreat, but conducted it with a degree of caution and skill that would have done honour to a first-rate commander. The military men of the day admitted, that if the same talents had been exerted upon a greater occasion, and on a more extensive field, they might have entitled their owner to rank as a second Xenophon.

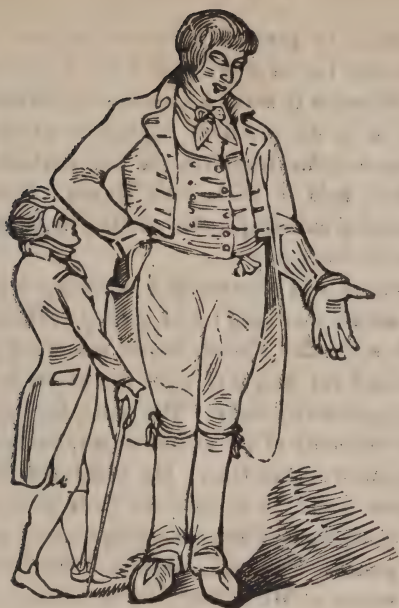
When this singular affair occurred, it was thought the Highlanders were by no means fairly dealt with. They had been embodied for a special service, and could not, by any construction of their original engagement, be obliged to serve out of Scotland. They argued, that as they had houses and families in the Highlands, that circumstance of itself went to prove irrefragably that they could not be considered in any other light than as a local or district militia; and, consequently, on no ground whatever could they be liable to serve elsewhere. Before leaving Scotland, they had not been shy of expressing these sentiments, and accordingly the views they entertained were well known to the government; but it was hoped that if once removed to a distance from their homes, their reluctance to extend their services would gradually subside, while fair promises and a little flattery of their national prejudices would do the rest. This was feasible enough, and had it not been for the unfortunate rumour about sending them to the West Indies, the object would have been easily accomplished. But, as things turned out, it was found necessary that government should consummate an act of deliberate treachery, by perpetrating one far more atrocious—that of putting four human beings to death unjustly, under the hollow pretence of preserving military discipline!



OLD BOOTS OF RIPON.



AMONG the infinite variety of human countenances that have existed, perhaps none were ever better calculated to excite laughter, mingled with astonishment, than that of the singular being whose portrait we have given above. He was servant at an inn in Ripon, Yorkshire, where it was part of his duty to wait on the travellers who arrived there, and take charge of their boots or shoes—hence he generally went under the name of Old Boots. It was his usual custom to introduce himself into the room with a pair of slippers in one hand, and a boot-jack in the other, exactly in the attitude represented in the plate. His features at once amazed and diverted every visitor; for nature had endowed him with a nose and chin so enormously long, and so lovingly tending to embrace each other, that he could, with the greatest ease, hold a piece of money between them. Travellers were generally so tickled with the oddity of the feat, that they seldom failed to put his dexterity to the proof in performing it. A hint in this way he always promptly attended to, since it was no less satisfactory to him, than entertaining to them. Although the extraordinary length of his nose and chin may appear almost incredible, yet we can assure our readers, that the drawing from which the above sketch was copied, was taken from the life, in the year 1762.



O'BRIEN, THE IRISH GIANT.



WITHIN the last seventy or eighty years several individuals of remarkable stature have exhibited themselves in this country as giants. The most distinguished of these was Patrick Cotter, commonly called Patrick O'Brien, and still more generally known by the appellation of the Irish Giant. He was born in the year 1761, in the county of Kinsale, in Ireland, of obscure parents, who were people of middling stature. At an early age, he was put to the trade of a bricklayer; but his growth was so rapid that when he had reached his eighteenth year, his uncommon size attracted the notice of a showman, who obtained permission of the simple youth to exhibit him three years in England, for which he was to pay him fifty pounds per annum. Not contented with his bargain, the showman underlet the liberty of showing him to another speculator, and when Cotter resisted this intended transfer of his person, he was saddled with a fictitious debt, and arrested at Bristol.

In this situation he was accidentally noticed by a gentleman of that city, who had some business to transact with the sheriff's officer. The simplicity of his manners, and his extreme distress, induced this gentleman to make some inquiry concerning him, and having reason to think that he

was unjustly detained, he generously became his bail, and so far investigated the business, that he not only obtained him his liberty, but freed him from all kind of obligation to serve his mercenary master any longer.

It happened to be in the month of September when he was liberated, and by the assistance of his benefactor he was enabled to set up for himself in the fair then held in St. James's, Bristol. Success crowned his undertaking; instead of suffering under penury, he found himself in three days the possessor of thirty pounds.

He now commenced, and afterwards continued a regular exhibition of his person. His stature increased till he arrived at the age of twenty-five, when his growth somewhat abated, but he continued growing after that period, till he attained the height of eight feet seven inches. He was at the same time proportionably lusty. His hand, from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, measured twelve inches, and his shoes seventeen inches long. He could not, however, be denominated a well-made man; for though his limbs were not strikingly disproportioned, his figure wanted that general symmetry which men of ordinary size usually possess. The astonishment of the observant spectator at the extraordinary stature of Mr. O'Brien was not unaccompanied with pity, as every movement appeared to be attended with trouble and some pain. In the action of rising to salute or surprise his visitors, he generally placed both his hands on the small of his back, and, bending his body forward, rose with considerable difficulty from his seat, consisting of a common size table, on which was placed the cushion of a carriage.

During the twenty-five years that Mr. O'Brien exhibited himself, he was to be seen at different periods in the metropolis, and for four or five Bartholomew fairs at Smithfield. At such times he used frequently to walk about the streets for air and exercise, at two or three o'clock in the morning. In one of these nocturnal excursions, he was observed accompanied by two persons of common size, on whose shoulders he supported himself in the same manner as we sometimes see a well-grown man resting his hands on the shoulders of children ten or twelve years of age. In walking up Holborn-hill, he appeared to be greatly fatigued, and might be said rather to shuffle along than to walk, as he never lifted either of his feet from the stones. Proceeding along the more level pavement, his body appeared more erect, and had he not paid attention to avoid the lamps, his head would have struck against many of them.

It is a circumstance too general among those who expose their persons to public view, that to them all the rest of mankind are totally indifferent. For this reason neither connection nor friendship can possibly be established with them; every attempt to obtain information tending to elucidate their habits and manners, or the history of their lives, is regarded with jealousy, under the idea that it arises from impertinent or mischievous curiosity

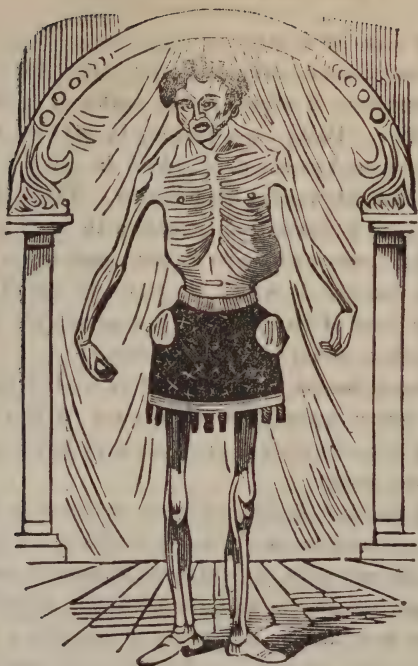
Had it not been for some such cause as this, we should probably have been enabled to collect many more particulars concerning O'Brien.

The following anecdote is related on the authority of those with whom he was most familiar. Being on a journey in his own carriage, he was one day stopped by a highwayman, on which he put his head forward to discover the cause that interrupted his progress. The highwayman, at the sight of so prodigious a figure, was struck with such a panic, that he clapped spurs to his horse, and made a precipitate retreat. It should be observed, that the carriage in which he travelled was of a peculiar construction, having a kind of box sunk to a considerable depth below the bottom of the vehicle, to admit his legs and feet.

It has been asserted that he was passionately fond of cards, and that he eagerly embraced every opportunity of engaging in that amusement, but that he could not lose with patience, not from a principle of parsimony, but the disgrace of being beaten.

In 1804, having realized an independence sufficient to keep a carriage, and to secure the conveniences of life, he declined the public exhibition of his person, which was always extremely irksome to his feelings. He was unoffending and amiable in his manners to his friends and acquaintance, of whom he had, in the last years of his life, a pretty extensive circle, as he was neither averse to a cheerful glass nor to pleasant company. During this interval he resided, we believe, entirely at Bristol, where, in September, 1806, he fell a sacrifice to a disease of the lungs, combined with an affection of the liver, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He expired without the smallest apparent pain or agony. The leaden coffin in which his body was enclosed measured nine feet two inches, and the wooden case four inches more. To prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, of which he had the greatest horror, his grave was sunk to the depth of twelve feet in the solid rock, and such precautions were taken as effectually to render abortive either violence or stratagem.





THE LIVING SKELETON.



LAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT, better known by the title of "the Living Skeleton," was undoubtedly the greatest natural wonder of the period in which he lived. He was born at Troyes, in the department of Champagne, on the 10th of April, 1797, and when exhibited to the public in England, where he excited universal astonishment, was just twenty-eight years of age. His parents were respectable but poor, and unlike their son they both possessed a good constitution, and enjoyed robust health. At his birth, there was nothing in his appearance that indicated disease, but in proportion as he grew in size, his flesh gradually wasted away. This remarkable decay continued till he arrived at manhood, when he attained his full stature, and his frame assumed the identical skeleton form which it ever afterwards retained. In France his case excited great interest, and he was deemed quite a *lusus naturæ*. Many proposals were made to his father for the purchase of the body of his son, in the event of his demise, but they were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman of Burgundy, indeed, offered a *carte blanche*,

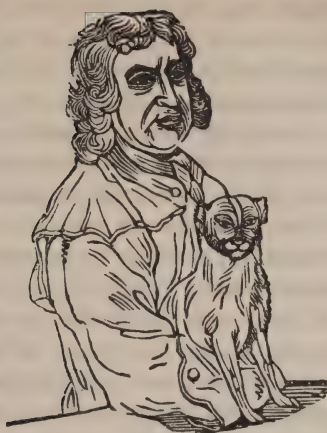
which the parent, with feelings highly honourable to himself, also refused, stating his determination that in the event of his son's death, he should be peaceably consigned to the cemetery of his native city. While at Rouen, no less than fifteen hundred persons flocked in one day to see Seurat on his way to England.

It was in 1825 that he arrived in the British metropolis. Numerous descriptions of him appeared in the journals of the day. Perhaps the most graphic of the whole was that which Mr. Hone published in his *Every Day Book*, one of the most ingenious works of the time, full of curious, instructive, and amusing information, and now a universal library companion. A portion of his description we shall proceed to quote. "It was on the first day of Seurat's exhibition," says Mr. Hone, "that I first visited him. This was on Tuesday the 9th of August. I was at the 'Chinese Saloon,' before the doors were opened, and was the first of the public admitted, followed by my friend, an artist, for the purpose of taking drawings. Seurat was not quite ready to appear; in the mean time, another visitor or two arrived, and after examining the canopy, and other arrangements, my attention was directed to the Chinese papering of the room, while Seurat had silently opened the curtains that concealed him, and stood motionless towards the front of the platform, as he is represented in the engraving. On turning round, I was instantly rivetted by his amazing emaciation; he seemed another 'Lazarus come forth' without his grave-clothes, and for a moment I was too consternated to observe more than his general appearance. My eye, then, first caught the arm as the most remarkable limb; from the shoulder to the elbow it is like an ivory German flute somewhat deepened in colour by age; it is not larger, and the skin is of that hue, and, not having a trace of muscle, it is as perfect a cylinder as a writing rule. Amazed by the wasted limbs, I was still more amazed by the extraordinary depression of the chest. Its indentation is similar to that which an over-careful mother makes in the pillowed surface of an infant's bed for its repose. Nature has here inverted her own order, and turned the convex inwards, while the nobler organs, obedient to her will, maintain life by the gentle exercise of their wonted functions in a lower region. Below the ribs, the trunk so immediately curves in, that the red band of the silk covering, though it is only loosely placed, seems a tourniquet to constrict the bowels within their prison-house, and the hip-bones, being of their natural size, the waist is like a wasp's. By this part of the frame we are reminded of some descriptions of the abstemious and Bedouin Arab of the desert, in whom it is said the abdomen seems to cling to the vertebræ. If the integument of the bowels can be called flesh, it is the only flesh on the body: for it seems to have wholly shrunk from the limbs; and where the muscles that have not wholly disappeared remain, they are also shrunk. He wears shoes to keep cold from his feet, which

are not otherwise shaped than those of people who have been accustomed to wear tight shoes; his instep is good, and by no means so flat as in the generality of tavern waiters. His legs are not more ill-shaped than in extremely thin or much wasted persons; the right leg, which is somewhat larger than the left, is not less than were the legs of the late Mr. Suett, the comedian. On this point, without a private knowledge of Mr. Liston, I would publicly appeal to that gentleman, whom I saw there, accompanied by Mr. Jones. Mr. Liston doubtless remembers Suett, and I think he will never forget Seurat, at whom he looked 'unutterable things,' as if he had been about to say 'prodigious!'

Seurat's head and body convey a sentiment of antithesis. When the sight is fixed on his face alone, there is nothing there to denote that he varies from other men. I examined him closely and frequently, felt him on different parts of the body, and not speaking his language, put questions to him through others, which he readily answered. His head has been shaved, yet a little hair left on the upper part of the neck, shows it to be black, and he wears a wig of that colour. His strong black beard is perceptible, although clean shaved. His complexion is swarthy, and his features are good, without the emaciation of which his body partakes; the cheek-bones are high, and the eyes are dark brown, approaching to black. They are represented as heavy and dull, and to denote little mental capacity; but, perhaps, a watchful observer, who made pertinent inquiries of him in a proper manner, would remark otherwise. His features are flexible, and therefore capable of great animation, and his forehead indicates capacity. On any other than a common-place question, he elevates his head to an ordinary position, answers immediately and with precision, and discourses rationally and sensibly; more sensibly than some in the room, who put childish questions about him to the attendants, and express silly opinions as to his physical and mental structure and abilities, and call him "a shocking creature." There is nothing shocking either in his mind or his face. His countenance has an air of melancholy, but he expresses no feeling of the kind; and his voice is pleasing, deep-toned, and gentle.

Such was the celebrated Living Skeleton seen by Mr. Hone, and the thousands whom curiosity led to behold so remarkable a being. By his exhibition in this country he realized a little fortune, with which he immediately retired to his native place, but did not live long to enjoy it



BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.



AMONG those characters which deserve attention, not for any eminence in virtue on the one hand, nor uncommon depravity on the other, but for a certain eccentricity of conduct, which, with the same advantages in life, no other person would imitate, Bampfylde Moore Carew deserves a prominent place. Descended from an ancient and honourable family, he was born in 1693, at Bickley, in Devonshire, of which place his father, the Rev. Theodore Carew, was many years rector. Never was there known a more splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction at any baptism in the county, than were present at his. Hugh Bampfylde, Esq., and Major Moore, of families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his godfathers, and from them he received his two Christian names.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious manner. At the age of twelve years, his son, the subject of this article, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with many young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of young Carew's residence at Tiverton school, his close application to his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in the clerical profession, for which he was designed. He made considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three other young gentlemen

his most intimate companions, attached themselves with such ardour to the sport of hunting, that their studies were soon neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three friends at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done to the fields of standing corn was so great that the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers came with heavy complaints to Mr. Rayner, the master of the school, who threatened young Carew and his companions so severely, that through fear they absconded, and joined a gang of gipsies who then happened to be in the neighbourhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gayety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gipsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies, and the administration of the customary oaths.

Young Carew was speedily initiated into some of the arts of the wandering tribe, and with such success, that besides several exploits in which he was a party, he himself had the dexterity to defraud a lady near Taunton of twenty guineas, under the pretext of discovering to her, by his skill in astrology, a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more, for though they had repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length, after an interval of a year and a half, hearing of their grief and repeated inquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to Bickley. Being greatly disguised both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings both in Bickley and the neighbouring parish of Cadley.

Every thing was done to render his home agreeable, but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gipsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once more eloped to his former connections, and soon gave new proofs of his aptitude for their peculiar calling. The first character he assumed for the purpose of levying contributions on the unsuspecting and unwary, was that of a shipwrecked seaman, in which he was very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer, who, living in the isle of Sheppey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have all his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Every scheme which he undertook, he executed with so much skill and dexterity that he raised considerable sums. So artful were the disguises of his dress, countenance, and voice, that persons who knew him intimately did not discover the deception, and once, on the same day, he went under three different characters to the house of a respectable baronet, and was successful in them all.

Some time after Carew's return to the vagrant life, we find him on a voyage to Newfoundland, from motives of mere curiosity. He acquired, during his stay, such a knowledge of that island, as was highly useful to him, whenever he thought proper afterwards to assume the character of the shipwrecked seaman. He returned in the same ship to Dartmouth, where he embarked, bringing with him a dog of surprising size and fierceness, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art peculiar to himself.

At Newcastle, Carew, pretending to be the mate of a collier, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. They proceeded to Dartmouth, and though he undeceived her with respect to his real character, she was soon afterwards married to him at Bath. They then visited an uncle of Carew's, a clergyman of distinguished abilities, at Dorchester, who received them with great kindness, and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him to leave the community of the gipsies.

Again associating with them, his disguises were more various and his stratagems not less successful. He first equipped himself in a clergyman's habit, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad-brimmed hat. His whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his eyes turned on the ground; from which, as if employed in secret ejaculations, he would raise them to heaven: every look and action spoke his want; but, at the same time, the hypocrite seemed overwhelmed with that shame which modest merit feels, when obliged to solicit the hand of charity. This artful behaviour excited the curiosity of many people of fortune to inquire into his circumstances, and, accordingly, with seeming reluctance, he informed them of his having long exercised the sacred office of a clergyman at Aberystwith, a parish in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice, (though he had a wife and several small children) to taking an oath contrary to his principles. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, and warm expressions of his trust in Providence; and as he perfectly knew those persons it was proper to apply to, this stratagem succeeded beyond his expectations. But hearing that a vessel, on board of which there were many Quakers, bound for Philadelphia, had been cast away on the coast of Ireland, he laid aside his gown and band, clothed himself in a plain suit, and with a demure countenance, applied to the Quakers, as one of those unhappy creatures, with great success. Having also learned that there was to be a meeting of them from all parts at Thorncombe, in Devonshire, he made the best of his way thither, and joining the assembly with a seeming modest assurance, made his case known, and satisfying them by his behaviour, that he was one of the sect, they made a considerable contribution for his relief.

In the course of numerous adventures, he assumed such extraordinary disguises, and moulded himself into so many different forms, that he gained the highest applause from that singular community to which he now belonged, and soon became the favourite of Clause Patch, their king, who was then very old. This flattered his ambition, and prompted him to be continually planning new stratagems. On one occasion, having spent some days in hunting, with Colonel Strangeways, at Melbury, in Dorset, the conversation happened one day at dinner to turn on Carew's ingenuity; the colonel seemed surprised that several who were so well acquainted with him, should have been so deceived; asserting, that he thought it impossible for Carew to deceive him, as he had thoroughly observed every feature and line in his countenance; on which he modestly replied, it might be so, and some other subject being started, the matter dropped. Early the next morning, Carew being called upon to go out with the hounds, desired to be excused, which the colonel being informed of, went to the field without him. Soon after, Carew went down stairs, and slightly inquiring which way the colonel generally returned, walked out, and going to a house frequented by his community, exchanged his clothes for a ragged habit, made a counterfeit wound in his thigh, took a pair of crutches, and having disguised his face with a venerable pity-moving beard, went in search of the colonel, whom he found in the town of Evershot. His lamentable moans began almost as soon as the colonel was in sight; his countenance expressed nothing but pain; his pretended wound was exposed to the colonel's eye, and the tears trickled down his silver beard. As the colonel's heart was not proof against such an affecting sight, he threw him half a crown, which Carew received with exuberant gratitude, and then with great submission desired to be informed if one Colonel Strangeways, a very charitable gentleman, did not live in that neighbourhood, and begged to be directed the nearest way to his seat; on which the colonel, filled with compassion, showed him the shortest way to his own house, and on this he took his leave. Carew returned before the colonel, and pretended to be greatly refreshed with his morning's walk. When they had sat down to dinner, Carew inquired what sport they had, and if the colonel had not met a very miserable object. "I did meet a very miserable object, indeed," replied the colonel. "And he has got hither before you," says Carew, "and is now at your table." This occasioned a great deal of mirth; but the colonel could not be persuaded of the truth of what Carew asserted, till he slipped out, and hopped in again upon his crutches.

About this time, Clause Patch died, and Carew had the honour of being elected king in his stead; by which dignity, as he was provided with every thing necessary by the joint contributions of the community, he was under no obligation to go on any cruise. Notwithstanding this, Carew was as active in his stratagems as ever, and continued to follow the bent of hi

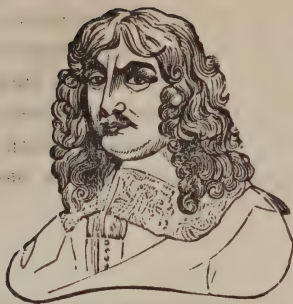
genius in numerous displays of successful deception as a mendicant. His friends in vain offered to provide him with a respectable maintenance. No entreaty could prevail upon him to abandon the kind of life he had adopted. A volume has been filled with his various adventures, during a period of more than forty years, the greater portion of which was spent in the company of gipsies and beggars. He is said to have died about the year 1770, aged 77.

FRANCIS GUICCIARDINI.



RANCIS GUICCIARDINI, a celebrated historian, was born at Florence, in 1482. He professed the civil law with reputation, and was employed in several embassies. Leo X. gave him the government of Modena and Reggio, and Clement VII. that of Romagna and Bologna. Guicciardini was also lieutenant-general of the pope's army, and distinguished himself by his bravery on several occasions; but Paul III. having taken from him the government of Bologna, he retired to Florence, where he was made counsellor of state, and was of great service to the house of Medicis. He at length retired into the country to write his history of Italy, which he composed in Italian, and which comprehends what passed from 1194 to 1532. This history is greatly esteemed; and was continued by John Baptist Adriani, his friend. He died in 1540.





JOHN BAPTIST COLBERT.



JOHN BAPTIST COLBERT, Marquis of Segnelai, one of the greatest statesmen of France under the monarchy, was born at Paris in 1619; and descended from a family in Rheims, no way considerable for its splendour or antiquity. His grandfather and father were merchants; and young Colbert was bred up to the same profession; but afterwards became clerk to a notary. In 1648, his relation, John Baptist Colbert, lord of S. Pouange, preferred him to the service of Michael Le Tellier, secretary of state, whose sister he had married; and here he discovered such diligence and exactness in executing all the commissions intrusted to his care, that he quickly grew distinguished. One day, his master sent him to Cardinal Mazarine, who was then at Sedan, with a letter written by the queen-mother; and ordered him to bring it back, after the minister had seen it. Colbert carried the letter, and would not return without it, though the cardinal treated him roughly, used several arts to deceive him, and obliged him to wait for it several days. Some time after, the cardinal returning to court, and wanting one to write his memoranda, desired Le Tellier to furnish him with a fit person for that employment: and Colbert being presented to him, the cardinal had some remembrance of him, and desired to know where he had seen him. Colbert was afraid of putting him in mind of Sedan, lest the remembrance of his importunacy, in demanding the queen's letter, should renew the cardinal's anger. But Mazarine was so far from hating him for his faithfulness to his late master, that he commended him, and desired him to serve him with the like zeal and fidelity. Colbert accommodated himself so dexterously to the inclinations of the cardinal, that he first made him his intendant, and afterwards trusted him with the management of that gainful trade of selling benefices and governments. By Colbert's counsel, the cardinal obliged the governors of frontier places to maintain their garrisons with the contributions they exacted. He was sent

to Rome, to negotiate the reconciliation of Cardinal de Retz, and other important business. Upon the whole, Mazarine had so high an opinion of Colbert's abilities, and faithful services, that at his death, in 1661, he recommended him to Louis XIV. as the most proper person to regulate the finances, which at that time stood in much need of reformation. Louis made Colbert intendant of the finances. He applied himself to their regulation, and succeeded: though it procured him many enemies. He also established the trade with the East and West Indies; from which France reaped innumerable advantages. In 1664, he became superintendent of the buildings; and applied himself so earnestly to the enlarging and adorning of the royal edifices, that they are still master-pieces of architecture; witness the palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Chombord. As for Versailles, he raised it from the ground. It was formerly a dog-kennel, where Louis XIII. kept his hunting furniture; he made it a palace fit for the greatest monarch. But royal palaces were not Colbert's only care: he formed several designs for increasing the beauty and convenience of the capital. He established the academy for painting and sculpture, and the Academy of Sciences, as well as the Royal Observatory at Paris. France also owes to him all the advantages she receives by the union of the two seas; a prodigious work, begun in 1666, and finished in 1680.

Colbert was likewise attentive to matters of a more private nature, such as regarded the order, decency, and well-being of society. He undertook to reform the courts of justice, and to put a stop to the usurpation of noble titles; which was then very common in France. In the former of these laudable attempts he failed; in the latter he succeeded. In 1669, he was made secretary of state, and intrusted with the management of affairs relating to the sea: and his performances were answerable to the confidence Louis reposed in him. He suppressed several expensive and useless offices, and proposed several new regulations concerning criminal courts. For the advancement of trade he procured an edict, to erect a general insurance office at Paris, for merchants, &c. In 1672, he was made prime minister.

This great minister died of the stone, September 6, 1683, in his sixty-fifth year; leaving behind him six sons and three daughters. He was of a middle stature, rather lean than fat. His mien was low and dejected, his air gloomy, and his aspect stern. He slept little, and was very sober. Though naturally sour and morose, he knew how to act the lover, and had mistresses. He was of a slow conception, and spoke judiciously of every thing after he had once comprehended it. He understood business perfectly well, and pursued it with unwearied application. Thus he filled the most important places with high reputation and credit; and his influence diffused itself through every part of the government. He restored

the finances, the navy, the commerce : and he erected those various works of art, which have ever since been monuments of his taste. He was a lover of learning, though he never applied to it himself ; and conferred donations and pensions upon scholars in other countries, while he established and protected academies in his own. He invited into France eminent artists of all kinds ; thus giving new life to the sciences, and making them flourish exceedingly. Upon the whole, he was a wise, active, public-spirited minister ; ever attentive to the interests of his master, the happiness of the people, the progress of arts and manufactures, and every thing that could advance the credit and interest of his country. He was a pattern for all ministers of state ; and every nation may wish to be blessed with a Colbert.

ALLAN RAMSAY.



LLAN RAMSAY, the Scots pastoral poet, was born at Peebles, in 1696, and bred a barber in Edinburgh. His taste in poetry, however, has justly raised him to a degree of fame that may in some measure be considered as a recompense for the frowns of fortune. His songs are in universal esteem ; and his dramatic performance, entitled *The Gentle Shepherd*, a Scots pastoral, is allowed by the best judges to be unrivalled. Lord Gardenstone says, "This excellent piece does honour to North Britain. There is no pastoral in the English language comparable to it, and I believe there is none in any language superior." The picturesque scenery described in the *Gentle Shepherd* is proved to have been drawn from the life, and all the scenes so finely painted by the poet, to have had a real existence in the estate of Newhall, in the parish of Pennycuik, which Ramsay often frequented,—in an ingenious dissertation inserted by way of Appendix, to Sir J. Sinclair's *Statistical Account*, vol. xvii. p. 609, &c. He died in 1743, leaving a son of the same name, who distinguished himself as one of the greatest painters of the last century, and by various tracts and contributions to polite literature



GEORGE MORLAND.



IN a work, the professed object of which is to delineate the lives and actions of remarkable and eccentric characters, few persons can more justly claim a place than the celebrated artist, George Morland. He was born in the year 1763. His father was a portrait painter in crayons, whose talents, though respectable, were not of the first order. In early life he had made a considerable figure, but having lost much property by engaging in schemes not conducted with prudence, he retired from the world in disgust, and educated his family in that obscurity to which the narrowness of his circumstances confined him.

George, in his infancy, is said to have manifested a predilection for the art; and it is certain, that in the exhibitions of the society of artists, to which his father belonged, were shown drawings by his son, when only four, five, and six years old, which would have done credit to a far more experienced hand. From this time, his father obliged him to practise every department of the art, without intermission.

He was at this period confined to an upper room, copying drawings or pictures, and drawing from plaster casts. Being almost entirely restricted from society, all the opportunities he had for amusement were obtained by

stealth, and his associates were a few boys in the neighbourhood. The means of enjoyment were obtained by such close application to his business as to produce a few drawings or pictures more than his father imagined he could complete in a given time. These he lowered by a string from the window of his apartment to his youthful companions, by whom they were converted into money, which they spent in common when opportunities offered. In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland, and to this unremitted diligence and application he was indebted for the extraordinary power he possessed over the implements of his art. Avarice was the ruling passion of his father; and this passion was so insatiable, that he kept his son incessantly at work, and gave him little if any other education. To this cause must doubtless be attributed all the irregularities of his subsequent life.

Morland's earlier compositions were dictated by his father. They were small pictures of two or three figures taken from the ballads of the day. These his father put into frames, and sold at different prices, from one guinea to three, according to the pockets of his customers. Although infinitely inferior to his later productions, they were much admired; many fell into the hands of engravers, and the engravings made from them were the means of bringing Morland into notice.

Some gentlemen, to whom the elder Morland was known, wished to patronise the youthful artist: from one he borrowed two capital pieces by Vernet, which George copied in an admirable style. Mr. Angerstein permitted him to take a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and on this occasion the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition was strikingly displayed. The original was at Blackheath, whither the two Morlands went to copy it. Mr. Angerstein wished to notice the youth, and to observe the progress of the work; but he refused to begin the picture until he had obtained a solemn promise that he should be overlooked by no person whatever. The promise was given, he painted the picture, associated with the servants while he remained in the house, and no encouragement or entreaties could bring him into the company of the generous and public-spirited proprietor.

A friend, who was going to pass the summer at Margate, advised old Morland to send his son to that place to paint portraits. The plan appeared a good one, and was adopted. George, with his picture of Garrick and some others, took lodgings for the season; customers flocked to him, his portraits pleased, and he began a great number. Unfortunately, the society of accomplished women, or rational men, made him feel his own ignorance and insignificance; hence every one who sat to him was an object of disgust. The pig races and other elegant amusements projected for the lower order of visitors at Margate, engaged the whole of his attention, and the portraits were thrown aside to be completed in town.

Instead of returning home with his pockets full of money, he only brought a large cargo of unfinished canvasses; and as the engagements of the watering-place are too often forgotten in the capital, very few of them were afterwards completed.

Though in this expedition he obtained very little pecuniary advantage, he gained several points that were of considerable consequence. He acquired the reputation of being an artist who was rising in his profession; he emancipated himself from paternal authority, and instead of handing a sketch slyly out of the window to raise a few shillings, he did what he pleased, and fixed what price he thought proper on his labours. By means of the money thus obtained, however, he was enabled to make many acquaintances, who unfortunately contributed to fix his character for life. The lowest among the professors of his art now became the companions of Morland. To these he was equal in intellect, and superior in talent; he was likewise superior to them in a circumstance which will always obtain from such persons what ignorant men covet, the adulation of their associates. A ride into the country to a smock-race, or a grinning-match, a jolly dinner and a drinking-bout after it, a mad scamper home with a flounce into the mud, and two or three other *et ceteras*, formed the sum of their enjoyments. Of these, Morland had as much as he desired, and as he was the richest of the set, by the community of property among such jolly dogs, he commonly paid for them more than his share.

About this time Morland married, and became acquainted with Mr. J. R. Smith, the engraver, who then dealt largely in prints, for whom he painted many pictures of subjects from the familiar scenes of life. Every one was acquainted with the subjects, and felt the sentiments they conveyed, so that the prints which Mr. Smith made from those paintings had an unprecedented sale, and extended Morland's fame not only throughout this kingdom, but even over the continent.

The manner in which he painted rural subjects obtained so much notice, that his fortune might now have been made. Purchasers appeared who would have taken any number of pictures he could have painted, and paid almost any price for them. But here the low-bred dealers in pictures stepped in, and completed the ruin the low-bred artists had begun. His unfortunate propensities assisted them much in this plan; and the dislike he had for the society of gentlemen made him averse to speak to those who only wished to purchase his pictures. This peculiarity, his friends, the dealers, took care to encourage to such a degree, that men of rank and fortune were often denied admittance to him when he was surrounded by a gang of harpies who pushed the glass and the joke apparently at the *quizz* who was refused admittance, but in reality at the fool who was the dupe of their artifices. They, in the character of friends, purchased of him all his pictures, which they afterwards sold at very advanced prices.

This was carried to such an extent, that gentlemen who wished to obtain Morland's pictures ceased to apply to him for them, but applied to such of his *friends* as had any to sell; so that he was entirely cut off from all connection with the real admirers of his works, and a competition took place among those by whom he was surrounded, each striving to obtain possession, and to exclude all the rest from a share in the prey.

About the year 1790, Morland lived in the neighbourhood of Paddington. At this period, he had reached the very summit of his professional fame and also of his extravagance. He kept at one time no less than eight saddle horses at livery, at the sign of the White Lion, opposite to his house, and was absurd enough to wish to be considered a good judge of horse-flesh. Frequently horses for which one day he would give thirty or forty guineas, he would sell the next for less than half that sum; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear for a short time in cash, until the day of payment came, when a picture was produced as a *douceur* for the renewal of the notes.

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was not remarkable, nor his talents were by any means adequate to counterpoise. His wine merchant, who was also a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds for the renewal of a bill. By this conduct he heaped folly upon folly to such a degree, that a fortune of ten thousand a year would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

No man was more accessible to flattery than Morland, and the more gross the mode in which it was served up, the more highly was it relished. If an ostler or postboy applauded his observations, he was sure to be touched in the palm with half-a-crown, or perhaps to receive a pair of leather breeches little the worse for wear. His acquaintances of this cast were so numerous, that there was scarcely a driver on the north road, within fifty miles of London, that was not known to him; nor was there a blood-horse of any note, whose pedigree and performances he could not relate with astonishing facility.

In the course of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, when Morland's best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity at borrowing, embraced their offers indiscriminately.

Having received an invitation from Claude Lorrain Smith, Esq., to visit him at his seat at Enderby, in Leicestershire, the purse he had thus collected very opportunely served his purpose. Accompanied by one of his trusty friends, commonly known by the appellation of Dirty Brookes, a notorious debauchee, who fell a sacrifice to his excesses, away he set out

upon this rural excursion. The journey was kept a profound secret from his accommodating friends, the picture dealers; and his absence consequently excited a considerable deal of alarm, which was not a little augmented by a report industriously circulated, as a good joke, by one of his waggish companions, that he was gone to France. No sooner had he returned from this excursion than he found his picture and horse-dealing friends very solicitous to renew their visits; but from that moment he studiously avoided all society, and with only a single crony to hawk his pictures about the town, was invisible for months together.

So strongly was the mind of this ill-fated artist impressed with the idea that he should sooner or later become the inhabitant of a jail, that he actually visited the King's Bench prison *incog.*, to ascertain how he should like confinement; yet, so great was his dread of the apprehended evil, that he declared nothing but absolute necessity should ever compel him to bring his mind to a surrender of his liberty.

Morland's embarrassments were far from producing any change of his conduct, and at length conducted him through the hands of a bailiff, into that confinement of which he had entertained such well-grounded apprehension. This, however, did not render him unhappy, but rather afforded him an opportunity of indulging, without restraint of any kind, all his favourite propensities. There he could mingle with such companions as were best adapted to his taste, and there too, in his own way, he could without check or control reign and revel, surrounded by the very lowest of the low.

About three years before his death, Morland was struck by palsy, which gave so rude a shock to his whole frame, intellectual and corporeal, that, sometimes while in the act of painting, he would fall back senseless in his chair, or sleep for hours together.

When in confinement, and even sometimes when he was at liberty, it was common for him to have four guineas a day and his drink, an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor had completely overcome him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for that day. This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, to keep him in a state fit for work, and to carry off the day's work when it was done; otherwise some eaves-dropper snapped up his picture, and he was left to obtain what redress he could.

By pursuing this fatal system, he ruined his constitution, diminished his powers, and sunk himself into general contempt. He had no society, nor did he wish for any, but that of the lowest of those beings whose only enjoyment is gin and ribaldry, and from which he was taken by a Marshalsea writ for a trifling sum. When removed to a place of confinement

he drank a large quantity of spirits, and was soon afterwards taken ill. The man in whose custody he was, being alarmed at his situation, applied to several of his friends for relief ; but that relief, if it was afforded, came too late. The powers of life were exhausted, and he died at the age of forty-one years. Thus perished George Morland, whose best works will command esteem as long as any taste for the art remains ; whose ordinary productions will please as long as any love for a just representation of what is natural can be found ; and whose talents might have ensured him happiness and merited distinction, if his entrance into life had been guided by those who were able and willing to caution him against the snares which are continually preparing by interested knavery for the inexperience and heedlessness of youth.





RICHELIEU.



JOHN ARMAND DU PLESSIS DE RICHELIEU, Cardinal of Richelieu and Fronsac, Bishop of Lucon, &c., was born at Paris, in 1585. He was of excellent parts; and, at the age of twenty-two, obtained a dispensation to enjoy the bishopric of Lucon, in 1607. Returning into France, he applied himself to preaching; and his reputation this way procured him the office of almoner to the queen, Mary de Medicis. His abilities, in the management of affairs, advanced him to be secretary of state, in 1616; and the king soon gave him the preference to all his other secretaries.

The death of the Marquis of Ancre having produced a revolution in state affairs, Richelieu retired to Avignon; where he employed himself in composing books of controversy and piety. The king having recalled him to court, he was made a cardinal in 1622; and, two years after, first minister of state, and grand-master of the navigation. In 1626, the Isle of Rhé was preserved by his care, and Rochelle taken, having stopped up the haven by that famous dyke which he ordered to be made there. He accompanied the king to the siege of Casal, and contributed to the raising of it in 1629. He also obliged the Huguenots to the peace at Alais, which proved the ruin of that party; he took Pamerol, and succoured Casal, besieged by Spinola.

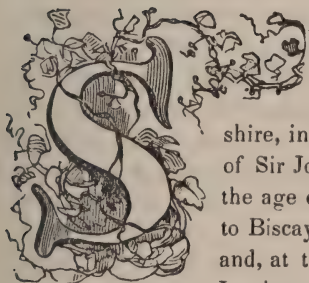
In the mean time, the nobles found fault with his conduct, and persuaded the king to discard him. The cardinal, for his part, was unmoved with it; and by his reasonings overthrew what was thought to be determined against him; so that, instead of being disgraced, he, from that moment, became more powerful than ever. This able minister had from thenceforward an ascendancy over the king's mind; and he now resolved to humble the excessive pride of the House of Austria. For that purpose, he concluded a treaty with Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, for carrying the war into the heart of Germany. He also entered into a league with the Duke of Bavaria; secured Lorraine; raised a part of the princes of the empire against the emperor; treated with the Dutch to continue the war against Spain; favoured the Catalans and Portuguese till they shook off the Spanish yoke; and, in short, took so many different measures, that he accomplished his design; and after having carried on the war with success, was thinking of concluding it by a peace, when he died at Paris, on the 4th of December, 1642, aged 58. He was interred in the Sorbonne, where a magnificent mausoleum was erected to his memory.

This great politician made the arts and sciences flourish; formed the botanical garden at Paris, called the King's Garden; founded the French Academy; established the Royal Printing-house; erected the palace afterwards called Le Palais Royal, which he presented to the king; and rebuilt the Sorbonne, with a magnificence that appears truly royal. Besides his books of controversy and piety, there go under the name of this minister, a Journal, in two volumes 12mo; and a Political Testament, 12mo; all treating of politics and state affairs. Cardinal Mazarine pursued Richelieu's plan, and completed many of the schemes which he had begun, but left unfinished.





SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, the renowned English admiral, was the son of Edmund Drake, a sailor, and born near Tavistock, in Devonshire, in 1545. He was brought up under the care of Sir John Hawkins, who was his kinsman; and, at the age of eighteen, he was purser of a ship trading to Biscay. At twenty, he made a voyage to Guinea; and, at twenty-two, was made captain of the *Judith*. In that capacity, he was in the harbour of St. Juan

de Ulloa, in the Gulf of Mexico, where he behaved most gallantly in the glorious actions under Sir John Hawkins, and returned with him to England, with great reputation but little money. Upon this he projected a design against the Spaniards in the West Indies; which he no sooner published, than he had volunteers enough ready to accompany him. In 1570, he made his first expedition with two ships; and in 1571, with one only, in which he returned safe, if not with such advantages as he expected. He made another expedition in 1572, wherein he gained considerable booties.

In these expeditions he was much assisted by a nation of Indians, who were engaged in perpetual wars with the Spaniards. The prince of these people was named Pedro; to whom Drake presented a fine cutlass from his side, which he saw the Indian greatly admired. Pedro, in return,

gave him four large wedges of gold; which Drake threw into the common stock, saying, that he thought it but just that such as bore the charge of so uncertain a voyage on his credit, should share the utmost advantage that voyage produced. Then, embarking his men with all the wealth he had obtained, which was very considerable, he bore away for England, where he arrived in August, 1573. His success in this expedition, joined to his honourable behaviour towards his owners, gained him a high reputation; and the use he made of his riches, a still greater. For, fitting out three stout frigates at his own expense, he sailed with them to Ireland; where, under Walter Earl of Essex, the father of the famous unfortunate earl, he served as a volunteer, and did many glorious actions. After the death of his noble patron, he returned into England, where Sir Christopher Hatton introduced him to Queen Elizabeth. Thus he acquired a capacity of undertaking that grand expedition which will render his name immortal.

The first thing he proposed was a voyage into the South Seas through the Straits of Magellan; which was what, hitherto, no Englishman had ever attempted. The project was well received at court; the queen furnished him with means; and his own fame quickly drew together a sufficient force. The fleet with which he sailed, on this extraordinary undertaking, consisted only of five vessels, small when compared with modern ships, and no more than a hundred and sixty-four able men. He sailed on the 13th of December, 1577; on the 25th, fell in with the coast of Barbary, and on the 29th with Cape Verd. On the 13th of March, he passed the equinoctial, made the coast of Brazil on the 5th of April, and entered the river De la Plata, where he lost the company of two of his ships; but meeting them again, and taking out their provisions, he turned them adrift. On the 29th of May, he entered the port of St. Julians, where he continued two months for the sake of laying in provisions: on the 20th of August, he entered the Straits of Magellan, and on the 25th of September, passed them, having then only his own ship. On the 25th of November, he came to Machao, which he had appointed for a place of rendezvous, in case his ships separated: but Captain Winter, his vice-admiral, having repassed the straits, was returned to England. Thence, he continued his voyage along the coasts of Chili and Peru, taking all opportunities of seizing Spanish ships, and attacking them on shore, till his men were sated with plunder; and then, coasting America to the height of 48°, he endeavoured to find a northern passage back, but could not. However, he landed, and called the country New Albion, taking possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth; and, having careened his ship, set sail from thence, on the 29th of September, 1579, for the Moluccas. He is supposed to have chosen this passage round, partly to avoid being attacked by the Spaniards at a disadvantage, and partly from the lateness of the season,

whence dangerous storms and hurricanes were dreaded. On the 13th of October, he fell in with certain islands, inhabited by the most barbarous people he had met with in all his voyage. On the 4th of November, he had sight of the Moluccas; and, coming to Ternate, was extremely well received by the king thereof, who appears, from the most authentic relations of this voyage, to have been a wise and polite prince. On the 10th of December, he made Celebes, where his ship unfortunately ran upon a rock, the 19th of January following, from which, beyond all expectation, and almost miraculously, they got off and continued their course. On the 16th of March, he arrived at Java Major, and on the 25th, began to think of returning home. On the 15th of June, he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, having then on board fifty-seven men, and but three casks of water. On the 12th of July he passed the line, reached the coast of Guinea on the 16th, and there watered. On the 11th of September, he made the island of Tercera; and on the 3d of November, entered the harbour of Plymouth. This voyage round the world was performed in two years and about ten months.

Shortly after his arrival, the queen, going to Deptford, went on board his ship; where, after dinner, she conferred on him the order of knighthood, and declared her absolute approbation of all he had done. She likewise gave directions for the preservation of his ship, that it might remain a monument of his own and his country's glory. This celebrated ship, which had been contemplated many years at Deptford, at length decaying, it was broken up, and a chair, made out of the planks, was presented to the University of Oxford.

In 1585, he sailed with a fleet to the West Indies; and took the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagená, and St. Augustin. In 1587, he went to Lisbon with a fleet of thirty sail; and having intelligence of a great fleet assembled in the Bay of Cadiz, which was to have made part of the Armada, he with great courage entered that port, and burnt there upwards of ten thousand tons of shipping; which he afterwards called *burning the King of Spain's beard*.

In 1588, when the Armada from Spain was approaching our coasts, Sir Francis Drake was appointed vice-admiral, under Charles Lord Howard, of Effingham, high-admiral of England, where fortune favoured him as remarkably as ever: for he made prize of a very large galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, who was reputed the projector of this invasion; and who surrendered, as soon as he learned it was Drake who summoned him. This Don Pedro remained, about two years, Sir Francis Drake's prisoner in England; and, when he was released, paid him for his own and his captain's liberties, a ransom of £3500. Drake's soldiers were well recompensed with the plunder of this ship; for they found in it fifty-five thousand ducats of gold, which were divided among them.

In 1589, Sir Francis Drake commanded, as admiral, the fleet sent to restore Don Antonio King of Portugal, the command of the land forces being given to Sir John Norris ; but they were hardly gone to sea before the commanders differed, and so the attempt proved abortive. The war with Spain continuing, a more effectual expedition was undertaken by Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, against their settlements in the West Indies, than had hitherto been made during the whole course of it : but the commanders here again not agreeing about the plan, this also did not turn out so successfully as was expected. All difficulties, before these two last expeditions, had given away to the skill and fortune of Sir Francis Drake ; which probably was the reason why he did not bear these disappointments so well as he otherwise would have done. A strong sense of them is supposed to have thrown him into a melancholy, which occasioned a bloody flux ; and of this he died on board his own ship, near the town of Nombre de Dios, in the West Indies, on the 28th of January, 1596. His death was lamented by the whole nation, and particularly by his countrymen, who had great reason to love him from the circumstances of his private life, as well as to esteem him in his public character.

He was elected burgess for the town of Bossiney, alias Tintagel, in the county of Cornwall, in the twenty-seventh parliament of Queen Elizabeth ; and for Plymouth, in Devonshire, in the thirty-fifth of the same reign. This town had very great obligations to him : for, in 1587, he undertook to bring water into it, through the want of which, till then, it had been grievously distressed ; and he performed it by conducting thither a stream from springs eight miles distant, that is in a straight line ; for in the manner he brought it, the course of it runs upwards of twenty miles.





JEDEDIAH BUXTON.



MOST extraordinary instance of native genius was afforded by this man, who was born in 1705, at Elmeton, in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster, and yet, from some strange neglect or infatuation, Jedediah was neither taught to write nor read. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he was remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects, and when he did take notice of them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes, and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even though no question were asked him.

Being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly, that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained, therefore, to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280, or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5, by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which gave 171,000, being the

amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and this being added to 171,000, yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two ciphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these astonishing efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating powers. If a field be 423 yards long and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by his watch how long each operation took him. The same person asked, how many acres the said field measured, and in eleven minutes he replied 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a half he answered 1,520,640. The next question was: Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes, he answered 59,840 times.

On another occasion a person proposed to him this question: In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,065 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business and surrounded by more than a hundred labourers.

Though these instances, which are well authenticated, are sufficient proofs of Jedediah's strength of mind, yet for the farther satisfaction of the curious, the following facts are subjoined. Being asked how long after the firing of one of the cannons at Retford, the report might be heard at Houghton Park, the distance being five miles, and supposing the sound to move at the rate of 1142 feet in one second; in a quarter of an hour he replied—in 23 seconds, 7 thirds, and that 46 remained. He was then asked: Admit that 3584 brocoli-plants are set in rows, four feet asunder, and the plants seven feet apart in a rectangular plot of ground, how much land will these plants occupy? In nearly half an hour he said: 2 acres, 1 rood, 8 perches and a half.

This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, or a field, and tell the contents of it as accurately as if he had measured it by the chain. In this manner he had measured the whole lordship of Elmeton, consisting of some thousands of acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square

inches. After this he reduced them for his own amusement into square hair-breadths, computing about 48 to each side of an inch, which produced such an astonishing number as appeared almost incomprehensible.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Siety court*. The gentlemen present asked him several questions in arithmetic to try his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

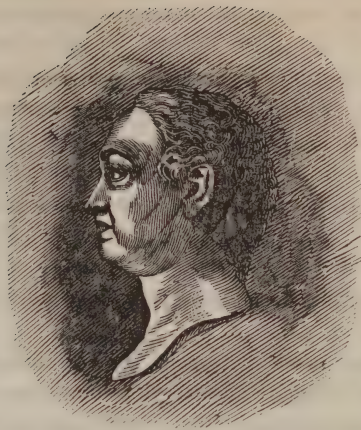
During his residence in the metropolis, he was taken to see the tragedy of King Richard the Third performed at Drury Lane. It was expected that the novelty of every thing in that place, together with the splendour of the surrounding objects, would have filled him with astonishment; or that his passions would have been roused in some degree by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This certainly was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure. but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment, and declared that in this part of the business he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labour of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily sustenance for himself and family.

When he was asked to calculate a question, he would sit down, take off his old brown hat, and resting upon his stick, which was generally a very crooked one, in that attitude he would fall to work. He commonly wore on his head a linen or a woollen cap, and had a handkerchief carelessly thrown round his neck.

If the enjoyments of this singular man were few, they seem at least to have been fully equivalent to his desires. Though the powers of his mind raised him far above his humble companions, who earned their bread in like manner by the sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repose.

Buxton was married and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged seventy years.



JAMES BRUCE.



JAMES BRUCE was born at Kinnaird, near Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, on the 14th of December, 1730; and, in 1738, was placed under the care of his uncle, a barrister in London, who sent him, in January, 1742, to school, at Harrow. Here he so successfully prosecuted his studies, that Dr. Cox, the head-master, said of him, in a letter to a friend, "When you write to Mr. Bruce's father about his son, you cannot say too much; for he is as promising a young man as ever I had under my care; and, for his years, I never saw his fellow." From Harrow, he went, for a few months, to a private academy, where he renewed his classical studies, and acquired a knowledge of French, drawing, arithmetic and geometry. In the November of 1747, he entered the University of Edinburgh, with the intention of studying the law; which, at his father's desire, he had determined on adopting as his profession. Disinclination, however, and ill-health, induced him, in the spring of 1748, to relinquish for ever the sedentary labours of a law student; and being threatened with consumption, he retired to Scotland, where he remained until 1753. In the July of that year, he went to London, with the intention of embarking for the East Indies, where he purposed settling as a free trader, under the patronage of the company, to whom he had already prepared a petition. An attachment, however, frustrated this design; and, in February, 1754, he married a Miss Allan, daughter of a deceased wine-merchant; and, for a short time, held a share in the business. This he relinquished on the death of his wife, which happened in Paris, eight months after her marriage; and such was the bigotry of the Catholics towards Protestants, that he was compelled to inter

her at midnight, and to steal a grave in the burying-ground assigned to the English embassy.

After this event, he again turned his attention to literature, and acquired a knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese tongues, as well as the art of drawing; all of which studies he pursued with a view to their utility in the future travels that he secretly contemplated. At the commencement of the vintage season, in July, 1757, he embarked for the continent: and, after landing at Corunna, traversed Spain and Portugal, where he sojourned till the end of the year, devoting much attention to the social and political state of those countries. At the beginning of 1758, he passed over the Pyrenees to France; thence down the Rhine into Germany and the Netherlands, whence he was recalled to England, in July, by a letter announcing the death of his father. While at Brussels, having taken the part of a young stranger, insulted in his presence, he was challenged to fight a duel, in which he severely wounded his antagonist, and was obliged to fly the city. The death of his father entitled him to an inheritance which afforded him ample means of efficiently and uninterruptedly pursuing the studies which were necessary to the success of his designs; and, by the year 1761, he had collected most of the Dutch and Italian books on the subject of Oriental literature. He had also made great progress in the Arabic and Ethiopic languages, to the study of which was owing his determination to explore the sources of the Nile.

About this time, a rupture being anticipated between England and Spain, he visited Mr. Wood, the under-secretary of state, whom he requested to lay before the minister, Mr. Pitt, a plan he had concerted, when abroad, of an expedition against the latter country, by attacking Galicia, in Ferrol. After much negotiation, his suggestion was adopted by the ministry, but it was subsequently abandoned, owing to the Portuguese ambassador having represented the great danger that would result to his country from such an expedition. Chagrined at the failure of his military project, he meditated returning to Scotland, where the recent discovery of some valuable mines on his estate would have enabled him to live with comfort and independence, when he received a message from Lord Halifax, requesting to see him before he left London. His lordship ridiculed the idea of Bruce's retirement; and, after hinting to him the encouragement which the king would bestow on enterprise and discovery, suggested Africa to him as a fit region for the exercise of both; and, as a further inducement to his visiting that country, offered him the situation of consul-general at Algiers, with leave to appoint a vice-consul in his absence. He promised him, in addition, the rewards stipulated in the affair of Ferrol, and advancement to a higher diplomatic station, if he made wide incursions into the former country.

He at length acceded to the proposal of Lord Halifax, and in June, 1762,

having previously been introduced to the king, set out for Africa. He reached that country on the 20th of March, 1763; when such was his knowledge of the Arabic, that he was able to fulfil his consular duties without the aid of an interpreter. On his way thither, he passed through the principal cities of Italy, where he made several sketches of its temples and ruins; and it appears from his manuscripts, that he also intended writing a dissertation on the ancient and modern state of Rome. Shortly after his arrival at Algiers, a dispute occurred between him and the Dey, concerning Mediterranean passes, for carrying which in a form differing from that originally prescribed, several British vessels were seized and destroyed; of which, having first remonstrated with the Dey, he immediately wrote to inform government. The ministry, however, who had been secretly prejudiced against him, by a party hostile to him at Algiers, treated his communication very lightly; and, in May, 1765, being recalled to England, he was compelled, either to abandon the principal design of his residence in Barbary, or to make his intended excursions as a private individual. After some consideration, he adopted the latter alternative; and, on the 25th of August, sailed for Tunis, stopping, on his way thither, at Utica and Carthage, the ruins of which cities he stayed some time to examine, making drawings of the most important parts, in which he was assisted by a young Bolognese artist, whom he had brought with him from Italy. In one of his incursions into the interior of the country, he discovered Cirta, the capital of Syphax, whence he returned to Tunis, and started thence for Tripoli, by way of Gabs and Gerba. On entering the desert which borders the latter town, he was attacked by the Arabs, and compelled to return to Tunis, where he remained till August, 1766, when he crossed the desert in safety, and arrived at Tripoli. He next proceeded, across the Gulf of Sydra, to Bengazi and Ptolometa, and shortly afterwards set sail for Crete, when a shipwreck drove him again upon the African shore, with the loss of every thing but his drawings and books, which he had fortunately despatched from Tripoli to Smyrna. From Bengazi, the place of his shipwreck, and where he was very cruelly treated, he escaped, by a French vessel, to Canea, where he was detained by an intermittent fever, till the end of April, 1767, when he proceeded, by way of Rhodes, to Sidon.

On the 16th of September, he commenced his journey to Balbec, which he reached on the 19th of the same month; and, having returned to Tripoli, set out, in a few weeks, for Palmyra. After making several drawings, which, as well as those of Balbec, he afterwards presented to the king, he travelled along the coast to Latakia, Antioch, and Aleppo, where he was attacked by a fever, from which he with great difficulty recovered. About this time, meditating the discovery of the source of the Nile, he left Aleppo for Alexandria, where he arrived on the 20th of June, 1768.

From hence he proceeded by land to Rosetta, where he embarked on the Nile for Cairo. After impressing the Bey of the city with an idea of his skill in medicine and prophecy, he sailed to Syene, visiting, in his way thither, the ruins of Thebes; and, on the 16th of February, 1769, set out from Keene, through the Thebaid desert, to Cosseir, on the Red Sea; and from thence proceeded to Tor and Jidda, where he landed on the 5th of May. After making several excursions in Arabia Felix, he quitted Lobeia, on the 3d of September, for Masuah; where, on his arrival, he was detained for some weeks, by the treachery and avarice of the governor of that place, who attempted to murder him, in consequence of his refusal to make him an enormous present. In February, 1770, he entered Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, the ras of which city appointed him gentleman-usher of the king's bed-chamber, commander of the household cavalry, and governor of a province.

On the 27th of October, after having taken an active part in the councils of the sovereign, and effected several cures of persons about the court attacked with the small-pox, he left the capital, and set out in search of the source of the Nile, which he discovered at Saccala, on the 14th of the following November. The joy he felt on the occasion is thus described by himself: "It is easier to guess, than to describe, the situation of my mind at that moment; standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, history, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of nearly three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out, for a series of ages, to every individual of the myriads those princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off the stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to the presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain-glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumphs. I was but a few minutes arrived at the source of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence; I was, however, then but half through my journey, and all those dangers which I had already passed awaited me again on my return. I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself."

After returning to Gondar, our traveller found much difficulty in obtain-

ing permission to proceed on his way homewards ; it being a rule with the inhabitants never to allow a stranger to quit Abyssinia. A civil war breaking out in the country about the period of his intended departure, he was compelled to remain in it till the December of the following year, and took part in one of their battles, in which his valiant conduct was such that the king presented him with a rich suit of apparel, and a gold chain of immense value. At length, at the end of 1771, he set out from Gondar and, in the February of the following year, arrived at Senaar, where he remained two months, suffering under the most inhospitable treatment, and deceived in his supplies of money, which compelled him to sell the gold chain he had been presented with. He then proceeded by Chiendi, and Gooz, through the Nubian desert, and on the 29th of November reached Assouan, on the Nile, after a most dreadful and dangerous journey, in the course of which he lost all his camels and baggage, and twice laid himself down in the expectation of death. Having procured, however, fresh camels, he returned to the desert and recovered most part of his baggage, with which, on the 10th of January, he arrived at Cairo ; where, ingratiating himself with the Bey, he obtained permission for English commanders to bring their vessels and merchandise to Suez, as well as to Jidda, an advantage no other European nation had before been able to acquire. In the beginning of March he arrived at Alexandria, whence he sailed to Marseilles ; where he landed about the end of the month, suffering under great agony from a disease called the Guinea worm, which totally disabled him from walking, and had nearly proved fatal to him during his voyage. Notwithstanding, however, the perils he underwent, and the barbarities he witnessed in the course of his travels, and particularly at Abyssinia, y t even that country he left with some regret, and would often recall, with a feeling almost of tenderness, the kindnesses he had received there, especially from the ras's wife, Ozoro Esther, between himself and whom a very affectionate intimacy had existed.

After residing a few weeks in the south of France, he set out for Paris, in company with Buffon, to whom he communicated much valuable information which that celebrated naturalist has acknowledged in his advertisement to the third volume of the History of Birds. His health being still unconfirmed, he left the French capital in July, and made a second tour into Italy, where he resided till the spring of 1774, when he again returned to France, and thence proceeded to England, which he reached in June following, after an absence of twelve years. Previously to leaving Scotland, he had contracted an engagement with a lady, whom, during his travels, he never forgot ; and he was so incensed, on his arrival at Rome, on hearing that she had married an Italian marquess, that he insisted on fighting with her husband, who, however, declined the challenge. After remaining some months in London, he returned to his mansion at Kin-

naird, to regulate his private affairs, which he found greatly disordered in consequence of his relations having supposed him dead, and taken possession of great parts of his effects; to prevent a recurrence of which, he married the daughter of Thomas Dundas, Esq., of Fingask, who, after bearing him three children, died in the spring of 1785.

In 1790, the account of his travels, which had long been looked for with anxiety, appeared in five quarto volumes, with plates, maps, and charts. The extraordinary events and discoveries which they contained, occasioned many to doubt the truth and accuracy of Bruce; and some went so far as to assert that he had never even been in Abyssinia. Recent travellers, however, and among them Mr. Salt, one of his most hostile skeptics, have confirmed the greater part of his assertions relative to that country, though many of them still remain doubtful and unauthenticated. Such was the effect of the reports circulated against this work, that, according to Dr. Clarke, a short time after its publication, several copies were sold in Dublin for waste paper. Being, however, translated into French, his book was widely circulated on the Continent; and he had made arrangements for printing an octavo edition, when, on the 26th of April, 1794, he fell down the stairs of his mansion at Kinnaird, while in the act of handing a lady to dinner, and expired the following morning.

The person of Mr. Bruce being nearly six feet four inches in height, and of great muscular strength, was well suited to the enterprises he undertook, and the dangers he encountered. Though his hair was of a dark red, his countenance had a handsome cast; and though he possessed great urbanity of manners, his mien was dignified, and almost haughty. He paid particular attention to his dress, especially during his travels, the fatigue and danger of which never prevented him from appearing in the most elegant costume of the different countries he visited. He was an excellent horseman and swimmer, and an unerring marksman; and, for his skill in the latter capacity, was mistaken by the barbarians, who were unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, for a magician. In addition to his numerous literary accomplishments, he acquired a considerable knowledge of physic and surgery, which he practised with great success in Africa and Abyssinia. He possessed a mind prudent and vigorous, and a spirit untamable by danger or disappointment, so that he was enabled finally to ensure the success of his most ambitious projects. In Abyssinia, he discovered a plant very serviceable in cases of dysentery; and brought the seeds of it to England, where it is known by the name of *Brucea*, having been so called by Sir Joseph Banks, in honour of its finder. An island in the Red Sea, on the coast of Abyssinia, also bears his name.

The doubt which prevailed respecting the truth of his narratives, was in a great degree owing to the habit he had of telling his own exploits, which he embellished with a colouring of romance calculated to weaken

the credulity of his hearers. His account of his travels became the subject of much disputation; and Dr. Vincent, who defended it, allowed that Bruce was in some instances mistaken, by aspiring to knowledge and science, which he had not sufficiently examined; though, he adds, "his work throughout bears internal marks of veracity, in all instances where he was not deceived himself; and his observations were the best which a man, furnished with such instruments, and struggling for his life, could obtain." He was often pompous and ostentatious, especially in his character of consul. The Bey of Cairo, having, after a long conversation, ordered him a purse of sequins, he declined accepting any thing more than a single orange, saying to the bey, who requested to know his reason, "I am an Englishman, and the servant of the greatest king in Europe: it is not the custom of my country to receive pecuniary gratuities from foreign princes without the approbation of our sovereign." In alluding to his pictures of Palmyra and Balbec, which are in the king's library at Kew, he used to speak of them as "the most magnificent presents ever made in that line by a subject to a sovereign." It has been said, however, that he received for these drawings the sum of £2000. He was descended, on his mother's side, from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, a circumstance he was excessively proud of; and he once said to a friend, that "he was entitled to give his servants royal livery." He occupied much of the latter part of his life in the formation of a museum in his own house, which contained many rare and valuable curiosities.

He expressed an utter contempt for all kinds of suspicion with regard to his veracity, which he could never be prevailed on to take any pains to substantiate. When requested, by his friends, to alter or explain any thing, he would sternly repeat, "What I have written, I have written!" with which words he concluded the preface to his travels. "Dining out, one day," says Major Head, "at the house of a friend, a gentleman present observed, 'that it was *impossible* the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat;' on which, Bruce, without saying a word, left the table, and shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef-steak peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion, and said to the gentleman, 'Sir, you will eat that, or fight me;' the person addressed chose to do the former, when Bruce calmly observed, 'Now, sir, you will never again say it is *impossible*.'" Major Head also relates the following anecdote: "Single-speech Hamilton, who was Bruce's first cousin, one evening said to him, 'that to convince the world of his power of drawing, he need only draw something then in as good a style as those paintings which it had been said were done for him by his Italian artist.' 'Gerard!' replied Bruce, very gravely, 'you made *one* fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition; but, if you will stand up now here, and

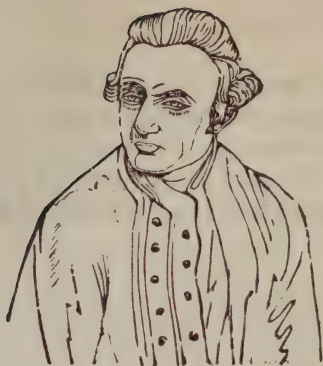
make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own.'"

He used to teach his daughter, who was scarcely twelve years old, the proper mode of pronouncing the Abyssinian words, "that he might leave," as he said, "some one behind him who could pronounce them correctly." He repeatedly said to her, with feelings highly excited, "I shall not live, my child, but *you* probably will, to see the truth of all I have written thoroughly confirmed."

GANGANELLI.



LEMENT XVI., Pope, whose original name was Francis Laurentius Ganganelli, was born at St. Angelo, in the Duchy of Urbino, in October, 1705; and chosen pope, though not yet a bishop, in 1769: at which time the See of Rome was involved in a most disagreeable and dangerous contest with the House of Bourbon. His reign was rendered troublesome by the collision of parties on the affairs of the Jesuits; and it is said that he often complained of the heavy burden which he was obliged to bear; and regretted, with great sensibility, the loss of that tranquillity which he enjoyed in his retirement, when only a simple Franciscan. He was, however, fortunate in having an opportunity, by a single act, to distinguish a short administration of five years in such a manner as will ever prevent its sinking into obscurity. His death was attributed to poison, as if an old man about seventy, loaded with infirmities, could not quit the world without violence. His proceedings against the Jesuits furnished a plausible pretence for this charge; and the malevolence of their enemies embellished it. The ministers of those powers, who had procured their dissolution, countenanced the report; though the charge was the more ridiculous, as the pontiff had undergone a long and painful illness. Yet, though the French and Spanish ministers were present at the opening of his body, the most horrible circumstances were published relative to that operation; such as that the head fell off from the body, that the stench killed the operators, &c. It availed little that the operators showed themselves alive and in good health, and that the surgeons and physicians proved the falsehood of every part of the report. Clement XVI. appears to have been a man of a virtuous character, and possessed of considerable abilities. His letters breathe great liberality of sentiment. He died much regretted, in 1774.



CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.



THIS celebrated navigator, the son of a labouring man at Marton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was born there on the 27th of October, 1728, and received his education at the expense of Mr. Skottow, to whom his father was bailiff. At the age of thirteen, he was apprenticed to a haberdasher, but owing to some disagreement with his master, his indentures were cancelled, and having an inclination to the sea, he bound himself for seven years to Messrs. Walker, of Whitby, who had several vessels in the coal trade. Having afterwards served for a few years as a common sailor, he was appointed mate of one of Messrs. Walker's ships, in which capacity he displayed great assiduity in acquiring a knowledge of practical navigation. Being in London in the spring of 1755, when the war broke out between France and England, he, for some time, concealed himself to avoid impressment; but at length entered voluntarily on board the *Eagle*, of sixty guns. His diligence in this vessel gained him the notice of the captain, and his promotion being forwarded by private interest, he was, on the 15th of May, 1759, appointed master of the *Mercury*, which sailed to America, to join the fleet engaged in the siege of Quebec. On this occasion he was employed to take the soundings of the St. Lawrence, between Orleans and the north shore, as well as to survey the most dangerous parts of the river below Quebec, which important services he most successfully performed.

On the 22d of September, he was appointed master of the *Northumberland*, stationed at Halifax, where he first read Euclid, and studied the science of astronomy. Having assisted at the recapture of Newfoundland, with the *Northumberland*, he, in 1762, returned to England, at the end of the year, and married Miss Elizabeth Batts, at Barking, in Essex. Early

in 1763, he went out with Captain Greaves, to Newfoundland, as surveyor of its coasts; and, in the following year, accompanied Sir Hugh Palliser to Labrador and Newfoundland, in the capacity of marine surveyor, a situation in which he continued till 1767. While thus employed, he transmitted to the Royal Society an account of his observation of an eclipse of the sun at Newfoundland, with the longitude of the place deduced from it, which was printed in the fifty-seventh volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*. In 1768, he was presented with a lieutenant's commission, and appointed to the command of the *Endeavour*, in which he sailed to Otaheite, accompanied by Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, and Dr. Solander, with a view of making astronomical observations on a transit of Venus over the sun's disk, expected to take place in 1769.

Having accomplished this object, Lieutenant Cook traced the eastern coast of New Holland, which he named New South Wales, and ascertained its separation from New Guinea by passing through the intersecting channel, which he named Endeavour Straits, and made various other valuable discoveries. Throughout the whole of the voyage, he displayed the greatest firmness in the many dangers he had to encounter; and, in his intercourse with the natives of the different places at which the vessel touched, he evinced equal prudence and humanity. He not only severely punished every act of wanton aggression on the part of his crew, but forbade them, when assailed in their turn, by the natives, to defend themselves with the spirit of retaliation. On one occasion, however, he appears to have repelled an attack of the New Zealanders with an intemperance which he afterwards regretted, and which he attempts to palliate by saying that the nature of his service required him to obtain a knowledge of their country, which he could only do by forcing it in a hostile manner, or gaining admission through the confidence and goodwill of the people. This, although no justification of the sanguinary part he confesses to have acted, may be accepted as an excuse from one, who, in addition to his own subordinate notions and professional ambition, had under his command a set of men, who, according to Hawkesworth, all along showed as much inclination to destroy the Indians as a sportsman does to kill the game he pursues. After encountering many difficulties in the voyage home, and having lost by disease upwards of thirty of the crew, the *Endeavour* arrived in England on the 11th of June, 1771; and on the 29th of August in the same year, Mr. Cook was made a captain in the navy. An account of this voyage, drawn up by Mr. Hawkesworth, was given to the public, who read it, says Gorton, "with an avidity proportioned to the novelty of the adventures which it recorded."

In the following year, the subject of our memoir was appointed to command another expedition, which had been resolved on, for the purpose of ascertaining the existence or non-existence of a circumpolar southern con-

continent. He accordingly set sail in the *Resolution*, accompanied by the *Adventure*; and, after having proceeded as far south as the latitude of seventy-one degrees, where a barrier of ice opposed farther progress, he discovered, beyond the possibility of doubt, that no southern continent existed. Among the valuable fruits of this expedition may be mentioned, the discovery of the extent of the Archipelago of the New Hebrides; and of New Caledonia, which, next to New Zealand, is the largest island in the Pacific Ocean. During his voyage, Captain Cook also discovered a method of successfully treating the scurvy, and other diseases general among seamen, which he found so effectual that only one man was lost by sickness in the three years of the vessel's absence from England. He was promoted to the rank of post-captain, on the 9th of August, 1775; and was, three days afterwards, appointed a captain in Greenwich Hospital, a situation intended to afford him a pleasing reward for his illustrious services. The narrative of his second voyage was composed by himself; but was prepared for the press under the superintendence of Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. In March, 1776, our voyager was elected a member of the Royal Society; and, in the same year, having contributed the best experimental paper to their transactions, the subject of which was, the means he had taken to preserve the health of the crew of the *Resolution*, he was rewarded with the Copleian gold medal.

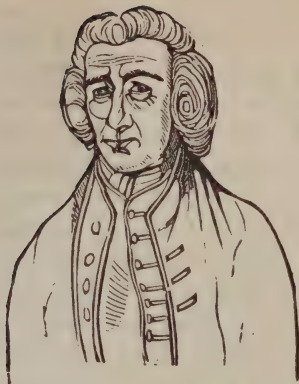
Before, however, he could receive this honour, he had already set out on his third and last expedition, the object of which was, to determine whether a maritime communication existed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in the arctic regions of the globe. The *Resolution* was accompanied by the *Discovery*; and, though the main object of the expedition was not accomplished, several new islands were discovered in the South Pacific, as well as a group of islands in the North Pacific, and a considerable portion of the western coast of North America. The principal interest of the voyage, however, arises from the calamitous circumstances which occurred at Owhyhee, an island whose inhabitants seemed more numerous and powerful than those of any of the others that Captain Cook had previously discovered. During seven weeks employed in exploring the coasts of this island, he continued to be on the most friendly terms with the natives, whose inoffensive behaviour removed every doubt of their sincerity. Owing, however, to some petty thefts committed by the inhabitants, and resented by Captain Cook, a feeling of hostility sprang up, which led to open rupture. At length, the large cutter of the *Discovery* having been stolen, our voyager, attended by a lieutenant of marines, a serjeant, a corporal, and seven private men, went, on the 14th of February, 1779, on shore, intending to seize the person of the king, to be kept as a hostage, till the boat should be restored. It appears, that the king showed no unwillingness to go on board; but his subjects, who had previously armed

themselves, would not, on his arrival at the beach, allow him to leave them. Captain Cook, seeing the danger of his situation, was about to give his orders to re-embark, when a stone was thrown at him, and he resented the insult by a discharge of small shot from his pistol; an attack was now made on the marines, some of whom were killed, and Cook having made a signal to the boats of the *Discovery*, which was either not sufficiently understood, or not promptly enough obeyed, remained undefended against the resentment of the natives. The foremost of his pursuers seemed at first undetermined to strike him; but, at length, giving him a blow on the back of the head, he fell to the ground, and was ultimately despatched by a stroke from a club. His body, or rather a portion of it, dreadfully mutilated, was recovered by dint of threats, after frequent negotiations; and was committed to the deep with the usual military honours.

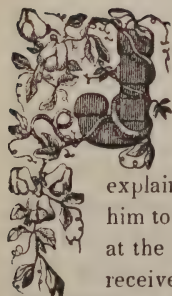
The death of this great seaman was lamented as a national misfortune, and both at home and abroad, posthumous honours were paid to his memory. A medal in commemoration of him was struck by order of the Royal Society; his eulogy was pronounced in the Florentine Academy, and was made a prize subject by one of the French scientific societies. He is mentioned in the verses of several British poets, and his widow and three surviving sons were pensioned by government.

Captain Cook possessed genius in an eminent degree, great application, and a large extent of scientific knowledge. Though his opportunities were few, he had attained to a great proficiency in general learning, and was even a clear, if not an elegant writer, as may be seen from his own account of his second voyage. He showed great perseverance in difficulty, and fortitude in danger; and had such a reliance on his own judgment and precaution, as enabled him to sleep calmly in the most perilous situations. In private life he bore an estimable character, and was an excellent husband and father, and a sincere and steady friend. His manners and conversation were simple and unassuming, and without the smallest particle of vanity. In person he was above six feet high; having a small head, nose well shaped, eyes quick and piercing, and a countenance which altogether had an air of austerity.





JAMES FERGUSON.



JAMES FERGUSON, the son of a daily labourer, was born in the year 1710, at a little village near Keith, in Banffshire. He learned to read by listening to his brother's repetition of the Scotch catechism, and by afterwards taking the book to a neighbouring old woman to explain to him the difficult words. His father afterwards taught him to write, and he was subsequently placed, for three months, at the grammar-school at Keith, which was all the education he received. "His taste for mechanics arose," as he says, in an account of his own life, "from an odd accident. When about seven or eight years of age, a part of the roof of the house being decayed, my father, desirous of mending it, applied a prop and lever to an upright spar, to raise it to its former situation; and, to my great astonishment, I saw him, without considering the reason, lift up the ponderous roof, as if it had been a small weight. I attributed this, at first, to a degree of strength, that excited my terror as well as wonder; but thinking farther of the matter, I recollected that he had applied his strength to that end of the lever which was furthest from the prop; and finding, on inquiry, that this was the means whereby the seeming wonder was effected, I began making levers, (which I then called bars;) and, by applying weights to them different ways, I found the power gained by my bar was just in proportion to the lengths of the different parts of the bar, on either side of the prop." Upon the same principle, he correctly imagined that, by appending a weight to the end of a rope, and winding it round the axle of a wheel, the power gained would be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick. The experiment was tried, and the result found to agree with his conjecture. With the assistance of an old turning lathe, belonging to his

father, he made a number of wheels, and employed himself in constructing a variety of these machines. He then prepared an account of them; imagining it, as he says, "to be the first treatise of the kind that ever was written," till a gentleman, to whom the manuscript was shown, convinced him of his error, by putting into his possession a treatise on mechanics. Ferguson, however, could not but be delighted to find that his own experiments agreed so well with those described in the book above mentioned; and that he had, by his own unaided genius, discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics—the lever, and the wheel and axle.

The subject of our memoir's first employment in life, was in the capacity of shepherd-boy. While in the fields, he amused himself with making models of various mechanical objects, and at night, wrapping himself up in a blanket, he lay down on his back, and contrived, by an invention of his own, to ascertain the apparent distances of the fixed stars. "My master," he says, "at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and, that I might make fair copies in the day-time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself." His talents soon became known to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; one of whom, Mr. Grant, of Achoynamey, offered to take him into his house, and make his butler give him lessons. The name of this butler was Cantley, under whose instructions Ferguson gladly put himself, and soon discovered his tutor to be a very extraordinary man. He had first fixed his attention by a sun-dial, which he happened to be painting on the village school-house, as Ferguson was passing by it, one day; but, on a further acquaintance with him, he found him conversant both with arithmetic and mathematics; that he played on every known musical instrument, except the harp; understood Latin, French, and Greek; and could let blood and prescribe for diseases. From Cantley, Ferguson received instructions in decimal fractions and algebra; and was just about to begin geometry, when the former quitted Mr. Grant, and the subject of our memoir returned home, in consequence, to his father.

Cantley, at parting with Ferguson, had made him a present of Gordon's Geographical Grammar; and, from a description of a globe, given in this book, though it was not illustrated by any figure, he contrived to make one in three weeks. Having turned a piece of wood into the shape of a ball, he covered it with paper, upon which he delineated a map of the world: the meridian ring and horizon were also made of wood, covered with paper, and graduated: and, with this globe, which was the first he had seen, he proceeded to the solution of various problems.

Finding that he was becoming an encumbrance to his father, Ferguson next entered into the service of a miller, in the hope that, in his employ, he should be enabled to find leisure to continue his studies. His master

however, being more fond of frequenting the ale-house than the mill, not only threw upon him the entire business, but failed to supply him with sufficient food. At the end of a twelvemonth, therefore, having suffered considerably in his health from fatigue and bad living, he left the miller, and became a labouring servant with a person in the neighbourhood, of the name of Young, who followed the professions of a farmer and a physician. It was agreed, that the service which Ferguson might render in the farming department, was to be repaid by instruction in the practice of physic; but the doctor forgot his share of the contract; and Ferguson, after much ill treatment, returned home again at the end of three months.

He amused himself, during the recovery of his health, in making a wooden clock; and having succeeded in constructing one, which went tolerably well, he determined to try his hand upon a watch; and the manner in which he set about, and completed, his undertaking, is thus related in his own words; to vary or compress them would be an injustice to the subject of our memoir:—"Having then," he says, "no idea how any time-piece could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions; and was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr. Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening, one day, to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, (which was close by a public road,) I asked him what o'clock it then was? He looked at his watch, and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged of him to show me the inside of his watch; and, though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened it, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box, with part of the chain round it; and asked him what it was that made the box turn round? He told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having, then, never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it? He answered, that the spring was long and thin; that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box; that the axis was fixed, and that the box was loose upon it. I told him that I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. 'Well, my lad,' says he, 'take a long, thin piece of whalebone; hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger, it will then endeavour to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop.' I thanked the gentleman, and told him that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone; but found that I could not make the wheel go, when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance, although the wheels would run fast enough

when the balance was taken off. I enclosed the whole in a wooden-case, very little bigger than a breakfast tea-cup; but a clumsy neighbour, one day, looking at my watch, happened to let it fall; and turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and it discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use."

Ferguson now turned his attention to clock-repairing, as a means of subsistence, and had the satisfaction to find himself employed and encouraged by the principal gentry of the neighbourhood. One of his chief patrons was Sir James Dunbar, of Durn, at whose mansion he was introduced to the knight's sister, the Honourable Lady Dipple, who employed him to draw needle-work patterns for her. In this he succeeded so well, that other ladies in the neighbourhood gave him similar employment; and he says, "I began to think myself growing very rich, by the money I got for such drawings; out of which I had the pleasure of occasionally supplying the wants of my poor father." From drawing patterns, he proceeded to copying, with pen and ink, several of Sir James's pictures, which he executed with such taste, that the lady above-mentioned advised him to follow the profession of an artist; and on his going to Edinburgh, for that purpose, she took him into her house there, for two years.

He now commenced portrait-painter, and found himself so profitably employed, that he continued in the practice of this profession for nearly twenty-six years, the chief part of which time he resided at Edinburgh. Previously, however, to his finally settling there, he had imbibed such a passion for the practice of physic, as to return to his native village, and commence doctor, in opposition to his old master. The experiment was unsuccessful: those who took his medicines would not pay for them; or, as has been said, if a solitary individual under his care, now and then, paid any thing, it was the great debt of nature. He consequently bade adieu to physic; and taking up his residence, for a short time, at Inverness, he resumed the study of astronomy, regretting that he had neglected it so long. He contrived a scheme, on paper, for showing the motions and places of the sun and moon, in the ecliptic, on each day in the year, perpetually; and, consequently, the days of all the new and full moons. To this, after much trouble, he appended a method for showing the eclipses of the sun and moon; and called the whole scheme *The Astronomical Rotula*. This was engraved at the recommendation of the celebrated Maclaurin, who became a staunch friend to Ferguson, and continued so during the remainder of his life. Mr. Maclaurin possessed a capital orrery, the machinery of which Ferguson was desirous to examine; but the wheel work was concealed in a brass box, which could not be safely opened with

out the maker's assistance. Ferguson, however, had seen enough for his purpose; he immediately set about constructing one for himself; and, in a short time, he produced a machine that exhibited "the sun's motion round his axis, the diurnal and annual motions of the earth on its inclined axis, which kept its parallelism in its whole course round the sun; the motions and phases of the moon, with the retrograde motion of the nodes of her orbit; and, consequently, all the varieties of the seasons, the different lengths of day and night, the days of the new and full moon and eclipses." He subsequently made a smaller, and a neater orrery; and, in the course of his life, he tells us, he made six more, all with improvements upon each other.

His mind now became so strongly attached to philosophical pursuits, that he made an effort to escape from his profession, which he had always followed rather from necessity than choice. With this view he came to London, in 1743, and sought employment as a teacher of mechanics and astronomy, though he did not refuse to take the portraits of such sitters as private friendship procured him. At length, the demonstration of a new astronomical truth brought him into the kind of notice for which he so ardently desired. This was his discovery that the moon must always move in a path concave to the sun, which he communicated to Mr. Folkes, the president of the Royal Society, to whom he was, in consequence, immediately introduced. He shortly after published *A Dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon, with the Description of a New Orrery, having only Four Wheels*. This work was very favourably received by the public; though the author modestly says of it,—“Having never had a grammatical education, nor time to study the rules of just composition, I acknowledge that I was afraid to put it to the press; and, for the same cause, I ought to have the same fears still.”

In 1748, he began to give lectures on astronomy and mechanics, and with such success, that he at length found himself in a condition to relinquish portrait painting altogether, as a means of subsistence. Among his hearers is said to have been George III., then a boy; and when that sovereign came to the throne, he bestowed upon Ferguson a pension of £50 per annum. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1763, but was still poor enough to request a remission of the usual fees, which, as in the cases of Newton and Thomas Simpson, was granted him. He died in 1776; after having distinguished himself, both abroad and at home, by the publication of a number of singularly lucid and valuable works. Their titles are as follow:—*A Brief Description of the Solar System*, to which is subjoined an *Astronomical Account of the Year of our Saviour's Crucifixion*; *An Idea of the Material Universe, deduced from a Survey of the Solar System*; *Astronomy explained upon Sir Isaac Newton's principles, and made easy to those who have not studied Mathematics*; *Lectures on Sub-*

jects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Optics, with the use of the Globes, the art of Dialling, and the calculation of the mean times of New and Full Moons and Eclipses; Plain Method of Determining the Parallax of Venus by her Transit over the Sun, and thence, by analogy, the Parallax and Distance of the Sun, and of all the rest of the Planets; Astronomical Tables and Precepts for calculating the true times of New and Full Moon, and showing the method of projecting Eclipses, from the creation of the world, to A. D. 7800; to which is prefixed, A Short Theory of the Solar and Lunar Motions; Tables and Tracts relative to several Arts and Sciences; Supplement to the Lectures on Mechanics, Hydrostatics, &c.; Young Gentleman and Lady's Astronomy, familiarly explained in Ten Dialogues; Introduction to Electricity; Select Mechanical Exercises, &c., with an account of his life prefixed, written by himself; Two Letters to the Rev. John Kennedy, containing an account of many mistakes in the astronomical part of his Scripture Chronology, and his abusive treatment of astronomical authors; and, The Art of Drawing in Perspective made Easy to those who have no previous knowledge of the Mathematics. Several of these have been translated into foreign languages, and have been universally admired for the simplicity and ingenuity of their elucidations. Speaking of his Dialogues on Astronomy, Madame de Genlis says, "This book is written with so much clearness, that a child of ten years old may understand it perfectly, from one end to the other;" a eulogy not unmerited.

The private character of Ferguson is spoken highly of by all his biographers; and, in particular, by the writer of his life in Rees's Cyclopædia, who certifies from personal knowledge, that he possessed, in a very eminent degree, the most engaging and amiable qualities. His disposition was humble, meek, and benevolent; his manners were simple and courteous; and, as it has been justly said, his whole life exemplified resignation and Christian piety; and philosophy seemed to produce in him only diffidence and urbanity, a love for mankind, and for his Maker. As a philosopher, he possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the faculties of distinct apprehension and luminous exposition. He possessed, however, but a very limited and superficial knowledge of pure mathematics; and, if we may credit the authority of Dr. Hutton, he was unable to demonstrate one proposition in Euclid's Elements. He remained, in fact, says one of his biographers, to the end of his life, rather "a clever empiric," to use the term in its original and more honourable signification, as meaning a practical and experimenting philosopher, than a man of science.



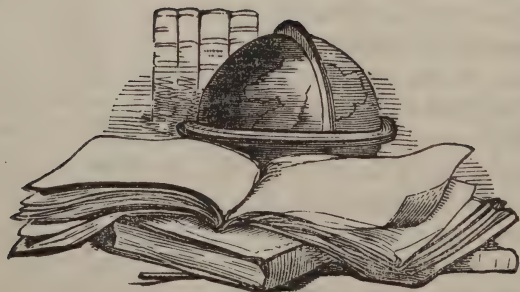
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.



SIR PHILIP FRANCIS was the son of the Rev. Dr Philip Francis, and was born in Dublin, October 22d, 1740. When his father came over to England in 1750, he was placed on the foundation of St. Paul's School, London, where he remained about three years. Here, it is worth observing, one of his school-fellows was Mr. Henry S. Woodfall, afterwards the printer of the "Public Advertiser," and the publisher of the "Letters of Junius." In 1756, he was appointed to a place in the office of his father's patron, Mr. Fox, then secretary of state; and when Mr. Fox was succeeded by Pitt in December of this year, young Francis had the good fortune to be recommended to, and retained by the new secretary. In 1758, through the patronage of Mr. Pitt, he was appointed private secretary to General Bligh, when that officer was sent in command of an expedition against the French coast; and while serving in this capacity he was present at an action fought between the British and French forces in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg. In 1760, on the same recommendation, the Earl of Kinnoul, on being appointed ambassador to Portugal, took Francis with him as his secretary. He returned to England in 1763, when the Right Hon. Wellebore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip, gave him an appointment of considerable consequence in the War Office, over which he then presided. He retained this place till March, 1772, when he resigned in consequence of a quarrel with Lord Barrington, who had by that time succeeded Mr. Ellis. The remainder of that year he spent in travelling through Flanders, Germany, Italy, and France. In June, 1773, soon after his return, he was appointed to the distinguished place of one of the civil members in council for the government of Bengal, with a salary of £10,000. He is said to have owed this appointment to the influence of Lord Barrington, whose hostility

therefore would appear to have been now converted into very substantial friendship, or who must be supposed to have had private reasons for such an exercise of his patronage. He set out for India in the summer of 1774, and remained in that country till December, 1780, when he resigned his situation, and embarked for England, after having had a quarrel with the governor-general, Mr. Hastings, which produced a duel, in which Mr. Francis was shot through the body. He had opposed Mr. Hastings, and for some time effectually, from his entrance into the council, but the sudden death of two of his colleagues, by whom he had been generally supported, had latterly left him in a helpless minority in his contest against the policy of the governor-general. In 1784, Mr. Francis was returned to parliament for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, and soon began to take an active part in the business of the House of Commons, where, although he was not a fluent speaker, the pregnancy of his remarks and the soundness and extent of his information always commanded attention. He took his side from the first with the Whig opposition, and to that party he adhered while he lived. When it was resolved in 1786 to impeach Mr. Hastings, it was proposed that Mr. Francis should be appointed one of the managers of the impeachment; but all the eloquence of Burke, Fox, and Windham, (aided by his own,) could not overcome the feeling of the house against placing in this situation, a man with whom the accused had had a personal quarrel. The motion was twice negatived by large majorities. Nevertheless, there was much force in what was urged in its support, and the casuistry of the question was not a little curious and perplexing. The benefit of the talents and information of Mr. Francis was eventually secured to the prosecution by a letter inviting his assistance, which was addressed to him by the unanimous vote of the committee of managers; and this business occupied his chief attention for many years. When the war with France broke out, Mr. Francis adhered to the party of Fox and Grey, and was one of the first and most active members of the famous association of the Friends of the People. At the new election in 1796, he stood candidate for Tewkesbury, but failed in being returned, and he did not sit in that parliament. In 1802, however, he was returned for Appleby, by Lord Thanet, and he continued to sit for that borough while he remained in parliament. The question of the abolition of the slave-trade was that in which he took the keenest and most active part in the latter term of his parliamentary career; and it is said that in advocating the abolition, he took a course as much opposed to his private interests as it was in conformity with his public principles. On the formation of the Grenville administration, Mr. Francis was made a knight of the bath, October 29, 1806; and it is believed that it was at first intended to send him out to India as governor-general. That appointment, however, never took place. He retired from parliament in 1807; and after this, the interest which he continued to

take in public affairs was chiefly evinced by occasional political pamphlets and contributions to the newspapers. In 1816, great attention was drawn to Sir Philip Francis, by Mr. John Taylor's very ingenious publication, entitled, "Junius identified with a distinguished Living Character," the object of which was to prove that he was the author of the celebrated "Letters of Junius." It may at least be confidently affirmed, that no case half so strong has yet been made out in favour of any one of the many other conjectures that have been started on the subject of this great literary puzzle. Sir Philip Francis, however, it is said, persisted to the last in rejecting the honour thus attempted to be thrust upon him. His acknowledged publications (all of them pamphlets) amount to twenty-six in number, according to a list appended to the memoir of his life in the "Annual Obituary." One of the most curious of them is the last, entitled, "Historical Questions, exhibited in the Morning Chronicle, in January, 1818, enlarged, corrected, and improved," 8vo. 1818, which originally appeared in a series of articles in the "Morning Chronicle." Sir Philip Francis died after a long and painful illness, occasioned by disease of the prostate gland, at his house in St. James's-square, December 22, 1818. He was twice married, the second time after he had reached the age of seventy, to a Miss Watkins, the daughter of a clergyman. By his first wife he left a son and two daughters.





ROBERT BURNS.



ROBERT BURNS, the son of William Burnes, or Burness, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, in Scotland. His father, who was a gardener and small farmer, appears to have been a man highly and deservedly respected, and Burns' description of him as "the saint, the father, and the husband," of the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, attests the affectionate reverence with which he regarded him. At the age of six years, Robert was sent to a small school at Alloway Miln, then superintended by a teacher named Campbell; but who, retiring shortly after, was succeeded by a Mr. John Murdoch. Under the tuition of this gentleman, the subject of our memoir made rapid progress in reading, spelling, and writing; and though, to use his own words, "it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings," he soon became an excellent English scholar. A love of reading and a thirst for general knowledge were observable at an early age; and before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars, the Lives of Hannibal and Wallace, *The Spectator*, Pope's Works, some of Shakspeare's Plays, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, Tooke's *Pantheon*, Locke's *Essay on the Understanding*, Stackhouse's *History of the Bible*, *The British Gardener's Directory*, Boyle's *Lectures*, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's *Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, Hervey's *Meditations*, and a Collection of Songs. These works formed the whole of his collection, as mentioned by himself in a letter to Dr. Moore; but his brother Gilbert adds to this list Derham's *Physico and Astro-Theology*, and a few other works. Of this varied assortment, "the Collection of Songs," says the poet himself, "was my *vade-mecum*." I

pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noticing the true tender and sublime, from affectation or fustian; and I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my criticism, such as it is."

With Mr. Murdoch, Burns remained for about two years, during the last few weeks of which the preceptor himself took lessons in the French language, and communicated the instructions he received to his pupil, who, in a short time, obtained a sufficient knowledge of French to enable him to read and understand any prose author in that language. The facility with which he acquired the French, induced him to commence the rudiments of Latin, but whether from want of diligence, or of time, or that he found the task more irksome than he anticipated, he soon abandoned his design of acquiring a knowledge of the language of the Romans.

Mr. Murdoch having been compelled to leave Ayr, in consequence of some inadvertent expressions directed against Dr. Dalrymple, the elder Burns himself undertook, for a time, the tuition of his family. When Robert, however, was about fourteen years of age, his father sent him and Gilbert, "week about, during the summer quarter," to a parish school, by which means they alternately improved themselves in writing, and assisted their parents in the labours of a small farm. According to our poet's own account, he, as he says, first committed the sin of rhyme a little before he had attained his sixteenth year. The inspirer of his muse was love, the object of which he describes as a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," whose charms he was anxious to celebrate in verse. "I was not so presumptuous," he says, "as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he: for, excepting that he could shear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarship than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

The production alluded to, is the little ballad commencing—

Oh! once I loved a bonnie lass,

which Burns himself characterized as "a very puerile and silly performance;" yet, adds Mr. Lockhart, it contains, here and there, lines of which he need hardly have been ashamed at any period of his life. "In my seventeenth year," says Burns, "to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes." Then, referring to his views in life, he continues—"The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's

Cyclops round the walls of his cave. The only two openings, by which I could enter the temple of Fortune, were the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it: the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned to no view or aim in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriacism, that made me fly from solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always, where two or three met together, there was I among them.” In this state of mind he entered recklessly upon a dissipated career, giving loose to his passions, and indulging his taste for literature, with as much irregularity and skill as he applied himself to the plough, the scythe, and the reaping-hook. To use his own expression, “Vive l’amour, et vive la bagatelle,” were his sole principles of action. In his nineteenth year, he passed some time at a school, when he learned mensuration, surveying, &c., and also improved himself in other respects, particularly in composition; which he attributes chiefly to a perusal of a collection of letters, by the wits of Queen Anne’s reign.

In his twenty-third year, partly, as he says, through whim, and partly that he wished to set about doing something in life, he entered the service of a flax-dresser, at Irvine, for the purpose of learning his trade; but an accidental fire, which burnt down the shop, put an end to his speculations. After his father’s death, which occurred in February, 1784, he took the farm of Mossgiel, in conjunction with his brother Gilbert. “I entered on it,” says Burns, “with a firm resolution, ‘Come, go to, I will be wise!’ I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of ‘the devil, the world, and the flesh,’ I believe I should have been a wise man; but, the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed,—the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This over-set all my wisdom, and I returned, ‘like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.’” In other words, he resigned the share of the farm to his brother, and returned to habits of intemperance and irregularity. It was during his occupation of the farm of Mossgiel, that Burns first became acquainted with Jane Armour, his future wife. This lady, who survived him many years, was the daughter of a respectable mason, in the village of Mouchline, where she was at the time the reigning toast. The consequence of this acquaintance, which quickly ripened into mutual love, was soon such that the connection could no longer be concealed; and though the details of this story are, perhaps

as yet but imperfectly known, it seems, at least, certain, that Burns was anxious to shield the partner of his imprudence to the utmost in his power. It was, therefore, agreed between them, that he should give her a written acknowledgment of marriage, and then immediately sail for Jamaica, and push his fortune there, and that she should remain with her father until her plighted husband had the means of supporting a family. This arrangement, however, did not satisfy the lady's father; who, having but a very indifferent opinion of Burns's general character, was not to be appeased, and prevailed on his daughter to destroy the document, which was the only evidence of her marriage. Under these circumstances, Jane Armour became the mother of twins, and the poet was summoned by the parish-officers to find security for the maintenance of children which he had thus been prevented from legitimatizing according to the Scottish law.

In a state of mind bordering closely on insanity, Burns now resolved to fly the country; and, after some trouble, he agreed with Dr. Douglas, who had an estate in Jamaica, to go thither as overseer. Before sailing, however, he was advised, by his friends, to publish his poems by subscription, in order to provide him with necessaries for the voyage; and he consented to this expedient, as an experiment which could not injure, and might essentially benefit him. Subscribers' names were obtained for about three hundred and fifty copies, and six hundred were printed. The collection was very favourably received by the public, and the author realized, all expenses deducted, a profit of about twenty pounds. "This sum," says he, "came very seasonably; as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price that was to waft me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage-passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

I had been some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast; when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." This was a recommendation to him to proceed to Edinburgh, to superintend the publication of a second edition of his poems; and he accordingly turned his course to the Scotch metropolis, which he reached in September, 1786. He had already been noticed with much kindness by the Earl of Glencairn, the celebrated Professor Stewart and his lady, Dr. Hugh Blair, and others; and his personal appearance and demeanour exceeding the expectation that had been formed of them he soon became an object of general curiosity

and interest, and was an acceptable guest in the gayest and highest circles. He also received, from the literati of the day, every tribute of praise which the most sanguine author could desire.

Edinburgh, says Dr. Currie, contained, at this period, many men of considerable talents, who were not the most conspicuous for temperance and regularity. Burns entered into several parties of this description with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affection, and brilliant imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and, by indulging himself in these festive recreations, he gradually lost a great portion of his relish for the purer pleasures to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. He saw his danger, and, at times, formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream.

After having sojourned for nearly a year in the Scottish metropolis, and acquired a sum of money more than sufficient for his present demands, he determined to gratify a desire he had long entertained of visiting some of the most interesting districts of his native country. For this purpose he left Edinburgh on the 6th of May, 1787; and after visiting various places celebrated in the rural songs of Scotland, he returned to his family in Mossgiel, where he arrived about the 8th of July. The reception he met with at home was enthusiastic; and among those who were now willing to renew his acquaintance, was the family of Jane Armour, with whom Burns was speedily reconciled. After remaining for a few days only at Mossgiel, he made a short tour to Inverary, and afterwards to the highlands, whence he returned to Edinburgh, and remained there during the greater part of the winter of 1787-8, again entering freely into society and dissipation. Having settled with his publisher, in February, 1788, he was delighted to find there was a balance due to him, as the actual profit of his poems, of nearly £500. At this juncture, he was confined to the house "with a bruised limb, extended on a cushion;" but as soon as he was able to bear the journey, he rode to Mossgiel, advanced his brother Gilbert (who was struggling with many difficulties) the sum of £200; married Jane Armour; and, with the remainder of his capital, took the farm of Elliesland, on the banks of the Nith, six miles above Dumfries.

A short time previously to this, it should be mentioned, that Burns had obtained, through a friend, an appointment in the Excise; but with no intention of making use of his commission except on some reverse of fortune. He now took possession of his farm; but as the house required rebuilding, Mrs. Burns could not, for some time, remove thither, a circumstance peculiarly unfortunate, as it caused him to lead a very irregular and unsettled life. The determination, which he had formed, of abandoning his dissipated pursuits was broken in upon, and his industry was frequently interrupted by visiting his family in Ayrshire. As the distance was too great

for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road, and on such occasions, falling into company, all his resolutions were forgotten. Temptation also awaited him, nearer home: he was received at the tables of the neighbouring gentry with kindness and respect, and these social parties too often seduced him from the labours of his farm, and his domestic duties, in which the happiness and welfare of his family were now involved. Mrs. Burns joined her husband at Elliesland, in November, 1788; and, as she had, during the autumn, lain-in of twins, they had now five children—four boys and a girl. On this occasion, Burns resumed, at times, the occupation of a labourer, and found neither his strength nor his skill impaired. Sentiments of independence cheered his mind,—pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination,—and a few “golden days” passed away,—the happiest, perhaps, which he had ever experienced. But these were not long to last: the farming speculation was soon looked on with despondence, and neglected; and the Excise became the only resource. In this capacity, in reference to which beggarly provision for their bard, Mr. Coleridge indignantly calls upon his friend Lamb, to gather a wreath of “henbane-nettles and night-shade,”

————— To twine
The illustrious brow of Scotch nobility,

poor Burns was necessarily brought into contact with low associates, and intemperance soon became his tyrant. Unable to reconcile the two occupations, his farm was in a great measure abandoned to his servants, and agriculture but seldom occupied his thought. Meantime, there were seldom wanting persons to lead him to a tavern; to applaud the sallies of his wit; and to witness at once the strength and degradation of his genius. The consequences may be easily imagined: at the expiration of about three years, he was compelled to relinquish his lease, and to rely upon his income of £70 per annum, as an exciseman, till he should obtain promotion. With this intention, he removed to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791. In 1792, he contributed to Thomson's collection of Scottish songs; and, about the same time, formed a sort of book society in his neighbourhood. In the mean time, he appears to have given offence to the board of Excise, by some intemperate conduct and expressions relative to the French revolution, particularly in attempting to send a captured smuggler as a present to the French convention; and an inquiry was in consequence instituted into his conduct. The result was, upon the whole, favourable; but an impression, injurious to Burns, was still left upon the minds of the commissioners, and he was told that his promotion, which was deferred, must depend on his future behaviour. This seems to have mortified him keenly, and to have made him feel his dependent situation as a degradation to his future fame. “Often,” he says, in a letter to a gentleman, giving an account of the above circumstances, “in blasting

anticipation, have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman; and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind."

It seems, however, that the board of Excise did not altogether neglect Burns, who was, the year previous to his death, permitted to act as a supervisor. From October, 1795, to the January following, illness confined him to his house; but, going out a few days after, he imprudently dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This occasioned a severe relapse, and he soon himself became sensible that his constitution was sinking, and his death approaching. He, however, repaired to Brow, in Annandale, to try the effects of sea-bathing; which, though it relieved his rheumatic pains, was succeeded by a fresh accession of fever, and he was brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, 1796. He remained for three days in a state of feebleness, accompanied by occasional delirium, and expired on the 21st of July, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was interred, with military honours, by the Dumfries volunteers, to which body he belonged, and his remains were followed to the grave by nearly ten thousand spectators. He left a widow and four sons, for whom the inhabitants of Dumfries opened a subscription, which, in itself considerable, was augmented by the profits of the edition of his works, in four volumes, octavo, published in 1800, by Dr. Currie, with a life of the poet.

Burns was within two inches of six feet in height, with a robust, yet agile frame; a finely formed face, and an uncommonly interesting countenance. His well-raised forehead indicated great intellect, and his eyes are described as having been large, dark, and full of ardour and animation. His conversation was rich in wit and humour, and occasionally displayed profound thought and reflections equally serious and sensible; for no one possessed a finer discrimination between right and wrong. Though his moral aberrations, for which he felt the keenest remorse, have been exaggerated, the latter years of his life were undoubtedly disgraceful, both to the man and to the poet; yet, amid his career of intemperance, he preserved a warmth and generosity of heart, and an independence of mind, not less surprising or peculiar than his genius.

Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Burns, gives several instances which show that he "shrunk with horror and loathing from all sense of pecuniary obligation, no matter to whom." In answer to a letter from Mr. Thomson, enclosing him £5 for some of his songs, he says, "I assure you, my dear sir,

that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but, as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear, by that honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's integrity—on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you.”—The following anecdote is told of him in his character of exciseman, by a writer in *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, who saw him at Thornhill fair. “An information,” he says, “had been lodged against a poor widow woman, of the name of Kate Wilson, who had ventured to serve a few of her old country friends with a draught of unlicensed ale, and a lacing of whisky, on this village jubilee. I saw him enter her door, and anticipated nothing short of an immediate seizure of a certain greybeard and barrel, which, to my personal knowledge, contained the contraband commodities our bard was in quest of. A nod, accompanied by a significant movement of the forefinger, brought Kate to the doorway or trance, and I was near enough to hear the following words distinctly uttered:—‘Kate, are ye mad? D’ye no ken that the supervisor and me will be in upon you in the course of forty minutes? Guid-b’ye to ye at present.’ Burns was in the street, and in the midst of the crowd in an instant; and I had reason to know that his friendly hint was not neglected. It saved a poor widow woman from a fine of several pounds.”—Though totally free from presumption, in the presence of the superior circles of society to which he was admitted, he did not hesitate to express his opinions strongly, and boldly. A certain well-known provincial bore, as Mr. Lockhart describes him, having left a tavern-party, of which Burns was one, he, the bard, immediately demanded a bumper, and addressing himself to the chair, said, “I give you the health, gentlemen all, of the waiter that called my Lord —— out of the room.” He was no mean extemporizer; and the following verse is said to have been introduced by him in a song, in allusion to one of the company who had been boasting, somewhat preposterously, of his aristocratic acquaintances:

Of lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the dukes that you dined wi’ yestreen;
Yet an insect’s an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the curl of a queen.

The poetry of Burns, who has acquired almost equal fame by his prose, is now too universally acknowledged and appreciated, to require further analysis or criticism. “Fight, who will, about words and forms,” says Byron, “Burns’s rank is in the first class of his art;” but, as Mr. Lockhart observes, “to accumulate all that has been said of Burns, even by men like himself, of the first order, would fill a volume.” We shall conclude, therefore, with an observation of Mr. Campbell, that “viewing him

merely as a poet, there is scarcely another regret connected with his name, than that his productions, with all their merit, fall short of the talents which he possessed."

Burns's character is, upon the whole, honestly drawn by his own pen, in the serio-comic epitaph, written on himself, concluding with the following verse :—

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthy hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control,
Is Wisdom's root.

THOMAS DEMPSTER.



THOMAS DEMPSTER, a very learned man, but of a singular character, born in Scotland. He went over to France, and taught classical learning at Paris about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was as ready to draw his sword, and as quarrelsome as if he had been a duellist by profession : and it is said that there scarce passed a day but he had something or other of this kind upon his hands. Grangier, principal of the college of Beauvais at Paris, being obliged to take a journey, appointed Dempster his substitute. Dempster caused a scholar to be whipped, in full school, for challenging one of his fellows to fight a duel. The scholar, to revenge this affront, brought three gentlemen of his relations, who were of the king's life-guards, into the college. Dempster made the whole college take arms ; hamstrung the three lifeguard men's horses before the college gate ; and put himself into such a posture of defence, that the three sparks were forced to ask for quarter. He gave them their lives ; but imprisoned them, and did not release them for some days. They then caused an information to be made of the life and moral behaviour of Dempster, and procured some witnesses against him. Upon this he went over to England, where he found refuge ; but afterwards went abroad again, and read lectures upon polite learning in several universities ; in that of Nismes particularly, where he disputed for a professor's chair, and obtained it. He went to Bologna, and was professor there for the remainder of his life ; and was then also admitted a member of the Academy della Rotte. He died there in September, 1625, leaving behind him several learned works.



MUNGO PARK.



HIS ill-fated traveller, the son of a farmer, at Foulshiels, near Selkirk, was born there on the 10th of September, 1771. He was educated at the grammar school of Selkirk; and, on account of the studious and thoughtful turn of his mind, was at first destined for the Scottish Church; but, in consequence of his partiality for the medical profession, was apprenticed to a surgeon in the town, about 1786. In 1789, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he remained for three sessions as a medical student; and, in his summer vacations, pursued the study of botany, for which he had always evinced a partiality. Having completed his academical education, he repaired to London; and, through the influence of Sir Joseph Banks, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Worcester, East Indiaman. He sailed in 1792, for the East Indies; and having visited Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, returned to England in the following year, and communicated to the Linnæan Society the observations in botany and natural history he had made, which were accordingly printed.

In May, 1795, he was engaged in the service of the Society for the Promotion of African Discoveries; and, on the 22d of May, set sail from Portsmouth, in the *Endeavour*, an African trader. "Previously to my starting," says Mr. Park, in his preface to the *Account of his Travels*, "I had been informed that a gentleman of the name of Houghton had already

sailed to the Gambia, and that there was reason to apprehend he had fallen a sacrifice to the climate, or perished in some contest with the natives; but this intelligence, instead of deterring me from my purpose, animated me to persist in the offer of my services with the greater solicitude. I had a passionate desire to examine into the productions of a country so little known, and to become experimentally acquainted with the modes of life, and character of the natives. If I should perish in my journey, I was willing that my hopes and expectations should perish with me; and if I should succeed in rendering the geography of Africa more familiar to my countrymen, I knew that I was in the hands of men of honour, who would not fail to bestow that remuneration which my successful services should appear to them to merit. My instructions," he continues, "were very plain and concise. I was directed, on my arrival in Africa, to pass on to the river Niger, and to ascertain the course, and, if possible, the rise and termination of that river; that I should use my utmost exertions to visit the principal towns or cities in its neighbourhood, particularly Timbuctoo and Houssa; and that I should be afterwards at liberty to return to Europe, by the way of Gambia, or by such other route as should seem to be most advisable."

Mr. Park landed at Illifree, on the 21st of June, in the year last mentioned; and proceeded, shortly afterwards, to Pisanian, on the river Gambia, where he remained till the following December, when he continued his course to Jarra, the frontier town of the Mons. In his way thither, he was made prisoner by the king of that territory, and detained from the 7th of March till July, 1796, when he succeeded in escaping, after having endured innumerable hardships. He wandered in wretchedness for three weeks in the African desert, and at last came in sight of the river Niger, when he made the discovery that it flowed from west to east, which was the grand object of his voyage. At length he arrived at Sego, the capital of Bambarra, when the king refused to see him, but furnished him with the means of proceeding on his journey. At Wonda, he was confined nine days by a fever, where he felt himself a burden to his landlord, on account of the scarcity that was prevalent, which was so great, that mothers sold their children for a scanty supply of provision. At Kamalia, his life was preserved by the benevolence of a negro, in whose house he resided more than seven months; at the termination of which, he set out with a caravan of slaves towards the Gambia, on the 17th of April, and reached the banks of the river on the 4th of June, 1797. After some other difficulties, trifling in comparison with those he had before endured, he sailed from Antigua, on the 24th of November, and arrived at Falmouth on the 22d of the following month.

His return to London was hailed with triumph by his friends, and the African Association allowed him to publish an account of his travels for

his own benefit. The interest excited by the announcement of the work was almost universal; and the manner in which it was executed, as well as the matter it contained, fully answered the expectations that had been raised concerning it. The publication of it took place in 1799, but the favourable reception it met with was accompanied by a suspicion that the author had lent himself as the tool of a party inimical to the abolition of the slave trade. Whatever may have been his motives, there can be no question of his inconsistency; for, though in conversation he always spoke with abhorrence of a traffic in slaves, yet, in his travels, his arguments in support of the system are the strongest that have ever been adduced. It has, however, been said, in palliation of his conduct with respect to this transaction, that being a young man, inexperienced in literary composition, and in a great measure dependent, as to the prospects of his future life, on his intended publication, he was obliged, by policy, to succumb to the opinions of the friend who assisted him in his work, Mr. Bryan Edwards, a West India planter, and a systematic advocate of the slave trade.

Mr. Park's work, however, was received with avidity and applause; two impressions were rapidly sold off; several other editions have since been called for; and it continues, even at the present time, to be a popular and standard book. In the summer of 1799, Mr. Park returned to Scotland; where, on the 2d of August, he married Miss Anderson, the daughter of the gentleman to whom he had served his apprenticeship, and resided for two years with his mother at Foulshiels. In October, 1801, he settled, as an apothecary, at Peebles; but, not content to remain in so obscure a capacity, he, in December, 1803, left Scotland, having gladly accepted a proposal to undertake a second expedition to Africa. After some delay, of which he took advantage to improve himself in the science of astronomy, and to acquire some knowledge of the Arabic language, a brevet commission of captain in Africa was granted to him, and he at length set sail, in the *Crescent* transport, on the 30th of January, 1805. He proceeded without interruption, as far as Kayee, a small town on the Gambia, where he remained, making preparations for his expedition, till the 27th of April.

The very interesting journal of Mungo Park gives the full particulars of his last mission to Africa. He encountered difficulties at every stage; at Pisanía, he was obliged to leave five hundred weight of rice, not having a sufficient number of asses to carry it; and when he had proceeded some distance further, the caravan experienced an attack from bees, by which seven beasts were killed or lost; and the baggage was nearly destroyed by a fire the men had kindled to cook their provisions, from which they had been driven. On the 4th of July, the guide was nearly destroyed by a crocodile; and, on the 12th of August, Park was in danger from three lions; but he succeeded in getting rid of them by firing his piece, and

afterwards, when one of them returned, he drove it away by a loud whistling.

On arriving at the Niger, out of thirty-four soldiers who had left the Gambia, six only remained; and out of four carpenters, there was but one who survived. The rest of the men had either died or dropped away, unable to proceed on the voyage; and all, with the exception of Park himself, were seriously affected by the disease of the climate. He, however, seems to have consoled himself that he had been able to proceed so far, and that over an extent of five hundred miles, he had preserved the most friendly understanding with the natives. On the 28th of October, he lost his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson; and "then," he says, "I felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa." On the 16th of November, he finished his journal, every thing being ready for his embarkation on an utterly hopeless enterprise. His voyage was to be undertaken on a vast and unknown river, in a crazy canoe, built by his own hands, manned by a few negroes, and four European soldiers, one of whom was in a state of mental derangement. By the letters, however, which he wrote at this time, to some of his friends and his wife, in which he informs her of the death of Mr. Anderson, he seems to have been full of hope, and talks of reaching England before the arrival of his letters.

Nothing, however, was heard of him till 1806, when reports of his death having been received, permission was given by government to ascertain their truth, and Isaaco, his guide, was appointed to the mission. The result of Isaaco's expedition was the confirmation of Park's death, which was ascertained from Amadi Fatouma, who had been of the party that had gone down the Niger; and, as circumstances have corroborated his account, his testimony cannot reasonably be doubted. It appears, from this evidence, that Mr. Park was drowned in jumping from his canoe, to escape an attack that had been commenced by the natives; but those who are unwilling to believe Fatouma's story, presume that, at least, he perished on his passage down the Niger.

The character of Mungo Park was eminent for a spirit of enterprise, unshaken resolution, and calm fortitude, together with an exceedingly sanguine temperament, which often blinded him to the difficulties of his situation. He seems to have acted on the maxim,

"Possunt quia posse videntur:"

and, indeed, had this been an infallible truth, there is nothing that would not have been within his power to accomplish. In his journals, he showed a correctness of judgment, and an adherence to bare facts, seldom united with an enthusiastic mind. He rarely indulged in conjecture; though he ventured to give it as his opinion that the Niger could only terminate in the sea. In private life, he was a good husband and father, as well as a

sincere friend, though he was slow in forming acquaintances, owing to an aversion to general society. His popularity never made him vain, but he always preserved his original simplicity of manner. In conversation, he generally disappointed those who expected to find it striking and remarkable. His person, which was well proportioned, and six feet in height, was robust, and well fitted for exertion and the endurance of hardships, and his whole appearance was extremely prepossessing.

Mr. Park's journal of his last mission was published in 1815, together with a sketch of the author's life.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.



THE Man with the Iron Mask was a remarkable personage who existed as a state prisoner in France, during the latter part of the seventeenth century. The circumstances of this person form an historical enigma, which has occasioned much inquiry, and many conjectures. The authenticated particulars concerning the Iron Mask are as follows:—

A few months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, there arrived at the isle of Sante Marguerite, in the Sea of Provence, a young prisoner whose appearance was peculiarly attracting; his person was above the middle size, and elegantly formed; his mien and deportment were noble, and his manners graceful, and even the sound of his voice had in it something uncommonly interesting. On the road, he constantly wore a mask, made with iron springs to enable him to eat without taking it off. It was at first believed that this mask was made entirely of iron; whence he acquired the title of the Man with the Iron Mask. His attendants had received orders to despatch him, if he attempted to take off his mask or discover himself.

He had been first confined at Pignerol, under the care of the Governor M. de St. Mars; and upon being sent thence to St. Marguerite, he was accompanied thither by the same person, who continued to have the charge of him. He was always treated with the utmost respect: he was served constantly in plate; and the governor himself placed his dishes on the table, retiring immediately after and locking the door behind him. He *tu-to'-yoit* (*thee'd* and *thou'd*) the governor; who, on the other hand, behaved to him in the most respectful manner, and, never wore his hat

before him, nor ever sat down in his presence without being desired. The Marquis of Louvois, who went to see him at St. Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with that kind of attention which denotes high respect.

During his residence here, he attempted twice, in an indirect manner, to make himself known. One day, he wrote something with his knife on a plate, and threw it out of his window towards a boat that was drawn on shore near the foot of the tower. A fisherman picked it up and carried it to the governor. M. de St. Mars was alarmed at the sight; and asked the man, with great anxiety, whether he could read, and whether any one else had seen the plate? The man answered, that he could not read, that he had just found the plate, and no one else had seen it. He was, however, confined till the governor was well assured of the truth of his assertions. Another attempt to discover himself proved equally unsuccessful. A young man who lived in the isle, one day perceived something floating under the prisoner's window; and, on picking it up, he discovered it to be a very fine shirt written all over. He carried it immediately to the governor, who, having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad, with some appearances of anxiety, if he had not had the curiosity to read it; he protested repeatedly that he had not; but, two days afterwards, he was found dead in his bed!

The *Masque de Fer* remained in this isle till 1698, when M. St. Mars, being promoted to the government of the Bastile, conducted his prisoner to that fortress. In his way thither, he stopped with him at his estate near Palteau. The mask arrived there in a litter, surrounded by a numerous guard on horseback. M. de St. Mars ate at the same table with him all the time they resided at Palteau; but the latter was always placed with his back towards the windows; and the peasants, who came to pay their compliments to their master, and whom curiosity kept constantly on the watch, observed that M. de St. Mars always sat opposite to him with two pistols by the side of his plate. They were waited on by one servant only, who brought in and carried out the dishes, always carefully shutting the door both in going out and returning.

The prisoner was always masked, even when he passed through the court; but the people saw his teeth and lips, and observed that his hair was gray. The governor slept in the same room with him, in a second bed that was placed in it on that occasion. In the course of their journey, the mask was one day heard to ask his keeper whether the king had any design on his life? "No, Prince," he replied, "provided that you quietly allow yourself to be conducted, your life is perfectly secure." The stranger was accommodated as well as it was possible to be in the Bastile. An apartment had been prepared for him, by order of the governor, before his arrival, fitted up in the most convenient style; and every thing he expressed a desire for was instantly procured him. His table was the

best that could be provided : and he was supplied with as rich clothes as he desired ; but his chief taste in this last particular was for lace, and for linen remarkably fine. He was allowed the use of such books as he desired, and he spent much of his time in reading. He also amused himself with playing upon the guitar. He had the liberty of going to mass ; but was then strictly forbidden to speak or uncover his face : orders were even given to the soldiers to fire upon him, if he attempted either ; and their pieces were always pointed towards him as he passed through the court.

When he had occasion to see a surgeon or a physician, he was obliged, under pain of death, constantly to wear his mask. An old physician of the Bastile, who had often attended him when he was indisposed, said, that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue, and different parts of his body ; and that he never complained of his confinement, nor let fall any hint by which it might be guessed who he was. He often passed the night in walking up and down his room. This unfortunate prince died on the 19th of November, 1703, after a short illness ; and was interred next day in the burying-place of the parish of St. Paul. The expense of his funeral amounted only to forty livres.

The name given him was *Marchiali* : and even his age, as well as his real name, it seemed of importance to conceal ; for in the register made of his funeral, it was mentioned that he was about forty years old ; though he had told his apothecary, some time before his death, that he thought he must be sixty. Immediately after his death, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattresses, and, in short, every thing that had been used by him, were burnt ; the walls of his room were scraped ; the floor taken up, evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing any thing that would have discovered who he was. Nay, such was the fear of his having left a letter, or any mark which might lead to a discovery, that his plate was melted down, the glass was taken out of the window of his room and pounded to dust, the window-frame and doors burnt, and the ceiling of the room, and the plaster of the inside of the chimney taken down. Several persons have affirmed that the body was buried without a head ; and M. de St. Foix informs us in his *Essais Historiques*, that “a gentleman having bribed the sexton, had the body taken up in the night, and found a stone instead of the head.” The natural inference from these extraordinary accounts, is, that the Iron Mask was not only a person of high birth, but must have been of great consequence ; and that his being concealed was of the utmost importance to the king and ministry.

Among the various conjectures that have been formed concerning the real name and condition of this remarkable personage, none appear to have any probability except the following. That he was the son of Anne

of Austria, queen to Louis XIII., and, consequently, that he was a brother of Louis XIV., but whether a bastard brother, a brother german, or a half-brother, is a question that has given rise to three several opinions, viz. :

1. That the queen proved with child at a time when it was evident it could not have been by her husband, who, for some months before, had never been with her in private. The supposed father of this child is said to have been the Duke of Buckingham, who came to France in May, 1625, to conduct the Princess Henrietta, wife of Charles I., to England. The private letters and memoirs of those times speak very suspiciously of the queen and Buckingham: his behaviour at Amiens, whither the queen and queen-mother accompanied the princess in her way to Boulogne, occasioned much whispering: and it appears that the king, on this occasion, was extremely offended at her, and that it required all the influence and address of the queen-mother to affect a reconciliation. It is said, that this child was privately brought up in the country; that when Mazarin became a favourite, he was intrusted with the care of him; and that Louis XIV. having discovered the secret on the death of the cardinal, thought it necessary to confine him in the manner above related.

2. The second and the most probable opinion is, that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., born some hours after him. This first appeared in a short anonymous work, published without date, or name of place, or printer. It is therein said, "Louis XIV. was born at St. Germain en Laye, on the 5th of September, 1638, about noon; and the illustrious prisoner, known by the appellation of the Iron Mask, was born the same day, while Louis XIII. was at supper. The king and the cardinal, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had been so often afflicted, cautiously concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up privately." This opinion was confirmed in a work called *Memoires de Marechal Duc de Richelieu*, written by the Abbé Soulavie; in which it is asserted, that "The birth of the prisoner happened in the evening of the 5th of September, 1638, in presence of the chancellor, the Bishop of Meaux, the author of the MS., a midwife, named Peroné, and a sieur Honorat. This circumstance greatly disturbed the king's mind; he observed that the Salique law had made no provision for such a case. By the advice of Cardinal Richelieu, it was therefore resolved to conceal his birth, but to preserve his life, in case by the death of his brother it should be necessary to avow him. A declaration was drawn up, and signed and sworn to by all present, in which every circumstance was mentioned, and several marks on his body described. This document, being sealed by the chancellor, with the royal seal, was delivered to the king; and all took an oath never to speak on the subject, not even in private and among themselves. The child was delivered to the care of Madame Peroné, to be under the direc-

tion of Cardinal Richelieu, at whose death the charge devolved to Cardinal Mazarin. Mazarin appointed the author of the MS. his governor, and intrusted to him the care of his education. But as the prisoner was extremely attached to Madame Peronéte, and she equally so to him, she remained with him till her death. His governor carried him to his house in Burgundy, where he paid the greatest attention to his education. As the prisoner grew up, he became impatient to discover his birth, and often importuned his governor on that subject. His curiosity had been roused, by observing that messengers from the court frequently arrived at the house; and a box, containing letters from the queen and the cardinal, having one day been inadvertently left out, he opened it, and saw enough to guess at the secret. From that time, he became thoughtful and melancholy, 'which, (says the author,) I could not then account for. He shortly after asked me to get him a portrait of the late and present king, but I put him off, by saying, that I could not procure any that were good. He then desired me to let him go to Dijon; which I have known since was with an intention of seeing a portrait of the king there, and of going secretly to St. John de Lus, where the court then was on occasion of the marriage with the infant. He was beautiful; and love helped him to accomplish his wishes. He had captivated the affections of a young housekeeper, who procured him a portrait of the king. It might have served for either of the brothers; and the discovery put him into so violent a passion, that he immediately came to me with the portrait in his hand, saying, *Voila mon frere, et voila qui je suis*, showing me at the same time a letter of the Cardinal de Mazarin, that he had taken out of the box.' Upon this discovery, his governor immediately sent an express to court, to communicate what had happened, and to desire new instructions; the consequence of which was, that the governor and the young prince under his care were arrested and confined." The author of this memoir concludes, "I have suffered with him in our common prison: I am now summoned to appear before my Judge on high; and, for the peace of my soul, I cannot but make this declaration, which may point out to him the means of freeing himself from his present ignominious situation, in case the king, his brother, should die without children. Can an extorted oath compel me to observe secrecy on a thing so incredible, but which ought to be left on record to posterity?"

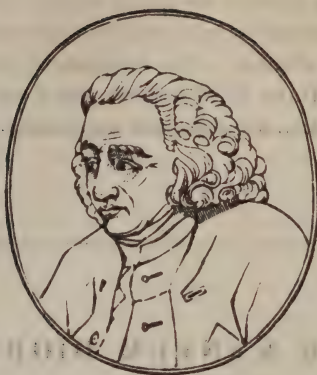
3. The third opinion is, that he was a son of the queen by Cardinal Mazarin, born about a year after the death of her husband, Louis XIII.; that he was brought up secretly; and that soon after the death of the cardinal, on the 9th of March, 1661, he was sent to Pignerol. To this account Father Griffet justly objects, "that it was needless to mask a face that was unknown; and, therefore, that this opinion does not merit discussion." Unde, it seems totally unaccountable, that so much care should have

been taken to conceal a child of the queen by the cardinal, who, whether they were privately married or not, could never have had the most distant claim to the crown of France. The conjectures advanced by other authors, that he was the Duke of Monmouth, the Count of Vermandois, or the Duke of Beaufort, &c., are still more improbable.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.



SIR KENELM DIGBY, an illustrious author and statesman of the seventeenth century. He was descended of an ancient family in England. His great-grandfather, accompanied by six of his brothers, fought valiantly, at Bosworth field, on the side of Henry VII., against the usurper, Richard III. But his father, Everard, was beheaded for being engaged in the gunpowder plot, against King James I. The son wiped off that stain, and was restored to his estate. King Charles I. made him gentleman of the bed-chamber, commissioner of the navy, and governor of Trinity house. He granted him letters of reprisals against the Venetians, by virtue whereof he took several prizes with a small fleet. He fought the Venetians near the port of Scanderoon, and bravely made his way through them with his booty. He was a great lover of learning, and translated several authors into English: and his "Treatise of the Nature of Bodies, and the Immortality of the Soul," discovers great penetration and extensive knowledge. He applied himself to chemistry, and found out several useful medicines, which he gave freely away to people of all sorts, especially to the poor. He indulged in a whim, however, respecting a sympathetic powder for the cure of wounds at a distance; his discourse concerning which made a great noise for a while. He had conferences with Des Cartes about the nature of the soul. In the beginning of the civil wars, he exerted himself vigorously in the king's cause; but he was afterwards imprisoned, by order of the parliament, in Winchester House, and had leave to depart thence in 1643. He afterwards compounded for his estate, but was ordered to leave the nation, when he went to France, and was sent on two embassies to Pope Innocent X. from the queen, widow of Charles I., whose chancellor he then was. On the restoration of Charles II., he returned to London; where he died in 1665, aged 60.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.



HIS "great cham of literature," as Dr. Smollett termed him, was the son of a bookseller and stationer, at Lichfield, in Derbyshire, where he was born on the 18th of September, 1709. He was afflicted, from his birth, with scrofula, which disfigured his countenance, and, for a time, deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes. In alluding to this, he says, "I was taken to London to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne. I always retained some memory of the journey, though I was then but thirty months old." He received the rudiments of education, first at a day-school, and afterwards at the grammar-school of Lichfield, where he surpassed all his schoolfellows in quickness of learning; and acquired, in particular, a most accurate knowledge of Latin, which he accounted for, by saying,—“My master whipped me very well; without that I should have done nothing.” At this time, he was remarkable for his memory, inquisitiveness, and indolence; being too idle to join his schoolfellows in their diversions, except in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed round him.

In 1725, he was removed, by the advice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, to a school at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where he remained little more than a year, and did not receive as much benefit as was expected. Of his respective progress at Stourbridge and Lichfield, he is said to have remarked to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, “At one I learned much in the school, but little from the master; in the other I learned much from the master, but little in the school.” On his return home, he is related, by his principal biographer, to have passed two years

in a state very unworthy his uncommon abilities, although he read so much, and so well, that when he came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, he says, told him, he was the best qualified for the university that he had ever known come there. It is not certain at whose expense he resided at Oxford; he was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, in October, 1728, and, according to Sir John Hawkins, was supported there by the father of one of his schoolfellows, to whom he acted as tutor; but Mr. Croker has stated circumstances, in his edition of Boswell, that render this part of Johnson's history doubtful. He appears neither to have learned much, nor thought much of Mr. Jorden, the college tutor; and, on being fined by him for absence from one of his lectures, he said to him, "Sir, you have sconced me twopence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny." His reputation at the university arose principally from his Latin poetical compositions; one of these was a translation of the Messiah of Pope, who, on being shown a copy, said, "The writer of this poem will leave it a question for posterity whether his or mine be the original." In other respects, he paid but little attention to his studies at college, where he had the reputation of a gay, frolicsome fellow, and was noted for the pleasure he took in entertaining the students, and vexing the tutors and fellows. On hearing that this character had been given of him, he observed to Boswell, "Ah! sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority."

It was his poverty, thus alluded to, that, about 1730, threw him into that state of hypochondriacism, to which he was constitutionally subject, and from the influence of which he was at no time perfectly free. It affected him so much that he drew up an account of his case in Latin; and put it into the hands of his godfather, and physician, Dr. Swinfen, who irreconcilably offended him by communicating it to others. He was equally averse to an exposure of his indigence, but was, at the same time, too proud to accept of money; and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at the door of his apartment at Oxford, he threw them away with indignation. Despairing of the means of continuing at the university, he took his name off the books of the college, in the autumn of 1731, up to which time, Boswell tells us, he resided there; but Mr. Croker states, on very good authority, that Johnson never returned to the university after his absence, in December, 1729.

Shortly after the death of his father, which took place at the close of the former year, he accepted the situation of usher, at the free grammar-school of Market Bosworth, but he found it so irksome that, in 1733, he accepted an invitation from Mr. Hector, to reside with him at Birmingham. The house in which his friend lodged, belonging to one Warren, a bookseller,

Johnson was employed by him to translate, from the Portuguese, Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, which was published in 1735. For this, his first prose work, he received only five guineas; the preface is admirably written, and the style is such as cannot be mistaken for that of any other author. In the same year, Mr. Walmesley attempted to obtain him the mastership of the grammar-school at Solihull, in Warwickshire; but, although his qualifications in every other respect were acknowledged, he was objected to on the ground of his "being a very haughty, ill-natured gentleman, and having a way of distorting his face, which might affect some young lads."

Not long afterwards he fell in love with one Mrs. Porter, the widow of a Birmingham mercer, to whom, although she exceeded his age by twenty-one years, he was united, at Derby, in 1735. "She was," says Garrick, "very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance. Her swelled cheeks were of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials. She was glaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and general behaviour." Johnson's appearance at the same period is described as being exceedingly forbidding: he was then, as Miss Porter described him to Boswell, lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, separated behind; and he had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended at once to excite surprise and ridicule. It was, however, as Johnson says, "a love-match on both sides," and he not only treated his wife with great tenderness during her life, but thought her eminently beautiful, as appears from the epitaph which he caused to be inscribed upon her tombstone.

With the property he acquired by his marriage, which was about £800, he attempted to establish a boarding-school at Edial, near Lichfield, but he only obtained three pupils, one of whom was the celebrated David Garrick. His scholastic speculation proving unsuccessful, he determined on trying his fortune in London; and accordingly, on the 2d of March, 1737, being then in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he set out for the metropolis, in company with Garrick, whose intention it was to complete his education in town. Johnson remained in London a few months, principally occupied in writing his tragedy of *Irene*, and in endeavouring to procure employment from the booksellers; one of whom, Wilcox, looking at his robust frame, told him, instead of attempting to get his livelihood as an author, "he had better buy a porter's knot." According to Mr. Cumberland, such was his indigence during his first stay in London, that he subsisted for a considerable space of time upon twopence-halfpenny per day. At the close of the year he went to Lichfield, and returned to London with his wife, and soon after his arrival he became a contributor to the *Gentleman's*

Magazine: his first performance in that publication being a Latin ode, *Ad Urbanum*, which appeared in the month of March, 1738. In the May following, he published his *London*, a poem, written in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, with which Pope was so struck, that on being told that it was written by some obscure man, he exclaimed, "he will soon be *deterré*." The poem, which procured him ten guineas, created a great sensation in the literary circles; it got to a second edition in the course of a week, and laid the foundation of the author's fame. This was succeeded by his *Marmor Norfolciense*, a poem, in which the measures of government were so intemperately attacked, that, according to Sir John Hawkins, who is, however, contradicted by Boswell, a warrant was issued against the author. Writing for his bread, however, he found so great a hardship, that being offered the mastership of a school at Appleby, in Leicestershire, if he could obtain the degree of master of arts, he used his utmost exertions, but without effect, to procure a diploma. The want of a degree in civil law also nullified a subsequent effort he made to practise as an advocate in Doctors' Commons. As his only means of subsistence, therefore, he resumed his labours for the Gentleman's Magazine, to which he contributed a variety of excellent articles, chiefly biographical. In November, 1740, he began, and continued for two years, to compose the parliamentary speeches, which, being then deemed a breach of privilege, were published under the fiction of Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia. It was not generally known at the time that he was the author of them, but the secret transpired several years afterwards, and was avowed by Johnson himself on the following occasion. At a party, of which he was one, besides Mr. Wedderburn, Dr. Francis, and others, the latter, alluding to one of Mr. Pitt's speeches, towards the close of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, declared it to be superior to any of the orations of Demosthenes. Many of the company remembered the debate; and some passages were cited, with the approbation and applause of all present except Johnson, who, as soon as the warmth of praise had subsided, calmly exclaimed, "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter street." The company, says Boswell, were struck with astonishment; after staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francis asked, "how that speech could be written by him?" "Sir," said Johnson, "I wrote it in Exeter street; I never had been in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave had interest with the door-keepers; he, and the keepers employed under him, gained admittance: they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the sides they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the parliamentary debates." All bestowed lavish encomiums upon Johnson; and one, in particular, praising

his impartiality, he replied, "That is not quite true; I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should have the best of it." He, however, seems to have subsequently regretted the composition of these speeches, as propagating a deception equivalent to falsehood.

Among other of his writings in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742, were Proposals for Printing *Bibliotheca Harleiana*, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford; which is here particularly mentioned for the purpose of noticing a quarrel that it produced between our author and Osborne, the bookseller, who purchased the library, and employed Johnson to write the Latin accounts of books in the catalogue. It was reported that he had knocked down Osborne in his shop, with a folio; but he afterwards explained the truth to Boswell, by saying, "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop: it was in my own chamber." In 1744, he published his life of Savage, his association with whom, says Boswell, "imperceptibly led him into some indulgences, which occasioned much distress to his virtuous mind." A more excellent piece of biography than this, of which Johnson wrote forty-eight octavo pages at a sitting, was, perhaps, never composed; objections have been taken to the truth of some of the facts, but the author undoubtedly believed the statements to which he gave publicity, and was, in some instances, a sharer in the events which he has recorded. Savage and himself used frequently, for want of money to pay for a lodging, to pass the night in the streets, our author at that time being separated from his wife, in consequence, as Hawkins asserts, of the influence of Savage; but attributed, by Mr. Croker, with more probability of truth, to the desire of Johnson that his wife should find, in her own family, a temporary relief from the want with which he was struggling.

In 1745, he published a pamphlet, entitled, *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*, which obtained the approbation of Warburton, who, in the preface to his own edition of Shakspeare, declared all the essays, remarks, &c., which had appeared upon the plays of the bard, with the exception of the above, beneath notice. In 1747, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, by Garrick, Johnson wrote a prologue, which has never been surpassed; it was not only received with enthusiastic applause on the first night, but was called for by the audience several times in the course of the season. In the same year he published his plan for a Dictionary of the English Language, in a pamphlet addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield; he undertook to complete it in three years, and the price stipulated for with the booksellers, was £1575. Dr. Adams finding him at work, one day, upon this stupendous work, asked him how it was possible he could do it in three years, when the French Academy, which consisted of forty members, took forty years to complete their Dictionary "Sir," said Johnson, "thus it is: this is the proportion; let me see—forty

times forty are sixteen hundred; as three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

Whilst his Dictionary was in progress, he formed a literary club, which met once a week, at the King's Head, in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, his own residence being in Gough Square, Fleet Street. In 1748, he wrote for Dodsley's Preceptor, the preface, and, what he considered his best production, *The Vision of Theodore the Hermit*. In January, 1749, he published his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for which he only received five guineas; and, in the following month, his tragedy of *Irene* was brought out, by Garrick, at Drury Lane. Previously to its representation, a violent altercation took place between the author and the manager, to whose amputations, for the sake of stage effect, Johnson refused to submit. He at length, however, through the interference of a friend to both parties, allowed, in part, the proposed alterations, and the tragedy was produced. The play went off tolerably well till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled upon the stage, and to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out—"Murder! murder!" She several times attempted to speak, but in vain: and at last was obliged to go off the stage alive. This passage was afterwards struck out, and she was carried off to be put to death behind the scenes; but the play did not please, although Garrick's zeal for the author carried it through for nine nights. Johnson, however, it is said, acquiesced without a murmur to the unfavourable decision of the public, and was probably convinced that dramatic writing was not his forte, as he never afterwards attempted that species of composition. *Irene*, after all, could not have been a matter of much disappointment to him, as it produced him altogether £300; £200 for the first three nights' profit, and £100 for the copyright.

In March, 1750, he published the first number of *The Rambler*, which the Italians have ludicrously translated *Il Vagabondo*. He completed this work in 1752; the whole of the papers having been written by himself, with the exception of Numbers Ten, Thirty, Forty-four, and Ninety-seven. The grave tone of the work greatly impeded its periodical popularity, but soon after its publication, in six duodecimo volumes, it rapidly increased in fame, and its author lived to see it reach a tenth edition. Richardson, Dr. Young, and others preferred it to *The Spectator*, but Johnson received most delight from the opinion of his wife, who said to him, after a few numbers had come out, "I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this." Many of the characters in *The Rambler* are said to have been drawn from life, particularly that of Prospero, from Garrick; a satire which, however applicable, was, in Johnson, an ingratitude, which it was no wonder the former never entirely forgave. In 1751, having previously written a preface to Lauder's *Essay*

on Milton's *Use and Imitation of the Moderns*, in his *Paradise Lost*, he, on the detection of the author's imposture, by Dr. Douglas, dictated a letter for Lauder to write, acknowledging his fraud and contrition. Johnson himself, also, as some atonement for his unconscious promotion of the fraud, wrote a prologue to *Comus*, on its representation, for the benefit of Milton's granddaughter.

In the year last-mentioned, he was plunged into great distress by the death of his wife: she does not appear to have possessed any very attractive qualities; but there is no doubt that Johnson loved her passionately during her life, and deeply lamented her after her death. Dissensions, as it has been said, probably took place between them; but a record of all the gossip on this subject would only increase the length, without adding to the importance, of the present memoir. He had not long been a widower, before he received into his house Mrs. Anna Williams, then afflicted with blindness, and on the failure of an operation to restore her sight, he kept her under his roof for the remainder of his life. In 1753, he began to write for *The Adventurer*, which was at first rather more popular than *The Rambler*. He marked his papers with the signature T, but gave both the fame and the profit to his friend, Dr. Bathurst, who wrote them whilst Johnson dictated. In 1755, the long-expected and much-talked-of *Dictionary of the English Language*, with a *History of the Language*, and an *English Grammar*, was published, in two folio volumes, as the work of Samuel Johnson, M. A., the author having previously obtained that degree from the University of Oxford, through the intervention of Mr. Warton. The patience of the proprietors was often tried before the completion of the work; when the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, "that he thanks God for any thing." His reasons for not dedicating his *Dictionary*, as well as his proposals, to Lord Chesterfield, are stated in the following words to Boswell:—"Sir, after making great professions, he (Chesterfield) had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my *Dictionary* was coming out, he fell a scribbling in *The World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." This celebrated letter is a masterpiece of composition, and for keen satire and polite reproof, has, perhaps, never been equalled; but the pride of Johnson led him to view the neglects of his discarded patron in a stronger light than it deserved. He acknowledged that he once received £10 from Lord Chesterfield, but thought the sum too inconsiderable to mention in his letter, which, it is said, Chesterfield read with an air of indifference, smiling at the several passages, and observing how well they were expressed. He excused his neglect of Johnson by

saying, that he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived; and declared he would have turned off the best servant he ever had, if he knew that he had denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome.

The work was received with universal applause, though it contained, as he himself confessed, "a few wild blunders and wild absurdities," and was deficient in the technical part. On being asked, by a lady, how he came to define *pastern* the *knee* of a horse, he replied, "Ignorance, madam; pure ignorance." Nor was he more disconcerted or less candid when other errors were pointed out to him. The following passage in his Grammar,—"*H*seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable,"—was thus ridiculed by Wilkes, in the Public Advertiser:—"The author of this observation must be a man of a quick *apprehension*, and of a most *comprehensive* genius."

Our author having spent, during the progress of his laborious work, the money for which he had contracted to execute it, was still under the necessity of exerting his talents, as he himself expresses it, in making provision for the day that was passing over him. The subscriptions taken in for his edition of Shakspeare, and the profits of his Miscellaneous Essays, were now his principal resource for subsistence; and it appears from the following letter to Mr. Richardson, dated Gough Square, March 16, 1756, that they were not sufficient to ward off the distress of an arrest on a particular emergency. "I am obliged to entreat your assistance: I am now under an arrest for five pounds fifteen shillings: Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you could be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations."

In this year he engaged to superintend and contribute to a monthly publication, entitled the Literary Magazine, or Universal Review; for which he wrote several original essays, and critical reviews, which he accomplished in his usually masterly style. About this period he was offered, but declined taking orders, a church living of considerable value; and, in April, 1758, he began the *Idler*, which appeared statedly in a weekly newspaper, called the Universal Chronicle; and was continued till April, 1760. The *Idler* evidently appeared to be the production of the same genius as the *Rambler*; but it has more of real life, as well as ease of language: out of one hundred and thirteen numbers, twelve only were contributed by friends.

The death of his mother, in the beginning of 1759, led to the production of his *Rasselas*, Prince of Abyssinia, which he wrote for the express purpose of defraying the expense of her funeral. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the

press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. He received for the copy £100, and £25, when it came to a second edition. Eulogy on a work which is so well known in our own country, and has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages, would be superfluous. Though written with a very different motive, it is similar in plan and conduct to Voltaire's *Candide*, "insomuch," observes Boswell, "that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had not been published so closely one after the other, that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other."

In 1762, he accepted, but not without some reluctance, arising from his predilection for the House of Stuart, the grant of a pension of £300 per annum, which had been obtained for him through the influence of the Earl of Bute, at the solicitation of Mr. Wedderburn and others. In consequence of this, he was much abused, and his own definition of the word *pensioner*, in his Dictionary, was quoted against him. Churchill satirized him with the most poignant severity, under the name of Pomposo, and among other lines were the following :—

How, to all principles untrue,
Not fixed to old friends, nor to new,—
He damns the pension which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forsakes.

Johnson, however, lost nothing in the estimation of his friends by accepting the pension which could not have been bestowed upon one whose abilities more merited, or whose necessities more required it. He was now in comparative affluence, and in order to a full enjoyment of the society of his acquaintance, he became member of a weekly club, in Gerrard street, Soho, to which most of the literati of the day belonged.

In 1764 and 1765, he was principally engaged in preparing his long-expected edition of Shakspeare, which appeared in the latter year, with a preface which is considered among the most valuable of his literary disquisitions. The edition, however, disappointed the high expectations which some had formed of it; for, although the author had displayed sound sense in comparing the different readings suggested by different critics, he was not only wanting in original conjecture, but in that knowledge of the literature of the Shaksperian age, which has since been found the only genuine source of illustration. It was about this time that Johnson appears to have been first introduced to Mr. Thrale, the brewer, in whose lady he found an agreeable and intelligent companion, at their house at Streatham, where he was domesticated for a considerable time. In 1767, he had the honour of a personal interview with George III., who was pleased to ask him a variety of questions, and to make sundry observations, which convinced our author that his majesty was, if not the

greatest scholar, "the finest gentleman he had ever seen." When the king urged him to continue writing, he said "he thought he had written enough."—"I should have thought so, too," was the royal reply, "if you had not written so well." In 1769, he was appointed professor in ancient literature to the Royal Academy of Arts, London; and, in 1770, he published, anonymously, a political pamphlet, entitled the *False Alarm*, in which he endeavoured to justify the exclusion of Mr. Wilkes from the House of Commons, on the ground of incapacitation, by previous expulsion. In 1771, appeared his *Thoughts on the late transactions respecting Falkland's Islands*, in which he endeavoured to show the absurdity of going to war with Spain respecting a possession not worth holding. His political pamphlets induced his friends to make an attempt to procure him a seat in parliament, and Mr. Strahan, the printer, wrote to one of the secretaries of the treasury, recommending him as an able auxiliary to government. For some reason, however, the minister, Lord North, did not offer Johnson a seat; which, it is probable, he would have gladly accepted, as, upon being subsequently told that Burke had said, "he certainly would have been the greatest speaker that ever was in parliament," he exclaimed, "I should like to try my hand now."

In 1773, he took a tour to the Hebrides, and returned to London, after a stay in Scotland of three months, in the course of which he visited its three principal cities, the four universities, the isles of Sky, Rasay, &c., and saw as much of the Highland and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation. The great and learned treated him with respect and kindness wherever he went, and Sir Walter Scott tells us that he was long remembered among the lower orders of the Hebrideans, by the title of the *Sassenach More*, the big Englishman. On his arrival in London, he was much enraged at finding that Mr. Thomas Davies had published, without his permission, two volumes of *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, by the author of the *Rambler*, some of which were not written by him. On his return from the metropolis, Mr. Thrale asked him how the affair ended with Davies? "Why," said Johnson, "I was a fierce fellow, and pretended to be very angry, and Thomas was a good-natured fellow, and pretended to be very sorry; so there the matter dropped." In July, 1774, he set off, in company with Mr. Thrale and his family, on a tour to Wales, and came back to London in September, when he wrote, and in the following month published, a pamphlet called *The Patriot*, composed in anticipation of the general election, in order to predispose the people in favour of government candidates. In 1775, he published an account of his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, in which, notwithstanding his strong prejudices against that nation, he expressed himself, upon the whole, in a candid and impartial tone, though he occasionally exhibited a contempt for their learning, and an abhor-

rence of their religion. No one questioned the just and philosophical views of society which it contained, or the elegance and vivacity of the author's descriptions; but his sentence against the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, gave some offence to the Scotch, and so irritated Mr. Macpherson, that he sent him a threatening letter, which was thus answered by Johnson:—"Mr. James Macpherson, I received your foolish and impudent letter: any violence offered to me, I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law will do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. I thought your book an imposture: I think it an imposture still," &c. His *Tour to the Hebrides* was, however, well spoken of by many natives distinguished for their literary abilities; and Mr. Tytler says, "It is plain, Johnson meant to speak well of Scotland; and he has, in my apprehension, done us great honour in the most capital article, the character of the inhabitants." In 1775, he attempted to defend the conduct of government, with regard to America, in a pamphlet, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, written, as Boswell supposes, at the desire of the ruling powers, and with the same degree of vigour, dictatorial assumption, and malignant sarcasm which characterize the rest of his political compositions. It was thrown in his teeth, that his pension had stimulated his pen on these occasions; but he seems to have been sincere, at least with regard to America, as some years previously, he had described its Christian inhabitants as "a race of convicts, who ought to be thankful for any thing allowed them short of hanging."

Shortly after the publication of this pamphlet, which he said "he thought he had not been attacked enough for," he received, through the interest of Lord North, the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Oxford. He had obtained, some years before, a similar honour from Dublin, but did not at the time choose to assume the title. In October, he visited Paris, in company with the Thrales and Mr. Baretti; he kept a journal of this tour, in which he seems to have thought the French what he afterwards called them, "much behind-hand, stupid, ignorant creatures."

In 1777, he exerted himself in behalf of Dr. Dodd, then under sentence of death, from which he endeavoured to save him by an exertion of his abilities, that does equal honour to his head and heart. He drew up his defence, and two petitions, one from Dodd to the king, and the other from his wife to the queen, two of the most energetic compositions ever penned, though, as is well known, they failed in their object. In the same year he undertook, for the moderate sum of £210, when requested to name his own price, to write the *Lives of the English Poets*, of which he published the first four volumes in the early part of 1779, entitled *Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the most Eminent of the English Poets*. He completed this work in 1781, concluding it with a confession that "he had

written it in his usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste." In the August of the same year he lost his friend Mr. Thrale, who appointed him one of his executors, and left him a legacy of £200. After this event, says Boswell, his visits became less frequent at Streatham. In 1782, his friend Levett died, whom he had maintained in his house for several years: and his own health becoming seriously affected, he, in June, paid a visit to Oxford, for change of scene and air. In October, he took a formal leave of Streatham, on which occasion he composed a prayer, recommending Mrs. Thrale's family to divine protection. Boswell asserts, that he quitted this place in consequence of his receiving a less cordial welcome than formerly; but Mr. Croker observes it was "not because Mrs. Thrale made him less welcome there, but because *she*, and *he with her*, were leaving Streatham;" for, six months after this, Johnson was domiciliated in Mrs. Thrale's new residence in Argyll street. In June, 1783, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which, for some time, rendered him speechless: piety was his consolation, but he seems to have looked forward to death with his usual terror at that event. As he began to recover, he amused himself with reading and conversation, and even contemplated the plan of some new works; and in December, "in order to insure himself society, for three days in the week," he instituted a club, at the Essex Head, Essex street. In June, 1784, he again went to Oxford, where he resided with Dr. Adams, who, he says, "treated me as well as I could expect or wish."

Having expressed a desire of going to Italy, his friends, not deeming his pension adequate to the support of the expenses incidental to the journey, made application to Lord Thurlow, unknown to Johnson, for an augmentation of it by £200. The application was unsuccessful; but the lord chancellor offered to let him have £500, out of his own purse, under the appellation of a loan, but with the intention of conferring it as a present. Johnson was so much affected with this offer, that on its being communicated to him, "he paused," says Boswell, "grew more and more agitated, and burst into tears, exclaiming, with fervent emotion, 'God bless you all!'"

He, however, now gradually grew worse, and it was evident to his physicians, Drs. Heberden, Brocklesby, and Warren, that his end was fast approaching. This, though he so much dreaded, he did not shrink from the knowledge of, and being told by Brocklesby, in answer to his inquiry as to the extent of his danger, that nothing but a miracle could save him, he replied, "Then I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." He adhered to this resolution, but was so far from refusing surgical aid, that when Mr Cruickshank scarified his leg, he cried out, "Deeper, deeper. I will abide the consequence: you are afraid of your reputation; but what is that to me? Why hesitate to give me pain, which I do not care for?" At **an**

other time he leaped out of bed and caught up some lancets, which were taken from him in the supposition that he intended to attempt suicide, but he immediately afterwards seized a pair of scizzors, and plunged them into the calf of each leg, for the purpose of relieving them of the water with which they were swelled. His aversion to the prospect of death operated so strongly, that it was some time before he could be prevailed upon to make his will, or even hear the subject mentioned with patience. The chief object of his bounty was his servant Barber, to whom he left £70 per annum, besides a very large sum by codicil. As his end drew near, he took every opportunity of impressing his friends with the necessity of preparation for a future state. To Sir Joshua Reynolds he made three requests—one was to forgive him £30 which he had borrowed of him; another, that he should carefully read the Scriptures: and the last, that he should abstain from using his pencil on the Sabbath day; to all of which Sir Joshua assented. He expressed his firm belief in the Christian religion; and, in a conversation with Mr. Windham, said, with respect to testimony, that “we had not such evidence that Cæsar died in the capitol, as that Christ died in the manner related.” In the last days of his illness he grew gradually calmer, and at length tranquilly expired on the 13th of December, 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a monument has since been erected to his memory in St. Paul’s, with an inscription, by Dr. Parr. Previously to his dissolution, he burnt, indiscriminately, several manuscripts, and, amongst others, two quarto volumes, containing an account of his life.

The reputation of Johnson, as an author, was more distinguished than that of any other literary character which this country has produced. His classical attainments were, however, inconsiderable, and his reading, in our own language, was more cursory than extensive—more varied than profound. It was an observation of his own, that he thought more than he read; and hence, probably, arose his contempt of certain authors, of whose works indolence or prejudice prevented him from reading more than a portion. We may here, perhaps, be reminded of the number of quotations in his Dictionary; but it by no means follows, nor was it indeed necessary, that he should have perused the whole of the works quoted from, nor even have made the extracts himself; for it is obvious that the task of selecting passages containing certain words might have been performed by the least erudite of his amanuenses, of whom, it is known, he kept six or seven constantly employed. That he could not get through a book was, with him, a sufficient reason for decrying it; but, when to his abuse of Milton we add his real or affected blindness to the merits of Hume, Robertson, Fielding, Swift, Armstrong, and others, we must suspect either the infallibility or sincerity of Johnson’s critical judgment. His great works, and those on which his reputation chiefly rests, are his Dictionary, Rambler, Lives of

the Poets, and *Rasselas*. With respect to the first, it is impossible to deny him the merit of having laid the foundation of all subsequent dictionaries of the English language, though its numerous imperfections are now generally acknowledged. Horne Tooke calls it "the most faulty and least valuable" of any of Johnson's productions; and adds, "that share of merit which it possesses makes it by much the more hurtful." Its supposed excellence has certainly deterred many from entering the same field, though so much remained to be done; and where all that was done might have been made more perfect. This has been abundantly proved by the edition of Todd, and the researches of Seager, Mason, and Joddrel. The chief faults of Johnson are his insertion of pedantic words of recent invention and limited use, to the exclusion of several eminent English words, and especially those peculiar to the quaint style of certain established writers, whom he chooses to call "obsolete." As an instance of this, an excellent critic in the *Westminster Review* has pointed out six words in Giles Fletcher's short poem of *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, not one of which are to be found in Johnson, viz.: *latch*, *orgials*, *orizal*, *calls*, *spangelets*, and *bousing can*. He is too cumbrous, also, with his authorities; what need of authorities, it has been aptly asked, for the word *hand*? With these drawbacks, however, it is still a masterly and original production, and has many features which are to be found in no other dictionary. Nothing can be more exquisitely brief and clear than the description of the different senses, and the quotations alone render the work a fund of instruction and entertainment. Johnson had the satisfaction to see it reach four editions in his lifetime, and a fifth was published in the year of his decease. In his *Rasselas* and his *Rambler* he is in his peculiar element; in the one he is the moral dictator, laying down his maxims with all the force of conviction, and all the eloquence of truth and genius; in the other, he is the enchanter, who fascinates our imagination, the sage who informs our mind, the philosopher who calms our passions. His *Lives of the Poets* is a very unequal performance: it is justly described by Dr. Beattie, as a "fund of entertainment and information; of striking observation and useful reflection; of good sense, and of illiberal prejudices; of just and of unjust criticism." Pastoral and blank verse he seems a determined enemy to; something like envy towards all his contemporaries is manifest; and Dyer, Shenstone, Collins, Akenside, and Gray, are, in particular, treated with injustice. He is too much the verbal critic; there is surely something contemptible in dissecting, almost word by word, every eight or ten lined epitaph, written by such a man as Pope. A summary of Johnson's character has been ably drawn by Bishop Cleig, who says:—"Without claiming for Johnson the highest place among his contemporaries, in any single department of literature, we may use one of his own expressions, 'that he brought more mind to every subject, and had a greater variety of knowledge ready for

all occasions, than almost any other man.' Though religious to superstition, he was in every other respect so remarkably incredulous, that Hogarth said, while Johnson firmly believed the Bible, he seemed determined to believe nothing else. The same energy which was displayed in his literary productions, was exhibited also in his conversation, which was various, striking, and instructive: like the sage in *Rasselas*, he spoke, and attention watched his lips; he reasoned, and conviction closed his periods; when he pleased, he could be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, perhaps, no man ever equalled him in nervous and pointed repartees. But he had a roughness in his manner which subdued the saucy, and terrified the meek; it was only, however, in his manner; for no man was more loved than Johnson was by those who knew him; and his works will be read with veneration for their author, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood."

His style, notwithstanding its decided mannerism, has formed an era in English composition; its chief faults are a studious avoidance of the easy and familiar, and a choice of words of Latin etymology, a monotonous rotundity of period, and an unvarying pomp of diction. It is strong, nervous, impetuous, and graceful; but it has no lights and shades; no fine discord, if we may use an expression applicable to music: all is dignified, cold, and calm: the sage thinks, but the schoolmaster writes. Never was the step from the sublime to the ridiculous more fully exemplified than in the following sentence, from his *Life of Pope*, at whom he has been sneering for building a grotto: "A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden; and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto, where necessity enforced a passage."

Johnson's figure was large, robust, and unwieldy, from corpulency. His appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by sudden emotions, which appeared, to a common observer, to be involuntary and convulsive. He had the use of only one eye, yet his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never enjoyed the free and vigorous use of his limbs; and when he walked, it was like the straggling gait of one in fetters. In his dress he was singular and slovenly; and though he improved, in some degree, under the lectures of Mrs. Thrale, during his long residence in her family, yet he could never be said to have completely surmounted particularity.

He was fond of good company and good living, and to the last he knew of no method of regulating his appetite, but absolute restraint, or unlimited indulgence. "Many a day," says Mr. Boswell "did he fast, many a year

refrain from wine: but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink, it was copiously. He could practise abstinence, but not temperance." In conversation he was rude, intemperate, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction; addicted to argument, and ambitious of victory, he was equally regardless of truth and fair reasoning in his approaches to conquest. "There is no arguing with him," said Goldsmith, alluding to a speech in one of Cibber's plays; "for, if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." No man, however, possessed more of the milk of human kindness than Johnson; was more ready to assist distress, or conferred a benefit in a more generous and delicate manner. "Should I ever need assistance," said Bishop Howe, "may I have such a benefactor as Johnson." "There was no occasion," says the same authority, "that Johnson should teach us to dance, to make a bow, or to turn a compliment: he could teach us better things." The flattery of friends, and the homage paid to his abilities, made him dictatorial, arrogant and rude, and caused him sometimes to exceed the bounds of politeness, and even humanity; but when he discovered that he had given real cause for offence, he was always ready to make reparation. He maintained under his roof no less than four persons, for several years, two of whom died in his house; and he not only contributed to their support, but treated them with kindness and affection. He was above equivocation, and scorned to convey the language of truth, however unpleasant to those who heard him, by any of those circumlocutory channels, which are the medium of discussion in polite society. Laconic and sensible in his conversation, he despised verbosity and frivolity in others: to some one who told him of a gentleman who wished, but was afraid, to speak to him, he said—"he need not to have been afraid if he had any thing rational to say:" and, to a lady who was zealous in defence of some foolish production, he exclaimed, "Pray, madam, be silent; nonsense can only be defended by nonsense." He had a somewhat bigoted, but sincere and fervent impression of religion; and it is said that, on his paying a visit in Lent, he would, in the course of the evening, go into a corner of the room, when the company were engaged in conversation, and audibly repeat his devotions. Some of his sayings, as recorded by Boswell, are trivial and common-place enough; but this was to be expected from a man who followed up Johnson with all the tenacity of a bailiff, and noted down his words with all the precision of a spy. Johnson could not go down stairs to give a guinea to a suppliant, but this book-keeper of his very echoes must "walk down stairs after him into the yard, to see what passed."

Among the mass of gossip and anecdote which has been in circulation of this great man, we have selected such as appears to us the most recent, entertaining and characteristic. His talent for improvisation appears to have been extraordinary; nor was he less felicitous at burlesquing apposi-

tions and antitheses of popular poets and dramatists. Some very ingenious lines being quoted, in which there was more of what the Italian: call *concetti*, than sense, he thus parodied them :—

If the boy, who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

and to the line—

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,

he answered—

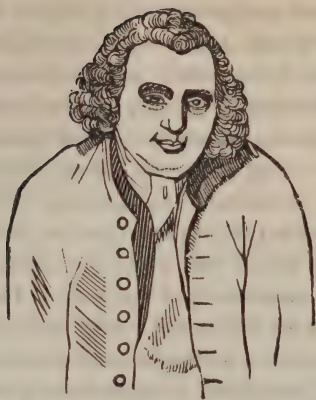
Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

He used at times to talk immoderately loud, and one evening was doing so behind the scenes, while Garrick was playing King Lear: the actor, on coming off, told him to speak in a lower tone, as he disturbed his feelings. "Poh!" said Johnson, "Punch has no feelings:" a reply which was in accordance with the great contempt he had for actors.—Sir Joshua Reynolds having painted his portrait, representing him as reading, and near-sighted, he expressed himself much dissatisfied, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." Of this circumstance, Mrs. Thrale says, "I observed that he would not be known by posterity, for his defects only, let Sir Joshua do his worst;" and when she adverted to his own picture painted with the ear-trumpet, and done in this year for Mr. Thrale, she records Johnson to have answered, "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses; but I will not be blinking Sam."—Sir Joshua used to relate a characteristic anecdote of Johnson: About the time of their first acquaintance, when they were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells, the then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in: Johnson, thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected as low company, of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry; and, resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine they were low indeed, he addressed himself in a loud tone to Mr. Reynolds, saying, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to work as hard as we could?"—O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the doctor viewed him from top to toe, without saying a word to him: at length, darting one of his severest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which, the doctor said to him, "Why do you not answer me, sir?" "Faith, sir," said O'Leary, "I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me." Upon this the doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, "Why, sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought

hither;—sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language.” O’Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the doctor with a long speech in Irish, of which the doctor not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O’Leary, seeing that the doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the doctor, “This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me: sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom.”

Johnson, it seems, was not insensible to praise: soon after the publication of his *Life of Savage*, which was anonymous, Mr. Harte, while dining with Cave, spoke very handsomely of the work. The next time Cave met Harte, he told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of *Savage’s Life*. “How could that be?” says Harte; “none were present but you and I.” Cave replied, “You might observe I sent a plate of victuals behind the screen. There skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly.”—The following anecdote of Johnson’s meeting at Glasgow, with Adam Smith, has been furnished by Sir Walter Scott, which, he says, Mr. Boswell has omitted for obvious reasons:—Smith, it is related, after leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company, where, knowing that he had been in Johnson’s society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith’s temper seemed much ruffled. At first, Smith would only answer, “He’s a brute—he’s a brute!” but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith, than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. “What did Johnson say?” was the universal inquiry. “Why, he said,” replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, “he said, ‘*You lie!*’” —“And what did you reply?” —“I said, ‘*You are a son of a —!*’” —“On such terms,” says Sir Walter, “did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.”





ERASMUS DARWIN.

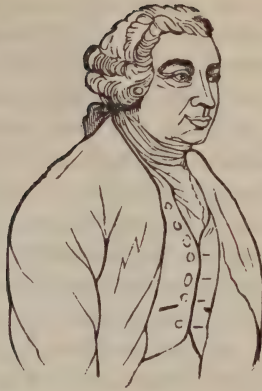


RASMUS DARWIN was the son of a barrister, and was born at Elveston, or Elston, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of December, 1731. He received the rudiments of education at the grammar-school of Chesterfield, whence, in 1753-4, he removed to St. John's College, Cambridge; and, being intended for the medical profession, graduated M. B. in 1755. Before leaving the university, he had composed a poem on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, which was printed among the Cambridge collection of verses on that occasion; but the merits of this production did not rise above mediocrity. Having taken his degree of M. D. at Edinburgh, he commenced the practice of his profession at Nottingham, but shortly afterwards removed to Lichfield, where his fortunate cure of a patient, who had been given over by a celebrated physician, established his reputation, and was the foundation of his prosperity. In 1757, he married a Miss Howard, whom he lost, thirteen years afterwards, after having had by her five children; and, in 1781, he united himself to the widow of Colonel Pole, to whom he had been long previously attached. He shortly afterwards removed to Derby, where he completed his celebrated poem of *The Botanic Garden*, which was published in 1791, consisting of two parts, *The Economy of Vegetation*, and *The Loves of the Plants*, with philosophical notes. A poem of such singular construction, and so ably executed, created a great sensation in the literary world, and placed the name of Darwin, says Dr. Aikin, high among the poets of the time. In 1794, he published the first, and in 1796, the second volume of his *Zoonomia*, or *The Laws*

of Organic Life ; the purpose of which was to reduce the facts relating to animal life into classes, orders, genera, and species ; and, by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases. His fundamental notion in this comprehensive work, was, that man, animals, and vegetables, all took their origin from living filaments, susceptible of irritation, which is the agent that sets them in motion. In 1800, appeared his *Phytologia*, or *The Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*, in which, says his biographer, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, “ his conviction that vegetables are remote links in the chain of sentient existence, often hinted at in the notes to *The Botanic Garden*, is here avowed in a regular system.” In 1801, he removed to an old mansion, near Derby, and died there on the 10th of April, 1802 ; after having prepared for the press a poem, called *The Temple of Nature*, or *the Origin of Society*, published in 1803 ; and which, with two papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and his share of the English translation of the *Systema Vegetabilium* of Linnæus, constitute, in addition to those previously mentioned, the whole of Darwin’s acknowledged works.

In person, the subject of our memoir was above the middle size ; of an athletic but somewhat corpulent body ; with a countenance bearing traces of the small-pox ; a stoop in the shoulders, and a lameness, which rendered him unwieldy in his appearance. He stammered to such a degree that he was almost unintelligible, yet nothing so much annoyed him as to be anticipated in his words. He possessed an ardent mind, a cheerful but hasty temper, and great humanity and benevolence of disposition ; which was particularly conspicuous in his care of brute animals, and even insects. He was supposed, says Dr. Aikin, “ to sit loose to religious sentiments, and was vulgarly charged with atheism ; though a poem of his is extant, in which, with great force and beauty, he refutes the atheistic system.” As a poet, the reputation of Darwin has greatly declined, in consequence, probably, of his addressing the reason and the imagination, without touching, or but rarely, the heart. Few poets have better succeeded in delighting the eye, the taste, and the fancy ; and in perspicuity of style he has few equals.





DAVID HUME.



HIS celebrated historian was born at Edinb. gh, on the the 26th of April, 1711. He was of a good family, both by father and mother, and the former dying while he was an infant, he was brought up under the care of his mother, whom he describes as a woman of singular merit. A passion for literature took possession of him at a very early period of his education, and, in consequence of his sobriety and studious disposition, he was destined by his family for the law ; but “ while they fancied,” he says in his autobiography, “ I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring.” His health, however, becoming impaired by sedentary application, he, in 1734, went to Bristol with a view of engaging in mercantile pursuits, but found them so unsuitable to his disposition, that in a few months afterwards, he took up his residence in France, and laid down a plan of life which he steadily and successfully pursued. “ I resolved,” he says, “ to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune ; to maintain, unimpaired, my independency ; and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature.”

After a stay of three years abroad, he returned to England ; and, in 1738, published his *Treatise of Human Nature*, the fate of which he describes by saying, “ it fell dead-born from the press.” Of too sanguine a temperament to be discouraged, he continued his literary labours, and, in 1742, printed, at Edinburgh, the first part of his *Essays*, which were received in a manner that fully compensated for his former disappoint-

ments. In 1745, he went to England as tutor to the young Marquess of Annandale, and after remaining in that situation for a twelvemonth, he stood candidate for the professorship of moral philosophy at Edinburgh, but, although strongly supported, the notoriety of his skeptical opinions prevented his success. In 1746, he accepted an invitation from General St. Clair to attend him as secretary to his expedition, which ended in an incursion on the coast of France; and, in 1747, he accompanied him in his military embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. During his residence at the latter place, imagining that his *Treatise of Human Nature* had failed of success from the manner rather than the matter, he published the first part of the work anew, under the title of an *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*. Its new shape, however, made but little difference in its success; and, on his return from Italy, Hume observes, "I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment, on account of Dr. Middleton's *Free Inquiry*, while my performance was entirely overlooked and neglected."

His disappointment was increased by the failure of a new edition of his *Essays*; but borne up by the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, he, in 1749, went to his brother's residence in Scotland, and composed his *Political Discourses*, and *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, both of which were published at Edinburgh, in 1752. At this time, his former publications had begun to attract notice, and more than one answer had been written to his *Essays*, of which, however, he took no notice, having made a fixed resolution, which he inflexibly maintained, never to reply to anybody. His *Political Discourses* were favourably received both abroad and at home, but his *Principles of Morals*, although, in his own opinion, incomparably the best of all his writings, came, as he says, unnoticed and unobserved into the world. In the year of its publication, already mentioned, he was chosen librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, when the large library of which he had the command, suggested to him the idea of writing the *History of England*. "Being frightened," he says, "with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of seventeen hundred years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart; an epoch when I thought the misrepresentation of faction began chiefly to take place." The history of this period appeared in one quarto volume, in 1754; but instead of meeting with the applause which he confesses he expected, it was assailed, as he tells us, "by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation." The only individuals of literary consideration from whom he received encouragement to proceed, were the primates of England and Ireland, Drs. Herring and Stone; while the sale was so inconsiderable, that, in the course of a twelvemonth, only forty-five copies were disposed of. He attributed the opposition it met with to the regret expressed by the author for the fate of Charles I., and the Earl of

Strafford; but in all probability it arose from the contemptuous tone in which he spoke of adverse religious parties.

He was so far discouraged by the reception of his work, that he resolved to quit his country for ever, and pass the remainder of his days in France. The war, however, breaking out between that country and England, his intention was frustrated, and he determined to persevere in his historical design. In the mean time he published his *Natural History of Religion*, which was answered by Warburton, in the name of Dr. Hurd, in "a pamphlet," says our author, that "gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance." In 1756, appeared his second volume of the *History of England*, containing the period from the death of Charles I. till the Revolution; and, in 1659, it was succeeded by the *History of the House of Tudor*. This performance was not less obnoxious than his first published volume, but being now grown "callous against the impressions of public folly," he devoted himself, with calm perseverance, to the early part of the English History, which he completed in two volumes, in 1761.

Notwithstanding the altogether unfavourable reception of his *History of England*, which has now become a chief standard work, our author received a sum for the copyright, which, together with a pension he enjoyed through the influence of Lord Bute, had procured him not only independence but opulence. He, therefore, meditated passing the rest of his life in philosophical retirement, when, in 1763, he accepted an invitation to accompany the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where his literary reputation obtained for him a reception which, after the apathy of his own countrymen, astonished and delighted him. He remained at the French capital, in the situation of *chargé d'affaires*, until the beginning of 1766, when he returned to England in company with the celebrated Rousseau, who is said to have repaid the delicate and generous behaviour of our author with his usual ingratitude. In 1767, he was appointed under-secretary of state to Mr. Conway, and after holding that situation for about two years, he returned to Edinburgh, in 1769, with a fortune of £1000 a year. The next four years of his life were passed in the enjoyment of ease and reputation; the succeeding portion is best described towards the close of his autobiography, dated April 18, 1776. "In spring, 1775," he says, "I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits; insomuch, that were I to name a period of my life, which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardour as ever in duty, and the

same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but a few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present."

After having finished the account of his life, he, at the request of his friends, went to England for the improvement of his health, but returned with no benefit, after a few weeks' stay at London and Bath. He now employed himself in correcting his works for a new edition, and considering himself as a dying man, talked familiarly, and even jocularly, of his approaching dissolution. To one of his friends, who, struck by his cheerfulness, could not help expressing hopes of his recovery, he said, "Your hopes are groundless; I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." His weakness increased daily, until the afternoon of the 26th of August, 1776, when he expired, says Dr. Black, "in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it."

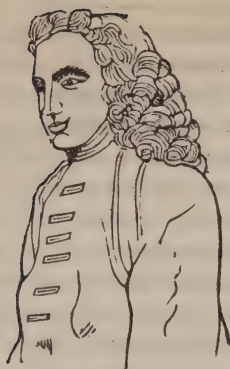
Hume seems to have formed a very just estimate of his own character: he describes himself as a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all his passions. This account of himself is fully corroborated by Dr. Adam Smith, who speaks of his social and intellectual qualities in the highest strain of eulogy: "Upon the whole," says the doctor, in his concluding remarks upon the death of Hume, "I have always considered him, both in his lifetime, and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as, perhaps, the nature of human frailty will permit." Of this frailty, he exhibited no inconsiderable portion, in treating all systems of religion as founded in superstition; and, perhaps, there was a levity of conduct immediately preceding his death, which was beyond the dignity even of a philosopher, as it was certainly very opposite to the unpretending resignation of a dying Christian. His person had no affinity to his mind; his face was broad and flat, his mouth wide, his eyes vacant, and the corpulency of his whole person is said to have been better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher. At Turin, he fell in love with a lady, and, addressing her, declared that he was "*abîmé, anéanti*." "Oh! pour anéanti," replied the lady, "*ce n'est en effet qu'une opération très naturelle de votre système*."

In his intellectual character, he takes his place in the first rank of modern philosophical skeptics, and it must be confessed that few writers have insisted on their theories with more vigour, self-command, or ability. The merit of his History of England is now generally allowed, though notwithstanding his own claim to perfect impartiality, prejudices, particu-

larly in favour of the House of Stuart, appear in his work; and he has been accused of colouring facts to support his favourite and somewhat erroneous position, that the English constitution cannot be considered as a regular plan of liberty before the reigns of the first two Stuarts. Upon the whole, however, few historians are more free from prejudice than Hume; nor is he often excelled in the clearness and eloquence of his style. About seven years after his death appeared an Essay on Suicide, generally believed to have been the production of his pen, and which, it is said, would have appeared in his lifetime, had not the booksellers been afraid to publish it.

An anecdote of Hume is told in one of Dr. Beattie's letters to Mrs. Montague, which shows, that however sincere a skeptic our author may have been, he admitted the propagation of his opinions might be destructive to the morals, if not the happiness, of at least one half of the intellectual world. "Mr. Hume," says Beattie, "was boasting to Doctor Gregory, that among his disciples in Edinburgh, he had the honour to reckon many of the fair sex. 'Now, tell me,' said the doctor, 'whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would *wish* them to be your disciples? Think well before you answer me; for, I assure you, that, whatever your answer is, I will not conceal it.' Mr. Hume, with a smile, and some hesitation, made this reply: 'No; I believe skepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman.'"—At another time, Mrs. Mallet, wife of the poet, meeting him at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words:—"Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we Deists ought to know each other."—"Madam," replied he, "I am no Deist; I do not style myself so; neither do I desire to be known by that appellation."





HENRY FIELDING.



HENRY FIELDING, a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh, and the son of Lieutenant-general Fielding, by his first wife, who was a daughter of Judge Gould, was born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, on the 22d of April, 1707. The first rudiments of his education were acquired under Mr. Oliver, who is said to have been the original of Parson Trulliber, in Joseph

Andrews. He was afterwards sent to Eton, where he applied closely to study, and had the reputation of being an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. On leaving school, he proceeded to Leyden, where he studied civil law for two years, at the expiration of which time, his father being unable to continue the necessary pecuniary supplies, he returned to London, at the age of little more than nineteen. Although his course of legal education was thus interrupted, he had accumulated a large store of solid learning; and, amidst his wildest subsequent dissipation, the love of reading and of literary intercourse never forsook him.

On his arrival in London, his brilliant wit, humour, and high relish of social enjoyment, soon brought him into great request with men of taste and literature, as well as with the voluptuous of less refinement. The dissipated habits which he thus acquired, speedily involved him in pecuniary difficulties; for, although his father professed to allow him £200 a year, this allowance, as Fielding used to say, "any one might pay who would."

Under these circumstances he turned his attention to dramatic composition, and, in 1727, produced a comedy, in five acts, called *Love in several Masques*. The piece, which was favourably received contained much smart, and even witty dialogue; but none of that finished development of plot and character which he subsequently displayed in his classic perform-

ances. The same observations will apply to his next effort, *The Temple Beau*, also a comedy, in five acts, which appeared in 1729: the hero is of the *Ranger* class, (though it should be noted that the piece preceded the *Suspicious Husband*,) and is endowed with a good stock of wit and vivacity, but the grouping of the characters is straggling and inefficient. We cannot afford space for a separate mention of all Fielding's dramatic productions; they were mostly written between 1727 and the end of 1736; so that he produced about eighteen dramas, of various lengths, before he was thirty. Those that have longest kept the stage are, *The Wedding Day*; an alteration of his *Tom Thumb*; the *Intriguing Chambermaid*; the *Virgin Unmasked*; and two excellent adaptations from Molière,—the *Miser*, and the *Mock Doctor*. His theatrical performances altogether amount to twenty-six, thirteen of which are comedies in three or five acts; all containing some sterling matter, though they cannot be commended as models either of delicacy or composition. It was his own observation that he left off writing for the stage when he ought to have begun; and, considering the extreme haste in which his pieces were put together, it is easy to account for his not holding a more distinguished rank among dramatists. It appears, also, that he had no overweening respect for the judgment of a theatrical audience. When *The Wedding Day*, the last of his dramas, was forthcoming, in 1743, Garrick, who played in it, told the author, he was apprehensive that the audience would take offence at a certain passage, and therefore begged it might be expunged. "No," said Fielding, "if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out." The disapprobation of the house was aroused at the place the actor had anticipated, and he retired, chafing, to the green-room, where the author was solacing himself with a bottle. "What's the matter, Garrick?" said he; "What are they hissing now?"—"Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench: I knew it would not do; and they have frightened me so that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole evening." "Oh, curse them!" said Fielding, "they *have* found it out, have they?"

In his twenty-seventh year, Fielding married Miss Craddock, of Salisbury, a lady of great beauty, and whose domestic virtues appear to have afforded the materials from which he drew the exquisite character of Amelia. Her marriage portion was £1500; and his mother dying about the same time, a small estate at Stower, in Dorsetshire, of £200 per year, devolved to him. Upon his retirement to this place, he commenced keeping an establishment far beyond his means, and in less than three years found himself in greater indigence than before, with the addition of a young family to support. He now, for the first time, determined steadily to pursue his legal studies, and for that purpose took chambers in the Temple, and soon made himself master of no inconsiderable share of professional knowledge.

After his call to the bar, he attended the courts at Westminster, and tra-

velled the western circuit; but his constitution being unequal to the active labours of his profession, he found himself obliged to renounce it, but not without having given some proof of his legal attainments, in the composition of two manuscript volumes on Crown Law. A great number of fugitive political tracts also came from his pen at this time, and the periodical paper, called *The Champion*, was mainly indebted to his abilities for support.

His *Essays on Conversation*, and on the *Knowledge of the Characters of Men*, the *Journey from this World to the Next*, and the *History of Jonathan Wild*, were among the earliest fruits of his literary industry, and formed the principal means of his support while he was preparing himself for the bar.

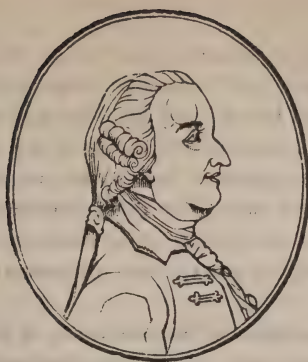
In 1742, appeared his first complete novel of *Joseph Andrews*, which produced him both fame and emolument, though the latter was not sufficient to remove the embarrassments of one who could learn any thing but economy. The loss of his wife, which he felt with an anguish that threatened the loss of his reason, added to his difficulties; and it was some time before he was sufficiently composed to continue his literary labours. These he resumed by engaging in two periodical papers, called *The True Patriot*, and *The Jacobite Journal*, which he conducted in a manner favourable to the views of the existing government, who rewarded him with the office of a *Middlesex justice*. This was a situation at that time not altogether congenial to the feelings of a gentleman, but Fielding did much to increase its respectability by the manner in which he fulfilled his duties. Nor was his pen idle: he published many pamphlets respecting the prevention of crime, and regulation of the police; and his *Inquiry into the Cause of the late Increase of Robberies, &c.*, made a great impression at the period.

In the midst of these labours, he found time to complete his master-piece, *Tom Jones*, which, in the dedication of it to Littleton, he calls the labour of some years of his life. The plot of this novel is confessedly unrivalled, both for variety and consistency, and every page teems with observation and character; the author is animated throughout with a genuine love of goodness and hatred of hypocrisy. It has been said that the character of Jones is an encouragement to imprudence; but Allworthy, who is a man of prudence as well as benevolence, is evidently the model whom the author holds out for imitation; Jones never commits an imprudence without finding it involve him in distress; and is finally made happy, not by his vices or follies, which always keep him off his haven, but by the discovery of the treachery of his enemies. "I have endeavoured to inculcate," says Fielding, "that virtue and innocence can scarce ever be injured but by indiscretion; and that it is this alone which often betrays them into the snares that deceit and villany spread for them."

The novel of *Amelia*, which succeeded *Tom Jones*, (December, 1751,) although it may not display the intense glow of colouring and consummate skill in composition which characterize the former work, exhibits a delicious mellowness and pathetic power which are equally enchanting. Notwithstanding his ill state of health, and the time consumed by his magisterial duties, Fielding, shortly after the publication of *Amelia*, started a new periodical paper, called the *Covent Garden Journal*, which was published every Tuesday and Friday, and conducted much to public amusement for a twelvemonth, when the writer's increased infirmities obliged him to abandon the undertaking.

He was now recommended to take a journey to Lisbon, which he reached in August, 1754, having written an interesting account of his voyage to that city, where he died about two months after his arrival, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was attended in his last illness by his second wife, by whom he had four children.

The person of Fielding was tall, handsome and robust, and his constitution proportionably vigorous; but early dissipation, aggravated, probably, in his maturer years, by mental vexation and want of sufficient bodily exercise, brought him to a painful and untimely end. He was not one of those malignant deceivers who decry those virtues they have not had the fortitude to practise; but, like Steele, (to whom, both in character and genius, he bears a strong resemblance,) he everywhere inculcates, directly or by inference, the duty and advantages of enlightened prudence; and is the indignant satirist only in branding selfishness, injustice, and hypocrisy. Although, perhaps, possessed of as strong animal spirits as ever glowed in a human frame, he was remarkable for conjugal tenderness and constancy, and equally exemplary in the discharge of his paternal duties. In religious principle he was a sincere Christian; and he had even contemplated an answer to the theological writings of Bolingbroke, and made considerable preparations for the purpose. As a writer, his faculties were not only vast, but admirably balanced:—taste and learning, invention and observation, wit, sense, feeling and humour, glow in his pages with united lustre; and, in spite of some superficial blemishes, both as a writer and a moralist, it may be safely pronounced that Henry Fielding ranks in the first class of the literary ornaments of his country. His chief defects are an occasional coarseness of language, and a proneness to excuse palpable deviations from rectitude of conduct, on the score of "goodness of heart," which he himself possessed in an eminent degree; but nothing seems to have been farther from his intentions than indecency of expression or immorality of sentiment.



THOMAS GRAY.



THOMAS GRAY, the only son of a money scrivener, was born on Cornhill, London, on the 26th of December, 1716. He received his education at Eton, and Peter-house, Cambridge, where he wrote some Latin poems, which obtained him an early reputation, and were inserted in the *Musæ Etonenses*. In 1738, he removed to London with the intention of studying for the bar, but having previously formed an acquaintance with Horace Walpole, he accepted an invitation to accompany him abroad, where they quarrelled, and returned home separately. It is probable that Gray received an insult not to be forgiven, for we learn from Cole, in his *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, that when matters were made up between them, and our author accepted Walpole's invitation to Strawberry Hill, he told his host that he came to wait on him as civility required, but by no means would he ever be there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had totally cancelled. During Gray's residence on the continent, he not only formed an acquaintance with the native language and customs, but made some progress in the study of architecture, painting, and music.

On the death of his father, Gray, who was left but a small property, retired to Cambridge, and took his degree in civil law, but, at the same time, renounced all thoughts of going to the bar. Literary pursuits now occupied him closely for some years, in the course of which he read almost every English author of note, besides Propertius, Ovid, Petrarch and others, from some of whose works he made translations. So tardy, however, was he in the production of his own compositions, that although his Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College was finished in 1742, it did not appear until 1747; and it was only in consequence of the printing of a surreptitious copy, that, in 1751, he published his Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. No poem ever produced so great a sensation.

although published anonymously, it quickly ran through eleven editions, it was translated into nearly all the modern languages, as well as into Latin, by Anstey, Roberts, and Lloyd; and into Greek, by Doctors Cooke, Norbury, and Coote; and numerous other elegant and able classics. In the two following years he appears to have written an ode on the Progress of Poetry, and his celebrated ode of *The Bard*, together with some fragments; but he complains, about this period, nevertheless, of being prevented from applying himself closely to poetry, from listlessness and a depression of spirits.

In 1756, he, in consequence of the annoyance of some collegians, whose apartments adjoined his own, removed to Pembroke Hall, in the same university, an event which he describes "as an era in a life so barren of events as his." This remove, however, has been explained, by other of his contemporaries, to have originated in his great dread of fire; and for his better chance of escape, in case of accident, he is said to have practised a descent from his front window into the court below, by means of a rope. This coming to the ears of some mischievous students, they frequently annoyed him by giving an alarm of fire in the night; and on one occasion, a butt of water having been placed below to receive him, he unconsciously immersed himself therein.

In 1757, he published the odes before mentioned, and in the same year he declined the office of laureate, which was offered him on the death of Cibber. In 1759, he removed to London, and resided for three years in the neighbourhood of the British Museum, which he attended for the purpose of transcribing the Harleian and Cottonian manuscripts. Being disappointed in obtaining the Cambridge professorship of modern history, which he had solicited from Lord Bute, and finding his health require change of air, he, in 1765, took a journey into Scotland, where he was introduced to the most eminent men of literature of that country. His account of this journey, "so far as it extends," says Dr. Johnson, "is curious and elegant; for as his comprehension was singular, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events." Part of the summer of the years 1766 and 1767 he passed in journeying through England. In 1768, the death of Mr. Bocket again leaving the Cambridge professorship of modern history vacant, he was appointed to the chair by the Duke of Grafton; and in the following year he wrote his famous *Installation Ode*: a production, says Dyer, in his *History of Cambridge*, in which he speaks of the duke in the language of gratitude; but, with great poetical management, steers clear of the language of sycophancy. Soon after he had accepted the office, he grew melancholy and dejected, and had some thoughts of resigning his professorship, from a disinclination to perform the duties, although he was only bound to read one lecture per term. It was his intention, however,

to have made the office less of a sinecure than his predecessors, but his ill health and inactive habits did not suffer him to do more than to sketch a plan for his inauguration speech, shortly after which he died, on the 30th of July, 1771.

Gray was small of stature, and finical in his appearance and gait; he paid a foppish attention to dress; and, although he had humour and a quick sense of the ridiculous, was so fastidiously delicate, that the least tendency to coarseness, or vulgar or unrefined manners, was sure to disturb his equanimity. This, Mason attributes to "an affectation in delicacy and effeminacy," rather "than to the things themselves;" adding, that Gray "chose to put on this appearance before persons whom he did not wish to please." Whatever were his peculiarities, no one has disputed his amiable disposition, and exemplary mode of life. He was temperate, sincere, of strict morality, and so independent, that he carried his fear of receiving favours to a blamable extent. Notwithstanding his high reputation, he exhibited no sign of vanity, and bore the attacks of critics with the most easy negligence.

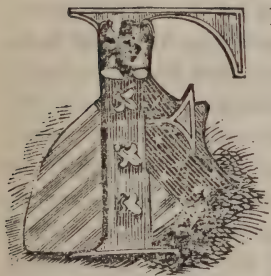
It has been truly observed of Gray, that no modern poet has left so many examples of what he designed, or so little executed; for what he did, not at once complete, he seldom had sufficient regard for to return to. The little, however, which he has left behind him, has secured him lasting popularity as a lyric poet; and if a judgment may be formed from his fragment of *An Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government*, he had equal capacities for excellence in the didactic style. As a writer of Latin verse he has been equalled by few; and his letters, which are to be found in the account of his life, by his friend Mason, have been universally admired. In allusion to that portion of them describing his travels, Dr. Johnson says, "he that reads his epistolary narrative wishes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of the employment of Gray." In his poetical compositions he is lofty, energetic, and harmonious; and, to quote the opinion of the celebrated scholar and traveller, Clarke, "his writings, both in style and diction, were a century before the age in which he wrote."

Beattie says of him, "Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or in any other nation, I found him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment and the most extensive learning."



DEATH OF RAVAILLAC.

FRANCIS RAVAILLAC.



FRANCIS RAVAILLAC, the infamous assassin of Henry IV. of France, was a native of Angoulême; and at the time of his execution was about 32 years of age. The circumstances attending this assassination are thus narrated in the *Pictorial History of France*:—The king wished to leave the regency to Mary de Medicis, assisted by a council of fifteen persons, chosen from among the most competent in the kingdom.

Concini and his wife counselled him to cause the queen to be anointed and crowned before his departure. He consented to it with regret, notwithstanding the sad presentiments which came over him. "My friend," he often said to Sully, "they will kill me. For my enemies there is no remedy but my death."

The coronation took place on the 13th of January, 1610; the queen was to make her entry into Paris on the 16th of the same month. Already had the troops assembled on the frontier of Champagne, and the king only waited for the entry which had been arranged to put himself at their head. We shall here relate what followed in the quaint language of L'Etoile. Like Julius Cæsar, Henry appears to have been warned of his coming fate,

but in vain. "On Friday, the 14th of May, 1610, a day sad and fatal for France, the king, at ten in the morning, heard mass at the Feuillants. On his return, he withdrew to his cabinet, where the Duke de Vendome, his natural son, for whom he had a great affection, sought him, to tell him that an individual named La Brosse, a professor of astrology, had told him that the constellation under which his majesty was born threatened him with great danger on that very day, and therefore he advised him to be especially on his guard. 'La Brosse is a cunning old trickster,' said he, laughing, to the Duke de Vendome, 'who wishes to have some of your money; and you are a young fool to believe him. Our days are all numbered before God.' The duke, upon that, went to report what had passed to the queen, who entreated the king not to leave the Louvre for the rest of the day. He gave the same reply to her which he had given to the duke.

"After dinner, the king threw himself on his bed to rest; but not being able to sleep, he rose, sad, uneasy and thoughtful, and walked backwards and forwards in his chamber for some time, and then again laid down on the bed. Still unable to sleep, he rose, and asked the exempt of the guards what time it was? The exempt replied that 'it was four o'clock;' and said, 'Sire, I see your majesty is sad and pensive; it would be better that you should take a little air. That will refresh your spirits.'—'Well said,' replied the king; 'order my carriage to be brought. I will go to the arsenal to see the Duke of Sully, who is indisposed, and who takes a bath to-day.'

"The carriage was made ready, and he left the Louvre, accompanied by the Duke de Montbazon, the Duke d'Epemon, Marshal de Lavardin, Roquelaure, La Force, Mirabeau, and Liancourt, his first gentleman. At the same time, he ordered the sieur de Vitry, captain of his guards, to go to the palace to hasten the preparations which were making for the entry of the queen, and directed that his guards should remain at the Louvre. Such being the arrangements, the king was followed but by a small party of gentlemen on horseback, and a few valets on foot. The carriage was unfortunately open at each door, as the weather was fine, and the king wished to see, as he passed along, the preparations which were making in the city. His carriage was entering the rue St. Honoré, from that of Ferronnerie, when it encountered on one side a vehicle laden with wine, and on the other a wagon filled with hay, which caused some obstruction, and he was forced to halt, as the street was very narrow, from the shops coming forward, which were built against the wall of the cemetery of the Innocents.

"Being thus impeded, a great portion of the valets passed on foot into the cemetery, to run more at their ease, and to get before the carriage to the end of the street. Of two valets, who alone followed the coach, one

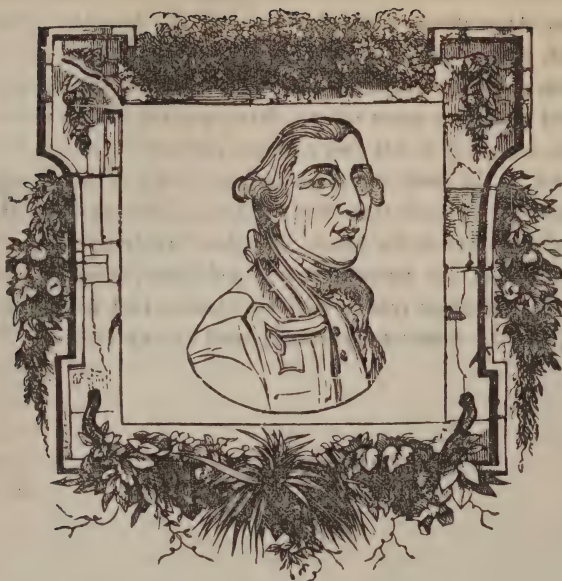
went forward to remove the obstruction, and the other was stooping to tie his garter, when a miscreant from hell, called Francis Ravailiac, a native of Angoulême, who had had time during the pause which had taken place to note on which side the king was seated, mounted on the wheel of the carriage, and, with a two-edged knife, struck the king a blow between the second and third ribs, a little above the heart, which caused the king to exclaim, 'I am wounded !' The villain, without being frightened, repeated the assault, and struck a second blow on the heart, from which the king, having breathed one deep sigh, immediately expired. This second blow was followed by a third, so fierce was the parricide against the king ; but this only struck the sleeve of the Duke de Montbazon.

"Most surprising to relate, none of the lords who were seated in the carriage with the king had seen him struck ; and if the hellish monster had thrown away his knife, it had not been known from what quarter the violence had proceeded. He, however, remained fixed, as if to make himself seen, and to glory in the greatest of assassinations."

Ravailiac's parents lived upon alms. His father was an inferior retainer to the law, and his son had been bred up in the same profession. Ravailiac had set up a claim to an estate, but the cause went against him, which affected his mind. He afterwards kept a school, and received gifts of small value, from the parents of those whom he taught, yet he had much ado to live. When he was put to the torture, he broke out into horrid execrations, but always insisted that he acted from his own motive, and that he could accuse nobody. On the day of his execution, after he had made the *amende honorable* before the church of Notre Dame, he was carried to the Greve ; and being brought upon a scaffold, was tied to a wooden engine in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross. His right hand, with the knife with which he did the murder fastened in it, was first burnt in a slow fire ; then the fleshy parts of his body were torn with red-hot pincers, and melted lead, oil, pitch, and rosin, poured into the wounds, and through a clay funnel into his bowels by the navel. The people refused to pray for him ; and when, according to the sentence pronounced upon him, he came to be dragged to pieces by four horses, one of those that were brought appearing to be but weak, one of the spectators offered his own, with which the criminal was much moved : he is said to have then made a confession, which was so written by the greffier Voisin, that not one word of it could ever be read. He was very earnest for absolution, which his confessor refused, unless he would reveal his accomplices. "Give it me conditionally," said he ; "upon condition that I have told the truth," which they did. His body was so robust that it resisted the force of the four horses ; and the executioner was at length obliged to cut him into quarters, which the people dragged through the streets. The house in which he was born was demolished, and a column of infamy erected ; his father and mother were

banished from Angoulême, and ordered to quit the kingdom upon pain of being hanged, if they returned, without any form of process; his brothers, sisters, uncles, and other relations, were commanded to lay aside the name Ravillac, and to assume some other. Such was the fate of this execrable monster, who, according to his own account, suffered himself to be impelled to such an act by the seditious sermons and books of the Jesuits, whom Henry, rather out of fear than love, had recalled and caressed, and to whom he had bequeathed his heart. Neither the dying words of Ravillac, nor so much of his process as was published, were credited by his contemporaries. Various reports were circulated which it is unnecessary to recapitulate, as they were totally unsupported by any evidence.





ADMIRAL RODNEY.



GEORGE BRIDGES RODNEY was born in 1718.

His father was a naval officer; commanding, at the time of his son's birth, the yacht in which the king, attended by the Duke of Chandos, was passing to or from Hanover, he asked and obtained leave to call his infant son George Bridges. The royal and noble godfathers adopted Captain Rodney to educate his boy for his own profession, promising to promote him as rapidly as the merit he should display, and the regulations of the navy would permit. Of young Rodney's early exertions in the service of his country, nothing, however, is known till 1754, when we find him, in the rank of a commodore, sent out to make accurate discoveries respecting an island, which was supposed to lie about fifty degrees north latitude, and about three hundred leagues west of England: but he returned without having seen any such island. In the war which soon followed this voyage of discovery, he was promoted to the rank of a rear-admiral, and was employed to bombard Havre de Grace; which in 1759 and 1760 he considerably damaged, together with some shipping. In 1761, he was sent on an expedition against Martinico, which was reduced in the beginning of 1762, and about the same time, St. Lucia surrendered to Captain Harvey. Both were restored at the peace of 1763. In reward for his services, he was created a K. B., but being inattentive to

economy, his circumstances became so embarrassed, that he was obliged to fly from his country. He was in France when that court took a decided part with America against Great Britain; and some men in power offered him a high command in the French navy, if he would carry arms against his own country. This offer he rejected with indignation. When the divisions, which the mutual recriminations of Admiral Keppel, and Sir Hugh Palliser excited in the British navy, made it difficult for the ministry to procure experienced and popular commanders for their fleets, Lord Sandwich wrote to Sir G. B. Rodney, offering him a principal command; but the difficulty was for the veteran to find money to pay his accounts in France, so that he might be permitted to leave that kingdom. The money, it has been affirmed, was advanced to him by the courtiers whose offer he had before indignantly rejected. He arrived, therefore, in England, and was again employed. His first exploit was in January, 1780, when he took nineteen Spanish transports bound to Cadiz from Bilboa, with a sixty-four gun ship, and five frigates. On the 16th of January, he fell in with the Spanish fleet, consisting of eleven sail of the line, under Don John de Langara; of which one was blown up during the engagement, five were taken, and carried into Gibraltar, among which was the admiral's ship, and the rest were much shattered. In April, 1780, he fell in with the French fleet, under Admiral Guichen, at Martinico, whom he obliged to fight, and completely beat; though from the shattered state of his own fleet, and the unwillingness of the enemy to risk another action, he took none of their ships. His successful efforts during 1780 were generally applauded. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and addresses of thanks from various parts of Great Britain, and the islands to which his victories were more particularly serviceable. In 1781, he continued his exertions, with much success, in defending the West India islands; and, along with General Vaughan, he conquered St. Eustatius; on which occasion his conduct to the inhabitants has been much censured; but with what justice we will not decide. The island was certainly a nest of contraband traders. On the 12th of April, 1782, he came to a close action with the French fleet under Count de Grasse; during which he sunk one ship, and took five, of which the admiral's ship, the *Ville de Paris*, was one. Peace was made in 1782; but, as a reward for his numerous services, he had a grant of £2000 a year for himself and his two successors. He had long before been created a baronet, was rear-admiral of Great Britain, and at length was justly promoted to the peerage, by the title of Baron Rodney of Stoke, Somersetshire, and made vice-admiral of Great Britain. He was once also governor of Greenwich Hospital. Lord Rodney had been twice married; first to the sister of the Earl of Northampton, and, secondly, to the daughter of John Clies, Esq., with whom he did not reside for several years before his death, which happened on the

24th of May, 1792. He was succeeded in title and estates by his son George. His attention to the wants of the seamen, and the warrant officers serving under him, indicated that humanity which is always allied to true courage. He often, from the dishes brought to his table, selected something very plain for himself, and sent the rest to the midshipmen's mess. His public transactions will transmit his name with honour to posterity; his bravery was unquestionable, and his success has been seldom equalled. It has, indeed, been very generally said, that he was indebted to the superior abilities of Captain Young and Sir Charles Douglas for the manœuvres by which he was so successful against Langara and De Grasse. But, supposing this to be true, it detracts not from his merit. A weak or foolish commander could not always make choice of the ablest officers for his first captains, nor would such a man be guided by their advice. In 1783, the House of Assembly in Jamaica voted £1000 towards erecting a marble statue to him, as a mark of their gratitude and veneration for his gallant services, so timely and gloriously performed for the salvation of that island, the West India islands, and trade in general.





THOMAS PAINE.



THOMAS PAINE, a celebrated political and deistical writer, born in 1737, at Thetford, in Norfolk, where his father, a Quaker, was a stay-maker. He received his education at a grammar-school in his native place, but attained to little beyond the rudiments of the Latin language. He seems afterwards to have paid great attention to arithmetic, and to have obtained some knowledge of mathematics. In early life, he followed the business of his father, and afterwards became a grocer and exciseman at Lewes, in Sussex, but was dismissed for keeping a tobacconist shop, which was incompatible with his duties. The abilities which he displayed in a pamphlet written to show the propriety of advancing the salaries of excisemen, struck one of the commissioners, who gave him a letter of introduction to Doctor Franklin, then in London. The latter recommended him to go to America. He took this advice, and, reaching Philadelphia in 1774, in the following January, became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, which he conducted with considerable ability. Hostilities having commenced between the mother country and the colonies, he composed his celebrated pamphlet, entitled *Common Sense*, which was written with great vigor. The object of this tract was to recommend the separation of the colonies from Great Britain. For this production, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted him £500. He also received the degree of M. A. from the university of the same province, and was chosen a

member of the American Philosophical Society. To these rewards was added the office of clerk to the committee for foreign affairs, which, although a confidential situation, did not justify him in assuming the title of "late secretary for foreign affairs," which he did in the title-page of the *Rights of Man*. While in this office, he published a series of political appeals, which he denominated the *Crisis*. He was obliged to resign his secretaryship in 1779, owing to his having divulged some official secrets in a controversy with Silas Deane, whom he accused of a fraudulent attempt to profit by his agency, in conveying the secret supplies of stores from France. The next year, he obtained the appointment of clerk to the Assembly of Pennsylvania; and, in 1785, on the rejection of a motion to appoint him historiographer to the United States, received from Congress a donation of \$3000. He also received 500 acres of land from the State of New York. In 1787, he embarked for France; and, after visiting Paris, went to England, with a view to the prosecution of a project relative to the erection of an iron bridge, of his own invention. This scheme involved him in pecuniary difficulties; and, in the course of the following year, he was arrested for debt, but was bailed by some American merchants. On the appearance of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, he wrote the first part of his *Rights of Man*, in answer to that celebrated work. The second part was published early in 1792; and, May 21, in that year, a proclamation was issued against wicked and seditious publications, alluding to, but not naming, the *Rights of Man*. On the same day, the attorney-general commenced a prosecution against Paine as the author of that work. While the trial was pending, he was chosen member of the national convention for the department of Calais; and, making his escape, he set off for France, and arrived there in September, 1792. On the trial of Louis XVI., he voted against the sentence of death, proposing his imprisonment during the war, and his banishment afterwards. This conduct offended the Jacobins; and, towards the close of 1793, he was excluded from the convention, on the ground of his being a foreigner (though he had been naturalized); and, immediately after, he was arrested, and committed to the Luxembourg. Just before his confinement, he had finished the first part of his work against Revelation, entitled the *Age of Reason*, being an Investigation of true and fabulous Theology; and, having confided it to the care of his friend Joel Barlow, it was published; by which step he forfeited the countenance of the greater part of his American connections. On the fall of Robespierre, he was released, and, in 1795, published, at Paris, the second part of his *Age of Reason*; and, in May, 1796, addressed to the Council of Five Hundred a work entitled the *Decline and Fall of the System of Finance in England*, and also published his pamphlet entitled *Agrarian Justice*. Fearful of being captured by English cruisers, he remained in France till August, 1802, when he embarked for America, and reached Baltimore the following

October. He had lost his first wife the year following his marriage ; and, after a cohabitation of three years and a half, had separated from a second, by mutual consent, several years before. Thus situated, he obtained a female companion in the person of a Madame de Bonneville, the wife of a French bookseller, who, with her two sons, accompanied him to America ; but, whatever was the nature of this connection, (at the age of sixty-five,) which has been differently represented, the husband and children, with the wife, became his chief legatees. His subsequent life was by no means happy ; for, although occupied in various mechanical speculations and other engrossing pursuits, and possessed of decent competence, his attacks upon religion had exceedingly narrowed his circle of acquaintance ; and his habitual intemperance tended to the injury of his health, and the ultimate production of a complication of disorders, to which he fell a victim June 8, 1809, in his seventy-third year. Being refused interment in the ground of the Society of Friends, which favour he had requested before his death, he was buried on his own farm. The strong part taken by this extraordinary man in religion and politics has produced such extremes of praise and execration, that there exist few or no sources of unbiassed information, either as to his abilities or character, except his writings. That he possessed much native vigour of intellect, is indisputable ; and, concentrated as it became by resolute exclusion of multifarious acquirements, and of even a moderate recourse to books, it assumed, in his writings, that piquancy, force, and simplicity, which, of all qualities, secure the largest share of general attention in popular controversy. The political pamphlets, letters, and addresses of Paine are numerous, and may be found in the collective editions of his works. They are also enumerated at the end of his Life by Sherwin. (See his Life by Cheetham and Sherwin.)





CARDINAL XIMENES.



FRANCIS XIMENES, a justly celebrated cardinal, Bishop of Toledo, and prime minister of Spain, was born at Torrelaguna, in Old Castile, in 1437, and studied at Alcala and Salamanca. He then went to Rome; and being robbed on the road, brought nothing back but a bull for obtaining the first vacant prebend: but the Archbishop of Toledo refused it him, and put him in prison. When restored to liberty, he obtained a benefice in the diocese of Sigüenza, where Cardinal Gonzales de Mendoza, the bishop, made him his grand vicar. Ximenes afterwards entered among the Franciscans of Toledo; and next retired to a solitude named Castanel, to study divinity and the Oriental tongues. At his return to Toledo, Queen Isabella of Castile chose him for her confessor, and afterwards made him Archbishop of Toledo. He possessed a thorough knowledge of public affairs, and discovered talents for business which rendered the same of his wisdom equal to that of his sanctity. He provided for the poor; visited the churches and hospitals; purged his diocese of usurers and places of debauchery; degraded corrupt judges, and placed in their room persons distinguished by their probity and disinterestedness. He erected a famous university at Alcala; and in 1499, founded the college of St. Ildephonso. Three years after, he undertook the Polyglot Bible; and for that purpos

sent for many learned men to come to him at Toledo, purchased seven copies in Hebrew for four thousand crowns, and gave a great price for Latin and Greek manuscripts. At this Bible they laboured above twelve years. It contains the Hebrew text of the Bible; the version of the Septuagint, with a literal translation; that of St. Jerom, and the Chaldee paraphrases of Onkelos; and Ximenes added to it a dictionary of the Hebrew and Chaldee words contained in the Bible. This work is called Ximenes's Polyglot. In 1507, Pope Julius II. made him a cardinal, and King Ferdinand intrusted him with the administration of affairs. Cardinal Ximenes was from this moment the soul of every thing that passed in Spain. He distinguished himself at the beginning of his ministry by discharging the people from the burdensome tax called *acavale*, which had been continued on account of the war against Granada; and laboured with such zeal and success in the conversion of the Mohammedans, that he made three thousand converts, among whom was a prince of the blood of the kings of Granada. In 1509, he extended the dominions of Ferdinand, by taking the city of Oran in Algiers. He undertook this conquest at his own expense, and marched in person at the head of the Spanish army, clothed in his pontifical ornaments, and accompanied by a great number of ecclesiastics and monks. Some time after, foreseeing an extraordinary scarcity, he erected public granaries at Toledo, Alcala, and Torrelaguna, and had them filled with corn at his own expense; which gained the people's hearts to such a degree, that to preserve the memory of this noble action, they had an eulogium upon it cut on marble, in the hall of the senate-house at Toledo, and in the market-place. Ferdinand V. dying in 1516, left Cardinal Ximenes regent of his dominions; and the Archduke Charles (afterwards the Emperor Charles V.) confirmed that nomination. The cardinal immediately made a reform of the officers of the supreme council and of the court, and put a stop to the oppression of the grandees. He vindicated effectually the rights both of the people and the crown against the nobility. At length, from the repeated entreaties of Ximenes, and the impatient murmurs of the Spanish ministry, Charles V. embarked, and landed in Spain, accompanied by his favourites. Ximenes was advancing to the coast to meet him, but at Bos Equillos was seized with a violent disorder, which his followers considered as the effects of poison. This accident obliging Ximenes to stop, he wrote to the king, and with his usual boldness advised him to dismiss all the strangers in his train, whose number and credit already gave offence to the Spaniards, and earnestly desired to have an interview with him, that he might inform him of the state of the nation, and the temper of his subjects. The king's answer contained a few cold and formal expressions of regard, and allowed him to retire to his diocese. He expired a few hours after reading it, in 1517, in the eighty-first year of his age.



ALFRED THE GREAT.



ALFRED, or Ælfred, the Great, King of England, one of the many monarchs who have obtained that title, and one of the very few who have truly deserved it, was the fifth and youngest son of Æthelwolf, king of the West Saxons, and was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849. He distinguished himself, during the reign of his brother Ethelred I., in several engagements against the Danes; and upon his death, succeeded to the crown, in the year 871, and the twenty-second of his age. At his ascending the throne, he found himself involved in a dangerous war with the Danes, and placed in such circumstances of distress as called for the greatest valour, resolution, and all the other virtues with which he was adorned. The Danes had already penetrated into the heart of his kingdom; and before he had been a month upon the throne, he was obliged to take the field against those formidable enemies. After many battles gained on both sides, he was at length reduced to the greatest distress, and was entirely abandoned by his subjects. In this situation, Alfred, conceiving himself no longer a king, laid aside all marks of royalty, and took shelter in the house of one who kept his cattle. He retired afterwards to the isle of Æthelingey, in Somersetshire, where he built a fort for the security of

himself, his family, and the few faithful servants who repaired thither to him. When he had been about a year in this retreat, having been informed that some of his subjects had routed a great army of the Danes, killed their chiefs, and taken their magical standard, he issued his letters, giving notice where he was, and inviting his nobility to come and consult with him. Before they came to a final determination, Alfred, putting on the habit of a harper, went into the enemy's camp, where, without suspicion, he was everywhere admitted, and had the honour to play before their princes. Having thereby acquired an exact knowledge of their situation, he returned in great secrecy to his nobility, whom he ordered to their respective homes, there to draw together each man as great a force as he could; and upon a day appointed there was to be a general rendezvous at the great wood, called Selwood, in Wiltshire. This affair was transacted so secretly and expeditiously, that, in a little time, the king, at the head of an army, approached the Danes, before they had the least intelligence of his design. Alfred, taking advantage of the surprise and terror they were in, fell upon them, and totally defeated them at Æthendune, now Eddington. Those who escaped fled to a neighbouring castle, where they were soon besieged, and obliged to surrender at discretion. Alfred granted them better terms than they could expect. He agreed to give up the whole kingdom of the East Angles, to such as would embrace the Christian religion, on condition that they would oblige the rest of their countrymen to quit the island, and, as much as it was in their power, prevent the landing of any more foreigners. For the performance thereof, he took hostages; and when, in pursuance of the treaty, Guthrum, the Danish captain came, with thirty of his chief officers, to be baptized, Alfred answered for him at the font, and gave him the name of Æthelstane; and certain laws were drawn up between the king and Guthrum, for the regulation and government of the Danes settled in England. In 884, a fresh number of Danes landed in Kent, and laid siege to Rochester; but the king coming to the relief of that city, they were obliged to abandon their design. Alfred had now great success; which was chiefly owing to his fleet, an advantage of his own creating. Having secured the seacoasts, he fortified the rest of the kingdom with castles and walled towns; and he besieged and recovered from the Danes the city of London, which he resolved to repair, and keep as a frontier. The Danes had possessed themselves of it in the time of his father; and had held it till now as a convenient place to land at, and fortify themselves in; neither was it taken from them but by a close siege. However, when it came into the king's hands, it was in a miserable condition, scarce habitable, and all its fortifications ruined. The king, moved by the importance of the place, and the desire of strengthening his frontier against the Danes, restored it to its ancient splendour. And observing, that, through the confusion of the times, many,

both Saxons and Danes, lived in a loose and disorderly manner, without owning any government, he offered them now a comfortable establishment, if they would submit and become his subjects. This proposition was better received than he expected; for multitudes growing weary of a vagabond kind of life, joyfully accepted the offer. After some years respite, Alfred was again called into the field: for a body of Danes, being worsted in the west of France, came with a fleet of two hundred and fifty sail on the coast of Kent; and having landed, fixed themselves at Appletree: shortly after, another fleet of eighty vessels coming up the Thames, the men landed, and built a fort at Middleton. Before Alfred marched against the enemy, he obliged the Danes, settled in Northumberland and Essex, to give him hostages for their good behaviour. He then moved towards the invaders, and pitched his camp between their armies, to prevent their junction. A great body, however, moved off to Essex; and crossing the river, came to Farnham in Surrey, where they were defeated by the king's forces. Meanwhile, the Danes settled in Northumberland, in breach of treaty, and notwithstanding the hostages given, equipped two fleets; and, after plundering the northern and southern coasts, sailed to Exeter, and besieged it. The king, as soon as he received intelligence, marched against them; but before he reached Exeter, they had got possession of it. He kept them, however, blocked up on all sides; and reduced them at last to such extremities, that they were obliged to eat their horses, and were even ready to devour each other. Being at length rendered desperate, they made a general sally on the besiegers; but were defeated, though with great loss on the king's side. The remainder of this body of Danes fled into Essex, to the fort they had built there, and to their ships. Before Alfred had time to recruit himself, another Danish leader, whose name was Laf, came with a great army out of Northumberland, and destroyed all before him, marching on to the city of Werheal in the west, which is supposed to be Chester, where they remained the rest of that year. The year following they invaded North Wales; and after having plundered and destroyed every thing, they divided, one body returning to Northumberland, another into the territories of the East Angles; from whence they proceeded to Essex, and took possession of a small island called Meresig. Here they did not long remain: for having parted, some sailed up the river Thames, and others up the Lea Road; where, drawing up their ships, they built a fort, not far from London, which proved a great check upon the citizens, who went in a body and attacked it, but were repulsed with great loss: at harvest time, the king himself was obliged to encamp with a body of troops in the neighbourhood of the city, in order to cover the reapers from the excursions of the Danes. As he was one day riding by the side of the river Lea, after some observation, he began to think that the Danish ships might be laid quite dry: this he attempted, and suc-

ceeded ; so that the Danes deserted their fort and ships, and marched away to the banks of the Severn, where they built a fort, and wintered at a place called Quatbrig. This king's contrivance is thought to have produced the meadow between Hertford and Bow ; for at Hertford was the Danish fort, and from thence they made frequent excursions on the inhabitants of London. Authors are not agreed as to the method the king pursued in laying dry the Danish ships : Dugdale supposes that he did it by straitening the channel ; but Henry of Huntingdon alleges, that he cut several canals, which exhausted its water. Be that as it may, the business was done ; and such of the Danish ships as could be got off, the Londoners carried into their own road ; the rest they burnt and destroyed. Alfred enjoyed a profound peace during the three last years of his reign, which he chiefly employed in establishing and regulating his government, for the security of himself and his successors, as well as the ease and benefit of his subjects in general. After a troublesome reign of twenty-eight years, he died on the 28th of October, A. D. 900 ; and was buried at Winchester, in Hyde Abbey, under a monument of porphyry.

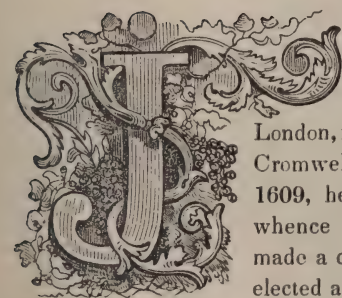
All our historians agree in distinguishing him as one of the most valiant, wisest, and best of kings, that ever reigned in England ; and it is also generally allowed, that he not only digested several particular laws still in being, but that he laid the first foundation of our present happy constitution. There is great reason to believe, that we are indebted to this prince for trials by juries ; and the Doomsday Book, which is preserved in the exchequer, is thought to be no more than another edition of Alfred's Book of Winchester, which contained a survey of the kingdom. It is said, also, that he was the first who divided the kingdom into shires : what is ascribed to him is, not a bare division of the country, but the settling a new form of judicature ; for after having divided his dominions into shires, he subdivided each shire into three parts, called *tythings*. There are some remains of this ancient division in the ridings of Yorkshire, the laths of Kent, and the three parts of Lincolnshire. Each *tything* was divided into hundreds or wapentakes ; and these again into *tythings* or dwellings of ten householders : each of these householders stood engaged to the king, as a pledge for the good behaviour of the family, and all the ten were mutually pledges for each other ; so that if any one of the *tythings* was suspected of an offence, if the head boroughs or chiefs of the *tything* would not be security for him, he was imprisoned ; and if he made his escape, the *tything* and hundred were fined to the king. Each shire was under the government of an earl, under whom was the reive, his deputy ; since, from his office, called *shire reive* or *sheriff*. And so effectual were these regulations, that it is said he caused bracelets of gold to be hung up in the highways, as a challenge to robbers, and they remained untouched. In private life, Alfred was the most amiable man in his dominions ; of so

equal a temper, that he never suffered either sadness or unbecoming gayety to enter his mind ; but appeared always of a calm, yet cheerful disposition, familiar to his friends, just even to his enemies, kind and tender to all. He was a remarkable economist of his time ; and Asserius has given us an account of the method he took for dividing and keeping an account of it : he caused six wax candles to be made, each of twelve inches long, and of as many ounces weight ; on the candles the inches were regularly marked, and having found that one of them burnt just four hours, he committed them to the care of the keepers of his chapel, who from time to time gave him notice how the hours went : but as in windy weather the candles were wasted by the impression of the air on the flame, to remedy this inconvenience, he invented lanthorns, there being then no glass in his dominions. This prince, we are told, was twelve years of age before a master could be procured in the western kingdom to teach him the alphabet ; such was the state of learning when Alfred began to reign. He had felt the misery of ignorance ; and resolved even to rival his contemporary Charlemagne in the encouragement of literature. He is supposed to have appointed persons to read lectures at Oxford, and is thence considered as the founder of that university. By other proper establishments, and by a general encouragement to men of abilities, he did every thing in his power to diffuse knowledge throughout his dominions. Nor was this end promoted more by his countenance and encouragement, than by his own example and his writings. For notwithstanding the lateness of his initiation, he had acquired extraordinary erudition ; and, although he had not been illustrious as a king, he would have been famous as an author.





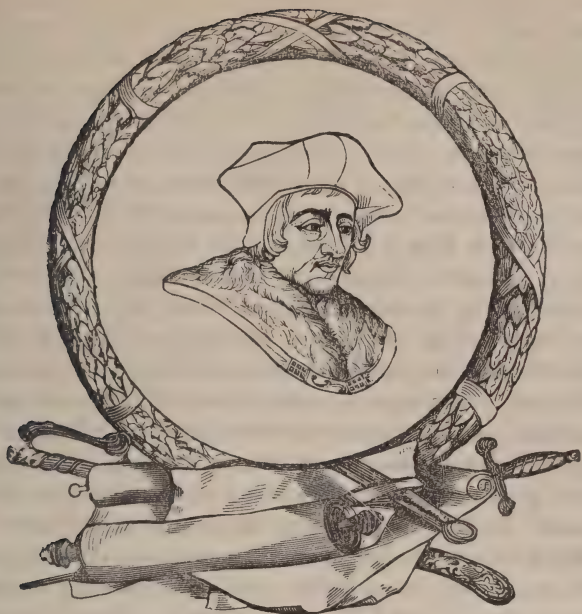
JOHN HAMPDEN.



JOHN HAMPDEN, Esq., of Hamden, a celebrated patriot, descended of an ancient family in Buckinghamshire, was born at London, in 1594. He was cousin german to Oliver Cromwell, his mother being Oliver's aunt. In 1609, he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, whence he went to the inns of court, where he made a considerable progress in the law. He was elected a member of the parliament which began at Westminster, February 5, 1626; and served in all the succeeding parliaments in the reign of Charles I. In 1636, he became universally known, by his refusal to pay ship-money, as being an illegal tax; upon which he was prosecuted, and his conduct throughout this transaction gained him a great character. When the long parliament began, the eyes of all men were fixed on him as their *pater patriæ*. On January 3, 1644, the king ordered articles of high treason, and other misdemeanors to be prepared against Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Hampden, and four other members of the House of Commons, and went to that house to seize them: but they had retired. Mr. Hampden afterwards made a speech in the House to clear himself of the charge laid against him. In the beginning of the civil war he commanded a regiment of foot, and was of great service to the parliament at the battle of Edge-hill. He received a mortal wound in the

shoulder in an engagement with Prince Rupert, on the 18th of June, 1643, at Chalgravefield, in Oxfordshire, and died on the 24th. He had the art of Socrates, of interrogating, and, under the pretence of doubts, insinuating objections, so that he infused his own opinions into those from whom he appeared to learn them. He was a very wise man and of great parts; and possessed of the most absolute spirit of popularity to govern the people, that ever was in any country. He was master over all his appetites and passions, and had thereby a very great ascendant over those of other great men: he was of an industry and vigilance never to be tired out, of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtile, and of courage equal to his best parts; and, above all, was a man of the most inflexible integrity.





SIR THOMAS MORE.

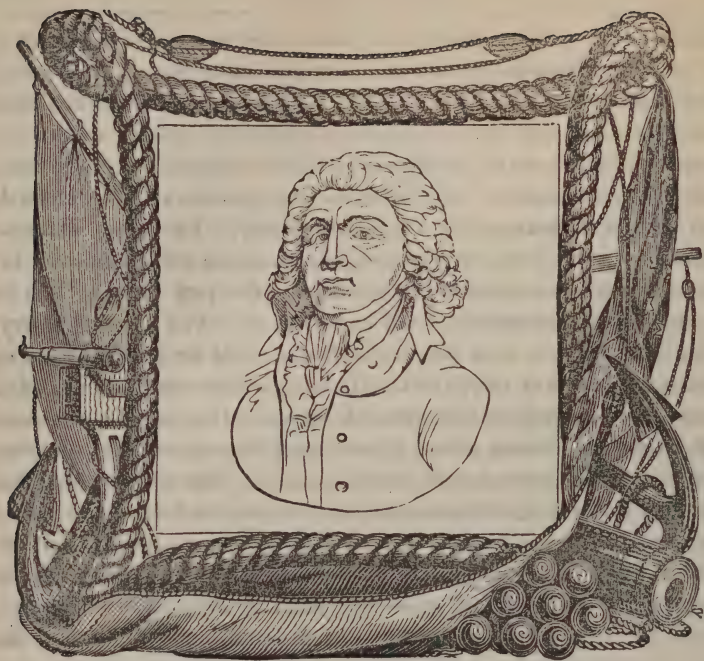


SIR THOMAS MORE, Lord High Chancellor of England, son of Sir John More, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, was born in 1480, at London, where he received the rudiments of his education. He was afterwards introduced to Cardinal Moreton, who, in 1497, sent him to Canterbury College, in Oxford, where he attended the lectures of Linacre and Grocinius, on Greek and Latin. In 1499, he came to New Inn, in London, to study the law; whence he removed to Lincoln's Inn, of which his father was a member. Notwithstanding his application to the law, however, now about twenty years old, he was so bigotted to monkish discipline, that he wore a hair-shirt next his skin, and often fasted and slept on a bare plank. In 1503, being then a burgess in parliament, he distinguished himself in the House, in opposition to the motion for granting a subsidy and three-fifteenths for the marriage of Henry VII.'s eldest daughter, Margaret, to King James V. of Scotland. The motion was rejected; and the king was so highly offended at this opposition from a beardless boy, that he revenged himself on Mr. More's father, by sending him to the Tower, and obliging him to pay £100 for his liberty. Being now called to the bar, he was appointed law-reader at Furnival's inn,

which he held about three years. About this time he also read a public lecture in St. Lawrence's church, Old Jewry, upon St. Austin's treatise *De Civitate Dei*, with great applause. He had intended to become a Franciscan friar, but was dissuaded from it; and, by the advice of D. Colet, married Jane, daughter of John Colt, Esq., of Newhall, in Essex. In 1508, he was appointed judge of the sheriff's court, in London, was made a justice of the peace, and became very eminent at the bar. In 1516, he went to Flanders with Bishop Tonsal, and Dr. Knight, who were sent by Henry VIII. to renew the alliance with the Archduke of Austria, afterwards Charles V. On his return, Cardinal Wolsey would have engaged him in the service of the crown, and offered him a pension which he refused. But he soon after accepted the place of master of the requests, was created a knight, and a privy councillor, and in 1520, made treasurer of the exchequer. About this time he built a house at Chelsea, and married a second wife, whose name was Middleton, a widow, old, ill-tempered, and covetous; yet Erasmus says, he was as fond of her as if she had been a young maid. In 1523, he was made speaker of the House of Commons: in which capacity he had the courage to oppose the then powerful minister, Wolsey, in his demand of an oppressive subsidy; yet he was, soon after, made chancellor of Lancaster, and was treated by the king with singular familiarity. The king having once dined with Sir Thomas at Chelsea, walked with him near an hour in the garden, with his arm round his neck. After he was gone, Mr. Roper, Sir Thomas's son-in-law, observed how happy he was to be so familiarly treated by the king; to which Sir Thomas replied: "I must tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go off." In 1526, he was sent, with Cardinal Wolsey and others, on a joint embassy to France, and in 1529, with Bishop Tonsal to Cambray. The king, it seems, was so well pleased with his services on these occasions, that in 1530 he made him chancellor; which seems the more extraordinary, when Sir Thomas had repeatedly declared his disapprobation of the king's divorce. Having executed that office about three years, with wisdom and integrity, he resigned the seals in 1533, probably to avoid the danger of his refusing to confirm the king's divorce. He now retired to his house at Chelsea; dismissed many of his servants; sent his children with their respective families to their own houses; for hitherto he had maintained all his children, with their families, in his own house, in the true style of an ancient patriarch, and spent his time in study and devotion; but the capricious tyrant would not suffer him to enjoy this tranquillity. Though now reduced to a private station, his opinion of the legality of the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn was deemed of so much importance, that various means were tried to obtain his approbation; but all persuasion proving ineffectual, he was, with some others, attainted in

the House of Lords of misprision of treason, for encouraging Elizabeth Barton in her treasonable practices. His innocence appeared so clear, that they were obliged to strike his name out of the bill. He was then accused of other crimes, but with the same effect; till, refusing to take the oath enjoined by the act of supremacy, he was committed to the Tower, and after thirteen months' imprisonment, was tried at the King's Bench, for high treason, in denying the king's supremacy. The proof rested on the sole evidence of Rich, the solicitor-general, whom Sir Thomas, in his defence, sufficiently discredited; nevertheless, the jury brought him in guilty, and he was condemned to suffer as a traitor. The merciful Harry, however, indulged him with simple decollation; and he was beheaded on Tower-hill, on the 5th of July, 1535. His body, which was first interred in the Tower was begged by his daughter Margaret, and deposited in the chancel of the church at Chelsea, where a monument, with an inscription written by himself, had been erected, and is still to be seen. She also procured his head, after it had remained fourteen days upon London bridge, and placed it in a vault belonging to the Roper's family, under a chapel near St. Dunstan's church in Canterbury. Sir Thomas More was a man of some learning, and an upright judge; a very priest in religion, yet cheerful, and even witty on many occasions, particularly at his execution. He wanted not sagacity, where religion was out of the question; but in that his faculties were so enveloped as to render him a weak and credulous enthusiast. He left one son and three daughters. Sir Thomas was the author of various works, though his *Utopia* is the only performance that has survived in the esteem of the world; owing to the rest being chiefly of a polemic nature: his answer to Luther has only gained him the credit of having the best knack of any man in Europe, at giving *bad* names in *good* Latin. His English works were collected and published by order of Queen Mary I., in 1557; his Latin, at Basil, in 1563, and at Louvain, in 1536.





MIRABEAU.



ABRIEL HONORE RIQUETTI MIRABEAU, the eldest son of the Marquis of Mirabeau, was born at Paris, in 1749. He showed great abilities at an early age, but having been guilty of some juvenile indiscretions, his father treated him with so much severity that he fled from his persecutions in 1769, and took refuge in Holland; where he published a book against Despot-

ism, both regal and paternal. On his return to France, he was seized on a *lettre de cachet*, obtained by his father, and shut up in a state prison; but the walls of a dungeon could not damp the vigour of his mind, nor repress the activity of his genius; for amidst the gloom and melancholy of a rigorous confinement, he wrote his much-admired work on *Lettres de Cachet*, which was published soon after he had obtained his liberty, and being circulated through France, and soon after through all Europe, contributed to pave the way for the popular fermentation and revolution that followed. But while his literary fame was thus rising, his moral character was sullied by repeated scenes of dissipation, which his father in vain endeavoured to suppress by successive imprisonments; insomuch that it is said he had obtained no fewer than thirty, Dr. Watkins says sixty-seven,

lettres de cachet against him. But while the old count was even meditating how to disinherit him, young Gabriel was relieved from farther persecution by his death. Soon after this he travelled through Germany, Switzerland, England, and Flanders; and upon his return was appointed, by M. de Calonne, a kind of private envoy to the Court of Berlin, Frederick the Great being then in his decline, and the French court wishing to be acquainted with the genius and capacity of the Prince Royal. The count fulfilled the object of his mission with success, and disclosed the situation, the views, and characters of the Prussian court, in a work that attracted the attention of all Europe. This work was entitled, *The Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, and was condemned by the parliament of Paris. Yet at this period, the count's ambition aspired no higher than to fill some inferior diplomatic office. But M. de Calonne either did not justly appreciate his abilities, or viewed them with envy; for he neither gave him a new appointment, nor properly rewarded him for what he had done. But Mirabeau was ordained soon to figure in a much more conspicuous station. At the meeting of the States of Provence, in 1787, he delivered an oration, which not only procured him the highest applause for his eloquence and patriotism, but inspired all who heard it with the same zeal for liberty and enmity to despotism that seemed to influence himself. This memorable oration procured him to be elected a member of the Constituent National Assembly, both by the citizens of Marseilles, and those of Aix. He took his seat for the latter, and soon distinguished himself as the most able advocate, that France had seen, for the rights of the people. In that assembly of the greatest and most learned men that France ever convened together, Mirabeau was elected president, and cut a most conspicuous figure; and had he lived, would, in all probability, by his eminent abilities and prudent measures have completed that revolution which he had so active a hand in beginning; without those bloody measures which afterwards threw every thing into confusion, and which, after the murder of the king and of the best friends of liberty in France, at last issued in the establishment of a despotism fully as absolute and unlimited as that which the National Assembly abolished. But his patriotic career was ordained to be short. In the midst of his glory and of his schemes for the permanent establishment of a free constitution under a limited monarchy, he was seized with a rheumatic gout, which from its commencement prognosticated a fatal issue. All Paris was in anxious alarm, but in spite of the best medical advice, he died on the 2d of April, 1791. He continued to the last to talk of public affairs, and when no longer able to converse expressed his sentiments on some important subjects in writing. His natural son was so concerned for his approaching death, that he killed himself the day before he died. His works consist of eighteen treatises, chiefly in favour of the democratic system.



DUMOURIEZ.



HARLES FRANCOIS DUMOURIEZ was born at Cambria, in 1739. His father was commissary in the army, and was also an author and a poet. Dumouriez entered the army at an early age, and served in Germany during the Seven Years' War. After the peace of Paris, 1763, he travelled about Europe, offering his services to several states: he visited Corsica, and afterwards Spain and Portugal, and wrote an essay on the military situation and resources of the latter kingdom. Having returned to France, he was appointed quartermaster-general to the French expedition for the conquest of Corsica, 1768-9. He was afterwards sent to Poland on a mission to the confederates of Bar, with whom he made the campaign of 1771 against Russia. He was afterwards sent by Louis XV. on a confidential message to Sweden, in the same manner as the Chevalier D'Eon, Count Broglie, and others, who were sent to England and other countries, and who corresponded directly with the king without the intervention of his ministers. The ministers, however, became jealous of Dumouriez, and found means to arrest him at Hamburg, whence he was brought back to Paris, under a *lettre de cachet*, and lodged in the Bastile.

He was released by Louis XVI. on his coming to the throne, and restored to his rank of colonel. In 1778, he was sent to Cherbourg to form

there a great naval establishment connected with the proposed invasion of England, and he furnished the ministry with plans for the conquest of the island of Jersey, Guernsey, and Wight. At the beginning of the revolution he took the popular side, and became connected with the Girondins, by whose interest he was appointed minister of foreign affairs, in which capacity he prevailed on the king to declare war against Austria, in April, 1792. Soon after he left office, upon the dismissal of the other Girondin ministers, Roland, Servan, Claviere, &c. Dumouriez had now become afraid of the violence of the revolutionary movement; the Jacobins hated him, and even the Girondins grew cool towards him. Like Lafayette, he professed his attachment to the constitutional monarchy of 1791, which the others had given up. He withdrew himself, however, from internal politics, and went to serve under General Luckner on the northern frontiers. After the 10th of August, he was appointed to replace Lafayette in the command of the army, which was opposed to the Duke of Brunswick. The army was disorganized, but Dumouriez soon re-established order and confidence; he obtained a series of partial but brilliant successes, which checked the advance of the Prussians; and, lastly, he made a determined stand in the forest of Argonne, which he styled the Thermopylæ of France, by which means he gave time to Kellerman and other generals to come up with fresh divisions, and give battle to the Prussians at Valmy, 20th of September, 1792, an engagement which was won by Kellerman. It is generally allowed that Dumouriez's stand at Argonne was the means of saving France from a successful invasion.

At the end of October, Dumouriez began his campaign of Flanders; gained the battle of Jemmapes against the Austrians, 5th and 6th of November; took Liege, Antwerp, and a great part of Flanders, but, on account of some disagreement with Pache, the minister at war, he was obliged to return to Paris during the trial of Louis XVI. After the execution of the king, Dumouriez returned to his head-quarters, determined to support, on the first opportunity, the re-establishment of the constitutional monarchy under the son of Louis. Meantime, he pushed on with his army, entered Holland, and took Breda, and other places, but being obliged, by the advance of Prince Cobourg, to retire, he experienced a partial defeat at Neerwinde, and again at Louvain. Meantime, he had displeased the convention by opposing its oppressive decrees concerning the Belgians, and he wrote a strong letter on the subject to that assembly, on the 12th of March, which, however, was not publicly read. Danton, Lacroix, and other commissioners of the convention came successively to his head-quarters to watch and remonstrate with him, but he openly told them that a republic in France was only another name for anarchy, and that the only means of saving the country, was to re-establish the constitutional monarchy of 1791. Dumouriez entered into secret negotiations with Prince Cobourg,

by which he was allowed to withdraw his army unmolested to the frontiers of France, and also his garrisons and artillery which he had left in Holland, and which were cut off by the advance of the enemy. These favourable conditions were granted by Cobourg, on the understanding that Dumouriez should exert himself to re-establish the constitutional monarchy in France. Dumouriez retired quietly to Tournay, and evacuating Belgium, withdrew within the French frontiers, where he placed his head-quarters at St. Amand, 30th of March, 1793. He was now accused of treason at Paris: the convention passed a decree summoning him to their bar, and four commissioners, with Camus at their head, came to St. Amand, to announce to him the summons. Dumouriez replied, that he was ready to resign the command, if the troops consented, but he would not go to Paris to be butchered. After a violent altercation, he gave the commissioners in charge to some hussars, and sent them over to the Austrian general Clairfait, at Tournay, to be detained as hostages.

His design was now to march upon Paris, but his troops, and especially the volunteers, refusing, he was obliged to take refuge, himself, with a few officers, at the Austrian head-quarters, April, 1793. He there found out that his plan of a constitutional monarchy was disavowed by the allies, and in consequence he refused to serve in the Austrian army against his country. He wandered about various towns of Germany, treated with suspicion, and annoyed by the royalist emigrants, who hated him as a constitutionalist, while in France the Convention offered a reward of three hundred thousand francs for his head. Having crossed over to England, he was obliged to depart under the alien act, and took refuge at Hamburgh, where he remained for several years, and wrote his memoirs, and several political pamphlets. In 1804 or 1805, he obtained permission to come to England, where he afterwards chiefly resided. He is said to have furnished plans to the British and Portuguese governments for the operations of the peninsular war; and he received a pension from the British government, upon which he lived to a very advanced age. It is remarkable, that after the restoration he was not recalled to France by Louis XVIII. In 1821, he wrote a plan of defence for the Neapolitan constitutionalists. He died in March, 1823, at Turville Park, near Henley-upon-Thames, at the age of eighty-four.





JOHN KNOX.



JOHN KNOX, the hero of the reformation in Scotland, was born in 1505, at Gifford, near Haddington. "His ancestors, (says the Rev. Patrick Maxwell, of Kilbarchan,) were originally proprietors of the land of Knock, in the parish of Renfrew, whence the family derived the surname of the Knocks, or Knox. They afterwards obtained the lands of Craigend and Ranfurly, both in this parish, and resided long at the Castle of Ranfurly." He was educated at the university of St. Andrews, where he took the degree of A. M., and commenced teacher very early in life.

At this time the new religion of Martin Luther was but little known in Scotland; Mr. Knox, therefore, at first was a zealous Roman catholic: but attending the sermons of a black friar, named Gualliam, he began to waver in his opinions; and afterwards conversing with the famous Wishart, who, in 1544, came to Scotland with the commissioners sent by Henry VIII., he renounced the Romish religion, and became a zealous reformer. Being appointed tutor to the sons of the lairds of Ormistoun and Lang Niddery, he began to instruct them in the principles of the Protestant religion; and on that account was so violently persecuted by the Bishop of St.

Andrews, that with his two pupils he was obliged, in 1547, to take shelter in the castle of that place. But the castle was besieged and taken by twenty-one French galleys. He continued a prisoner on board a galley two years, till the end of 1549; when being set at liberty, he landed in England, and having obtained a license, was appointed preacher, first at Berwick, and afterwards at Newcastle. Strype conjectures that in 1552, he was appointed chaplain to Edward VI. He certainly obtained an annual pension of £40, and was offered the living of All-hallows in London; which he refused, not choosing to conform to the liturgy. Soon after the accession of Queen Mary I., he retired to Geneva; whence he removed to Frankfurt, where he preached to the exiles; but a difference arising, on account of his refusing to read the English liturgy, he went back to Geneva; and thence, in 1555, returned to Scotland, where the reformation had made considerable progress during his absence. He now travelled from place to place, preaching and exhorting the people with unremitting zeal and resolution. About this time he wrote a letter to the queen regent, earnestly entreating her to hear the Protestant doctrine, which she treated with contempt. In 1556, he was invited by the English Calvinists at Geneva to reside among them. He accepted their invitation. Immediately after his departure from Scotland, the bishop summoned him, and he not appearing, condemned him to death for heresy, and burnt his effigy at the cross of Edinburgh. He continued abroad till 1559, during which time he published his "First blast against the monstrous regiment of women." Being now returned to Scotland, he resumed the great work of reformation with his usual ardour, and was appointed minister at Edinburgh. In 1561, Queen Mary arrived from France, and being bigoted to the religion in which she had been educated, was exposed to continual insults from her reformed subjects. Mr. Knox himself frequently insulted her from the pulpit; and when admitted to her presence, regardless of her sex, and her high rank, behaved to her with a most unjustifiable freedom. In 1571, he was obliged to leave Edinburgh, on account of the confusion and danger from the opposition to the Earl of Lenox, then regent; but he returned in 1572, and resumed his pastoral functions. He died at Edinburgh, in November, 1572, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's, in that city. His History of the Reformation was printed with his other works at Edinburgh, in 1584, 1586, 1644, 1732. He published many other pieces; and several more are preserved in Calderwood's History of the Church of Scotland. He left also a considerable number of manuscripts, which, in 1732, were in the possession of Mr. Woodrow, minister of Eastwood. His character is thus drawn by Dr. Robertson. "Zeal, intrepidity, disinterestedness, were virtues that he possessed in an eminent degree. He was acquainted too with the learning cultivated in that age; and excelled in that species of eloquence which is calculated to rouse and to inflame. His

maxims, however, were often too severe, and the impetuosity of his temper excessive. Rigid and uncomplying, he showed no indulgence to the infirmities of others. Regardless of the distinctions of rank and character, he uttered his admonitions with an acrimony and vehemence more apt to irritate than to reclaim; and this often betrayed him into indecent expressions, with respect to Queen Mary's person and conduct. Those very qualities, however, which now render his character less amiable, fitted him to be the instrument of Providence for advancing the reformation among a fierce people, and enabled him to face dangers, and to surmount opposition, from which a person of a more gentle spirit would have been apt to shrink back. By an unwearied application to study and to business, as well as by the frequency and fervour of his public discourses, he had worn out a constitution naturally strong. During a lingering illness, he discovered the utmost fortitude; and met the approach of death with a magnanimity inseparable from his character. He was constantly employed in acts of devotion, and comforted himself with those prospects of immortality, which not only preserve good men from desponding, but fill them with exultation in their last moments. The Earl of Morton, who was present at his funeral, pronounced his eulogium in few words, the more honourable for Knox, as they came from one whom he had often censured with peculiar severity: 'Here lies he who never feared the face of man.'"





ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.



THE Genius Militant of England has in her keeping no more illustrious name than that of Nelson; which, for certain reasons, stands out more conspicuously, in the series to which it belongs, than that of any other of her heroes. The records of British military renown have one chief to stand by the side of another, even in the highest place; and these again belong to the same branch of the same family of fame which has given leaders to other ages and countries of the world. On that page which is emblazoned with the undying name of Wellington, are written those of Cæsar, and Marlborough, and Napoleon. But no time or nation has possessed a navy which, either for its gigantic resources, consummate organization, or brilliant achievements, bears any comparison with that of Great Britain during the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries; and, amid all the gallant band

of its heroes whom that period produced, the name and example of Nelson tower as prominently as does the service to which they were given over all rivals. *One* may have snatched a coronet for himself, and a star for his country, at Cape St. Vincent, and another at Camperdown: but he, whose restless and insatiable thirst for glory kept him wandering about the ocean as if he had been a roving adventurer, or an old sea king, yet whose admirable combinations, when the moments of crisis were come, secured not merely victory, but the utter annihilation of all that came within his grasp—who waited patiently for his enemy for years, and then chased him half round the world to bring him into action—who, besides his important share in the action of Sir John Jervis, and a crowd of brilliant things besides, fought and won the great battles of the Nile, the Baltic, and Trafalgar,—purchasing every fresh laurel with his blood, and paying for the last and greatest of them all with his life,—must have a pedestal to himself (and loftier than those of all others) in the temple of naval glory. If the comparative fame and merits of Nelson were to be estimated by the honours paid to himself while living, or to his memory since his death, *he* would scarcely be deemed the foremost of England's captains who died a viscount, where earldoms had been given to his brother admirals for single actions, and whom the metropolis of his country has not found time, thirty-four years after his death, to honour with a monument. But his name is indelibly written on the national heart. His lightest words are the seaman's oracles, and his signals are the war-cries of the service so long as it shall endure. Where his gallant spirit won admiration, his gentle nature won love; and so long as the language of England shall exist, and wherever the sea on which he rode triumphant shall waft it, the name of Nelson shall be known, as, in the combination of all the qualities that constitute the perfect chief, the greatest of the world's Naval Heroes. They who paid his services with a niggard hand, may have as their excuse the apprehension which his rapid victories might create, lest he should exhaust the field of honour too soon, and multiply his claims upon his country's gratitude beyond her power to pay, unless the scale of remuneration were kept down. It is, at any rate, pleasant to know that one reproach is about to be wiped away, by the tardy erection of a national monument to this national benefactor.

Horatio, the son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, was born at the parsonage-house, in that village, on the 29th of September, 1758. By his mother's side, he was descended from the family of Sir R. Walpole; and it was after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole, that he took his Christian name. A feeble body and sickly constitution were insufficient to restrain the impulses of the heroic spirit which early developed itself in many a boyish exploit; and, at a tender age, he entered the navy, under the auspices of his maternal uncle,

Captain Maurice Suckling, then in command of the *Raisonné*, of sixty-four guns. After the usual routine, (interrupted only by the occasional severe warnings of disease, which, more than once, all but deprived the country of the future services of her great admiral, and the rich treasure of his imperishable renown,) he was, on the 8th of December, 1778, appointed Commander of the *Badger* brig, and on the 11th of June, in the following year, posted into the *Hinchinbrook*, of twenty-eight guns: having, by a rapid course of promotion, exhausted the probation of the service, before the age of twenty-one, and attained that rank which brought all the honours of his profession within his reach, and from whose eminence the path of his future glory lay straight before him.

Into the minute details of a life so crowded with events as that of Nelson, the limits at our command do not permit us to enter. Hurrying over its minor incidents, we must pass on to those great events of which he was, in his own person, the presiding spirit, and which have shed an undying lustre at once on his own name, and on the flag of England. After some severe service in the West Indies, the north of Europe, and Quebec, the peace of 1783 brought him home, with the reputation of a first-rate officer, but having, as yet, had no opportunity of developing the higher qualities of which the future made such brilliant displays. At this time, he was first presented at that court which was destined to owe him so much; having previously, while abroad, made an acquaintance with Prince William Henry, afterwards William the Fourth, a prince partaking largely of Nelson's own nature: and this acquaintance, to the honour of both, ripened into a steady friendship, that ended only with Nelson's life. In March of the following year, he went out to the Leeward Islands, on the peace establishment, in command of the *Boreas*, of twenty-eight guns; and here it was that some disputes, in which he found himself involved with Sir Richard Hughes, the admiral on the station, first exhibited the apprehensive talents and unyielding spirit of the future chief. The principle of these disputes had reference, as is well known, to the abuse of the Navigation Act, by the American traders; and ended, after a world of vexation to Nelson, and the complete recognition of his principle and his proceedings, by the passing of the Register Act. On this, as on many another occasion, however, he had to complain that others reaped the rewards which were due to him; and the neglect to which he frequently found himself surrendered, even after his paramount claims to attention were well understood, all but threw him out of an ungrateful service more than once. From absolutely quitting the navy in disgust, he seems, at various times, to have been deterred only by a prophetic faith in his own high destinies, which never left him—not that sort of morbid and mystic belief which led Napoleon to refer his fortunes to the influence of his star, but a confidence arising out of the sense of power which only awaited its oppor-

tunities, and was sure of the result. "Pity!"—said he to one of his officers, who used that phrase, in reference to Nelson's annoyances, during the West India transactions to which we have been alluding,—“Pity! did you say? I shall live, sir, to be envied!” “I am now only a captain,” said he, on another occasion: “but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree!” “Never mind!” said he, on another occasion, when he had not been mentioned in the Gazette, as prominently as he deserved, “Never mind! I will one day have a Gazette of my own.” This steady conviction arose, as we have said, merely out of a determination, on which he knew he could rely, to seize the occasion, whenever it might present itself. He never knew what timidity or hesitation was, or suffered his opportunity to pass away, from any apprehension of responsibility to himself. “I wish,” said he, in one of his letters, alluding to Admiral Hotham's action, in 1795, “to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet; I should very soon do much, or be ruined: my disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded, on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape.”—“What the event would have been,” says Mr. Southey, “he knew, from his prophetic feelings and his own consciousness of power; and we also know it now, for Aboukir and Trafalgar have told it.”—But we are anticipating. To return.

It was during the disputes arising out of his attempts to enforce the Navigation Act, that he fell in, at the house of Mr. Herbert, the President of Nevis, with the niece of that gentleman, the widow, in her eighteenth year, (with one son,) of Dr Nisbet, a physician,—to whom he was married, on the 11th of March, 1787,—Prince William Henry giving away the bride. Fortunately for his country, the prophecy of one of his naval friends, on the occasion, was doomed to be falsified. “Yesterday, the navy lost one of its greatest ornaments by Nelson's marriage. It is a national loss that such an officer should marry. Had it not been for this, Nelson would have become the greatest man in the service.” In June of the same year, the *Boreas* returned to England; and Nelson remained quietly, with his wife, at his father's parsonage, till the breaking out of the revolutionary war, when he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, a sixty-four gun ship, and sailed to the Mediterranean, under Lord Hood, in the early part of 1793. Here, before the fatal occupation by the English of Toulon, Nelson was sent with despatches to Sir William Hamilton, the British Envoy at Naples; and thus commenced an acquaintance, which terminated in the destruction of his own domestic happiness, and led to the only stains that sully the character of this great commander.

For four years, Nelson remained in the Mediterranean, actively employed during the whole of that time; and exhibiting, in a series of most arduous services, the unwearying zeal, indomitable energy, and conspicuous talent,

which finally raised him to the supreme pinnacle of earthly glory. After acting with Commodore Linzee, at Tunis, who had been sent to win over the Dey to the cause of coalition against France, and assisting in the expulsion of the French from Corsica, he was despatched to co-operate with Sir Charles Stuart at the siege of Calvi; and here he lost the sight of his right eye, from the sand and small gravel driven into it by a shot, which struck the ground at his feet. Lord Hood had been replaced by Admiral Hotham in the Mediterranean; and Nelson was with the latter, when the Toulon fleet put to sea. In a partial engagement which took place between the two fleets, the *Ca Ira*, eighty-four, and the *Censeur*, seventy-four, struck to the *Agamemnon*, after a gallant fight; and it was on this occasion, when Nelson proposed to the admiral that the rest of the enemy's fleet, which had made sail, should be pursued, that he complained of Hotham's refusal, in the words which we have already quoted. "We must be contented," said the admiral, "we have done very well."—"Now," says Nelson, in the same letter, "had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done."

About this time, Nelson was made colonel of marines, and soon afterwards sailed, with a squadron of frigates, to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian armies, in driving the French from the Riviera di Genoa. In this new line of service, all his exertions were thwarted, by the incapacity or insincerity of those with whom he had to act; and Genoa having finally declared for the French, and Corsica been evacuated by the British, Nelson hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Minerve* frigate, Captain George Cockburn, and sailed with a convoy, for Gibraltar, and from thence westward, in search of Sir John Jervis, who had now assumed the command of the Mediterranean fleet. The time was at length come when his great qualities were to be displayed in all their vigour. During the harassing service in which he had been engaged, he had been tormented with the apprehension lest a general engagement should take place before he could join. But, off the mouth of the Straits, he fell in with the Spanish armament, and conveyed the intelligence to Sir John Jervis, whom he found off Cape St. Vincent. Nelson shifted his broad pendant on board the *Captain*, seventy-four; before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action, and at daybreak the rival fleets were in sight of each other. We have no space to follow the manœuvres of the respective fleets, but must content ourselves with showing that Nelson, by a bold disregard of the orders of the commander-in-chief, (justified only by the circumstances and the event,) contributed largely to the success of that great day. Sir John Jervis, having driven through the enemy's fleet, before they could form a line of battle, and cut off nine of their ships, directed his attention to the main body, still superior in number and metal to his whole fleet, and made

the signal to tack in succession. But Nelson, who was in the rear of the British line, perceived that the Spaniards were bearing up before the wind, with the intention of forming their line, and either rejoining their separated ships, or escaping an engagement. With that decision, therefore, which was the remarkable point in his character, he disobeyed the admiral's signal; and, ordering his ship to be wore, came at once into action with the *Santissima Trinidad*, a hundred and thirty-six guns; *San Joseph*, a hundred and twelve guns; *Salvador del Mundo*, a hundred and twelve guns; *San Nicolas*, eighty guns, two seventy-fours, and another first-rate. *Trowbridge* and *Collingwood* followed the daring movement; and the result was that two of these ships struck, two were boarded by Nelson, and gallantly carried; and a victory was finally achieved, which placed an earl's coronet on the brow of Sir John Jervis—but half the honour of which is fairly due to him, who, at his own peril, and against orders, planned and executed the movement that gave half the enemy's vessels into his power. Without any desire to detract from the merit of Sir John Jervis, it is nowhere disputed that the issue of the day could not have been what it was, but for the view of the circumstances taken by Nelson, and his decision in consequence; yet he who won an earldom for his chief, never succeeded in winning an earldom for himself—even by all the brilliant exploits which threw even this great exploit into shadow. On this occasion, he received the Order of the Bath,—having been advanced to the rank of rear-admiral before the victory was known in England,—and shifted his flag into the *Theseus*.

In the *Theseus*, Sir Horatio was employed in the command of the inner squadron, at the blockade of Cadiz,—where he nearly lost his life in a desperate affair with gun-boats; and in the disastrous expedition against Teneriffe, which cost him his right arm. The annoyance which this event gave him, and the long sufferings which were its consequence, were soothed by the honours that fell thick upon him, on his return to England, covered with his glory. Crowds poured out to gaze on him, cities transmitted their freedom to him, and he received a pension of £1000 a year. “The memorial, which, as a matter of form, he was called upon,” says Mr. Southey, “to present on this occasion, exhibited an extraordinary catalogue of services performed during the war. It stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi: he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.”

Early in the year 1798, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*; and was despatched by the Earl St. Vincent (Sir John Jervis) to the Mediterranean, with a small squadron, to watch the expedition fitting out, under Bonaparte, at Toulon. Being afterwards strongly reinforced by Lord St Vincent, and having learnt that the enemy's fleet, which had sailed from Toulon, had seized on Malta, he followed them thither; but receiving intelligence that they had left the island, he speculated on Egypt as their destination, and for Egypt he made all sail in pursuit. From Alexandria to Caramania, and from Caramania to Candia, he sought the fleet, which at that moment carried Napoleon and his destinies; and who shall say how the destinies of Europe might have been altered, and its fortunes modelled, if Napoleon had been then fallen in with. Nelson would, in all probability, have finished the wars of the revolution, and Wellington have been unknown. Baffled in the pursuit, he returned to Syracuse, to refit; and then sailed again to find them, if, as he said, they were at the Antipodes. The squadron made the Gulf of Coron; and Trowbridge, entering the port, received certain intelligence that the French had been seen, four weeks previously, steering south-east from Candia. Once more, Nelson stood for the coast of Egypt; and, on the 1st of August, his restless anxiety was allayed, by finding the French fleet, which must actually have crossed him in his previous chase, moored in Aboukir Bay. The port of Alexandria, ruined by time and neglect, was inaccessible to ships of large burden; and though a reward of ten thousand livres had been offered to any pilot of the country who would carry the squadron in, Admiral Brueys had been compelled to take up his position in the open road. His ships lay in a strong and compact line of battle; "the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the north-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the south-west." The advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was with the French—they having thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying eleven hundred and ninety-six guns, and eleven thousand two hundred and thirty men; while the English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying one thousand and twelve guns, and eight thousand and sixty-eight men. The English ships were all seventy-fours; while the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of one hundred and twenty.

"The moment," says Southey, "that Nelson perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which he was endowed displayed itself; and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able

one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's." Into the details of the action, for the reason before given, we cannot enter; but the English ships went steadily in, and one by one took up their stations. Trowbridge, in the Culloden, grounded, and was out of the action, but his calamity saved the Alexander and Swiftsure from a similar fate. During the engagement, Nelson received a wound in the head, which was supposed to be mortal, and was carried below. On examination, however, it proved to be without danger, if he could be kept quiet; but nothing could withhold him from the quarter-deck. The final result was, the burning of the French admiral's ship, the Orient,—on board of which Brueys was dead,—and the capture of the enemy's entire fleet, with the exception of two ships of the line, which cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. These two ships and one of the frigates were shortly afterwards taken; and thus, a single frigate was all that escaped capture or destruction of the entire fleet which had conveyed the French to Egypt. The victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history; and never was victory hailed with such tumultuous rejoicing. Nelson had reached the summit of glory, and princes and states vied with each other in showering honours on his head—the Turkish Sultan, the Czar Paul, the kings of Sardinia and Naples, and the little island of Zante. At home, the king gave him, with honourable augmentations to his armorial ensign, his well-known motto of—*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, with a pension of £2000 for his own life, and those of two immediate successors. A grant of £10,000 was voted him by the East India Company—a piece of plate by the Turkish Company—and a sword by the city of London. The dukedom and domain of Bronte, worth £3000 a year, was bestowed on him by the Sicilian court. This was the zenith of his great fortunes; when he had attained a fame which future successes could but confirm, without increasing,—and no shadow from his own heart had as yet darkened the glory with which victory had encircled his brow.

For this proud victory, the country nearly paid with the life of her great captain; and, indeed, so constantly was his person exposed, and so many were his hurts in consequence, that it might have been regarded as a miracle, if Nelson had, after all, died anywhere else than in battle. The sufferings arising from his new wound, however, added to his previous anxiety and long and arduous service, brought him nearly to the brink of the grave: and, leaving Captain Hood with a small squadron, to blockade the port of Alexandria, he sailed for the Mediterranean. His reception at Naples, like that of the Roman conqueror of old, on the shores which Nelson had just quitted, was, unhappily for himself, composed of all those fascinations for which the former "lost a world, and thought the world well

lost." In this sea Nelson remained till the year 1800, helping to carry out the results of his great achievement, but baffled at all points by the treachery, incapacity, and profligacy of those with whom he had to deal. Over this portion of his life, the biographer, who has no more space than ourselves, may pass at once; because the minor events in which he was concerned, and the miserable intrigues by which he was thwarted, were so numerous in themselves as to require much room for their detail, and so comparatively unimportant in their results, as not to demand it,—and because they are connected with the growth of that fatal passion for the wife of his friend, Sir William Hamilton, which made final wreck of his own domestic peace, introduced remorse into his bosom, and led to acts that have left their sole reproach upon the memory of the hero. Dissatisfied with the manner in which he was treated by the government at home, in November, 1800, he returned to England; and there a welcome awaited him, no less warm in its degree, but more wholesome in its quality, than that which had enervated his great heart amid the soft breezes and voluptuous habits of the Mediterranean. Wherever he came, the country poured forth to meet him; his arrival in town and village made a festival; cities hastened to put his illustrious name upon their rolls; and the universal people made him a free-will offering of their hearts, and drew him on from station to station, in an extemporaneous triumph, worth all the gilded and programmatized triumphs of the Roman conquerors of old. But he had brought home with him "the arrow in his heart;" and, ere he had been three months in England, he separated from his wife,—avowing, with the frankness of his high nature, her blamelessness and worth, and thereby taking upon himself the entire blame for this most mournful anticipation of the grave.

On the 1st of January, 1801, Lord Nelson was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral of the Blue; and immediately afterwards appointed second to Sir Hyde Parker, in the command of the fleet about to sail for the Baltic; hoisting his flag on board the *San Josef*, of one hundred and twelve guns,—which, however, he subsequently removed to the *St. George*, ninety-eight. The object of this expedition was, the breaking up of the coalition against England, formed between the northern powers. The public justly murmured that a command so important should be confided to any other than Nelson; but the genius of the latter was perpetually administering its practical rebukes to the obstinate errors of the admiralty, and the relative talents of the two commanders speedily adjusted themselves. Administrations can make admirals, but not heroes; and it is to the credit of Sir Hyde Parker, that he left Nelson to do the work—which, from that moment, was sure to be done well. After some time wasted in fruitless negotiations, the bold spirit of the latter prevailed over the more hesitating genius of his chief; and, after having been engaged night and day in

personally making the soundings, and buoying off the channel by which his formidable enemy was to be approached, Nelson, in the *Elephant*, of seventy-four guns, to which his flag had been again shifted, led a squadron of twelve sail of the line, and some smaller craft, (detached from the remainder of the British fleet, which remained in the offing, idle spectators of the terrible scene,) in among the shoals and intricacies of the harbour, and took up his position in front of the tremendous defences of Copenhagen.

A dreadful day was that for the devoted city—whose crown prince, and all her inhabitants were lookers on—and a dreadful day for all engaged! The Danish line of defence and batteries were deemed impregnable, and the carnage was fearful. At one time, Sir Hyde Parker, hopeless of success, and anxious for the squadron, made the signal of recall. "Leave off action!" cried Nelson, "Now, d—— me if I do, Foley! You know, Foley, I have only one eye," he continued, bitterly, "I may be blind at times." We cannot give the particulars of an action, which was one of the most determined and sanguinary ever fought, and throughout which the character of Nelson shines with a radiance that almost redeems the horrors of the scene. The common virtue of animal courage—never possessed in a higher degree by any than himself—and the great qualities of the commander, in which he never had a rival, are not the prominent features of this true hero, on that fearful day; it is the beautiful exhibition of his nature's gentler attributes, in a scene so stern,—the conspicuous displays of humanity, amid all the excitement and anxieties of such an hour,—that present it in its true aspect of the sublime. The result was the total capture and destruction of the enemy's fleet and fortifications, and the final breaking up of the Confederacy of the North. Services so splendid, and leading to results so important, a country can scarcely pay—but should pay as far as she can. Nelson, however, was still only made a viscount; and soon afterwards he replaced Sir Hyde Parker in the command of the Baltic fleet. There was little more to do, however, in that quarter of Europe; and Nelson returned to England, broken down by fatigue, in June of the same year.

Scarcely, however, had he begun to taste the benefits of repose, ere, in deference to the popular alarm at home, occasioned by Napoleon's preparations for a descent on the British shores, he was called upon to take the command of the armament in the Channel. Nothing but the presence of Nelson could satisfy the apprehensions of the multitude. During his continuance in this command, he bombarded the town of Boulogne; but the Peace of Amiens relieved him from a service unworthy of his great name and place, and Nelson retired at length to a house and estate which he had purchased at Merton, and to the enjoyment of private life. During this period of repose, he lost his father, at the advanced age of seventy.

nine, after a life brightened more than that of ordinary men, by the light reflected on it from the career of his gallant son. The old man was most mercifully dealt with—spared to see the hero pass, by all the steps of honour, up to the pinnacle of his fame,—and taken away only ere he plucked that last laurel, for which he was to pay with his heart's blood.

But rest, on this side the grave, was not written in the destiny of Nelson. On the renewal of hostilities with France, he was appointed to the command in the Mediterranean; and in May, 1803, took his station off Toulon, to watch the fleet which had been collected in that port. On this harassing service he remained for eighteen months, a close prisoner to his ship, and vainly waiting for the enemy to come out of port. At length, on the 18th of January, 1805, while he was at anchor off the coast of Sardinia, intelligence reached him that the French fleet was at sea; and Nelson commenced a chase, for its extent, rapidity, and perseverance, the most extraordinary in naval annals. After beating about the Sicilian seas for several days, and seeing that Sardinia, Naples, and Sicily were safe, he ran for Egypt—as he had twice done, in pursuit of the same enemy, before. From Egypt to Malta—from Malta to the Spanish coast—thence back to Toulon—over to the African coast—the coast of Sicily—through the Straits of Gibraltar—away to the West Indies—Barbadoes—Tobago—Granada—Antigua—back to Europe—he followed his flying foe, half mad with vexation and anxiety; and on the 20th of July, went ashore at Gibraltar, for the first time since June 16th, 1803—and two years, within ten days, having elapsed since his foot had been out of his ship, the *Victory*. Though he had failed to fall in with the enemy, yet he had the consolation of knowing that his chase had saved the colonies, and above two hundred ships laden for Europe, which would otherwise have fallen into the enemy's hands. Having victualled and watered at Tetuan, he stood for Ceuta—proceeded off Cape St. Vincent—returned to Cadiz—traversed the Bay of Biscay; and then, as a last hope, stood over for the north-west coast of Ireland—rejoined Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant—and thence, baffled in his hopes, and worn out with fatigue, proceeded, with the *Victory* and *Superb*, to Portsmouth; where he learnt that Sir Robert Calder had fallen in with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to the westward of Cape Finisterre, and after capturing two of their ships, an eighty-four and a seventy-four, had suffered the remainder to escape.

With a view to recruiting, after his long and anxious labours, Nelson retired to Merton; but there, even in the society of those most dear to him, he was tormented with that thirst for glory which his unparalleled victories had not appeased. He could not bear that the enemy, whom he had chased round the world, should become the prey of another than himself. On learning, therefore, that, after the partial action with Sir Robert Calder, they had brought out the squadron from Ferrol, and, with it, gone into

Cadiz, he once more offered his services. They were eagerly accepted; and, at this time, in a manner which showed that the admiralty had, at length, discovered their incalculable value. Lord Barham laid the list of the navy before him, and desired him to choose his own officers and ships. Every exertion was made to equip those which he had selected; and his famous ship, the *Victory*, was prepared to bear his flag to its last triumph. From the moment of his appointment to this command, he seems to have felt that the long wish of his heart for one more victory was granted—and to have had, at the same time, a presentiment that his destiny was accomplished. All his preparations were made under this conviction. He gave orders that a coffin, made from the mainmast of the *Orient*, which had been presented to him by Captain Hallowell, after the battle of the Nile, and had lain at his upholsterer's, should be prepared for his reception. The entries in his private journal prove that he parted from those he loved, as from friends on whose faces he was to look no more. He passed to the beach at Portsmouth, amid the tears and prayers of a people by whom he was entirely beloved—arrived off Cadiz on his birth-day, the 29th of September; and on the 21st of October, off Cape Trafalgar, with a fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, found himself on the last field of his fame. The enemy's force consisted of thirty-three ships of the line and seven large frigates. His second in command was the gallant Collingwood,—who had followed him step by step, from his boyish years, up the ladder of the service, and was destined, on this day, to step into the post vacated by Nelson, as he had done so many times before. As the fleet was bearing down upon the enemy, Nelson retired into his cabin; and there, having written a short prayer, made a very remarkable entry in his diary, earnestly recommending to the gratitude of his country, those objects of his affection whom that gratitude had left him too poor to provide for himself. His manner, throughout the whole of this day, was calm, solemn, and dignified,—exhibiting little of the excitement which had characterized it in former battle-scenes. But he went into action covered with all his stars; and, though he so far listened to the remonstrances of his captains as to consent that two of their ships should precede him into action, yet his spirit could not brook the measures necessary for giving effect to the arrangement, and he baffled all their endeavours to do so, by persisting to carry a press of sail. To Captain Blackwood, when that officer took leave of him, on the poop of the *Victory*, to return to his frigate, he said—"God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you more." At forty minutes past eleven, the *Victory* made that signal which has since been engraven on the national heart—never to be obliterated—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" The details of this greatest of naval actions must be sought elsewhere than here. At noon it began,—arrived at its height about half-past one—at three the firing began to slacken—and about five

it wholly ceased. It was the most destructive naval contest that ever happened; and was followed by a storm which continued for several days after and more than doubled the previous loss of life. Twenty ships of the enemy struck;—and the navies of France and Spain were annihilated.

It was about a quarter after one, and just in the heat of the action, that a ball, fired from the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*, struck the epaulette on Nelson's shoulder, as he stood on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and was the bearer of his death-wound. He fell on his face, on the spot which was covered with the blood of his secretary, Mr. Scott, who had fallen early in the action. Being raised, and carried below, it was at once seen that the hurt was mortal. He lived, however, to learn that his victory was complete; and died at thirty minutes past four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Never was hero lamented as was Nelson. England could scarcely be made to believe in her mighty loss. Her triumph for the great victory was joyless, for the sake of what it had cost. Yet he died not till he had done all which his country had for him to do. The fleets of her enemies he had utterly destroyed. The honours which had been withheld from him living were showered above his grave. The wealth that would have made his life easier, and relieved his latest earthly anxieties, was now heaped upon his surviving relatives; and the earl's coronet, which, had it been sooner given, could have added nothing to Nelson's glory, but something to his country's, descended at length—and too late—upon the brow of his brother.





COLONEL JAMES GARDINER.



COLONEL JAMES GARDINER, a brave and pious officer in the army, the son of Captain Patrick Gardiner, of the family of Torwood-Head, by Mrs. Mary Hodge, of Gladsmuir. His father had served in the army under King William III and Queen Anne, and died in Germany, after the battle of Hochstet. His maternal uncle, Colonel Hodge, was killed at the battle of Steenkirk, in 1692; and his eldest brother, Robert Gardiner, at the siege of Namur, in 1695. Our hero was born at Carriden, January 10, 1688. He was educated at Linlithgow, and made a very considerable progress in the languages; but having a kind of hereditary attachment to the military life, he served very early as a cadet; and at fourteen years of age, bore an ensign's commission in a Scots regiment in the Dutch service, wherein he continued till 1702; when he received a similar commission in a British regiment from Queen Anne, which he bore in the famous battle of Ramillies. In this memorable action, being sent on a desperate service, with a party of what is called the *Forlorn Hope*, he very narrowly escaped with his life. While calling to his men, a musket ball entered his mouth, and without touching his tongue or his teeth, went through his neck, and came

out about one and a half inch on the left side of the vertebræ. Not feeling the pain at first, he began to suspect he had swallowed the ball, till he fell with the loss of blood. After this he passed two nights and all next day in the open air, in extreme cold weather, and had his wound dressed at last by an ignorant barber-surgeon; in spite of all which he recovered. In 1706, he was raised to a lieutenancy, and soon after was made a cornet in Lord Stair's regiment of Scots Grays; and in 1715, a captain-lieutenant of dragoons. When the Earl of Stair went ambassador to France, he appointed him his master of horse. In 1715, he was promoted to a captaincy, and in 1717, to a majority. In 1724, he was made major of an older regiment; in 1730, he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1743, to that of colonel of a regiment of dragoons; at the head of which he fell, fighting bravely for his country, at the battle of Prestonpans, on the 21st of September, 1745; in the fifty-eighth year of his age. In his person he was tall, graceful, strong built, and well proportioned. And being endowed with a strong constitution, he in his younger years plunged so deep in every fashionable vice, that his companions styled him the *happy rake*. But in this vortex of vice and dissipation, he was suddenly arrested in a manner almost, if not entirely, miraculous. Our limits permit us not to quote the full account of this phenomenon given by Dr. Doddridge, in his work entitled *Remarkable passages in the Life of Colonel Gardiner*; but the substance of it is as follows:—In July, 1719, Major Gardiner, having spent the Sabbath evening with some gay company till eleven, and having an assignation with a married woman at twelve, in order “to kill the tedious hour,” took up a book, left by his mother or aunt in his chamber, entitled the *Christian Soldier*; wherein he expected to find some amusement from the author's spiritualizing the terms of his profession. But while reading it carelessly, he was surprised by a sudden and extraordinary blaze of light; and upon looking up, beheld to his astonishment a visible representation of our Saviour on the cross, suspended in the air, and surrounded with glory; while at the same time he thought he heard a voice, saying, “Oh, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?” Struck with this amazing phenomenon, he sunk down in his arm-chair, and continued for some time insensible; from which circumstance, Dr. Doddridge often suggested to him, that he was perhaps all the time asleep, and dreaming; but he himself considered it as not a dream, but a real waking vision. Be that as it may, the consequences were as salutary as if an angel had been sent express from heaven to convert him; and from that time to his death, he became as eminently distinguished for piety as he had formerly been for profanity. In July, 1726, he married Lady Frances Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, by whom he had thirteen children. From the numerous anecdotes recorded of this great and good man by Dr. Doddridge, we shall only add one more, which may

afford a useful example to others in an age wherein duelling is so frequent. He had been so much addicted to this fashionable folly in his younger years, that he had fought three duels before he was quite a man; but being challenged to fight a fourth, after his conversion, he made this calm reply:—"I fear *sinning*, though you know I do not fear *fighting*." Dr. Doddridge has summed up his character in few words, in the quotation from Virgil, prefixed as a motto to his work :

— Justior alter

Nec pictate fuit, nec bello major et armis.





SELLING BEADS.

JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT.



JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT, descended from an eminent family in Switzerland, was born at Lausanne, about the year 1785. He received the rudiments of his education at a school at Neufchatel, and completed his studies at the universities of Leipsic and Gottingen. At the latter, he recommended himself, by his talents and general good conduct, to the favourable notice of the celebrated Blumenbach, who gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Joseph Banks, upon whom Burckhardt called, on his arrival in London, in July, 1806. His acquaintance with Sir Joseph brought him into connection with the other members of the African Association, and ended in his undertaking, under the patronage of the Society, to explore the interior of Africa. His offer was accepted in May, 1808, when he immediately set about preparing himself for his journey, by studying in London and at Cambridge, not only the Arabic language and Oriental customs, but also astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, medicine, and surgery. In addition to

this, he suffered his beard to grow, accustomed himself to wear the eastern dress, and in the interval of his studies, exercised himself by long journeys on foot, bareheaded, in the heat of the day, sleeping upon the ground, and living upon vegetables and water.

On the 25th of January, 1809, he received his final instructions, and on the 2d of March, he embarked at Cowes, for Malta, where he appeared in an Oriental costume, and, by his judicious conduct, contrived to conceal his real character from several Swiss officers, whom he had previously known. Being unable to procure a vessel bound for Cyprus, he embarked in one sailing to the coast of Caramania. "I introduced myself," he says, "to the passengers, who were Tripolines, as an Indian Mohammedan merchant, who had been, from early years, in England, and was now on his way home; and I had the good fortune to make my story credible. During the course of our voyage, numerous questions were put to me relative to India, which I answered as well as I could; and when I was asked for a specimen of the Hindoo language, I answered in the worst dialogue of the Swiss German." Having landed at Satalia, he made an excursion to Tarsus, where, finding a vessel bound for the coast of Syria, he embarked for that country, and entered it at the point where the Aasi, the Ancient Orontis, falls into the sea. Here he joined a caravan proceeding to Aleppo, in his way whither he was much annoyed by the companions of his journey insisting that he was a Frank; and at Antakia, one going so far as to pull him by the beard, he resented the affront by giving the offender a blow on the face. On his arrival at Aleppo, he assumed the name of Ibrahim, and applied himself with unceasing assiduity to the study of the Arabic language, into which he made an attempt to translate Robinson Crusoe. In July, 1810, he started, by way of Palmyra, for Damascus; and, in the course of his journey, was twice attacked by banditti, and robbed of his watch and compass. He quitted Damascus in September, but returned to that city, after having visited the ruins of Balbec, Libanus, and Mount Hermon. He subsequently made an excursion into the Haurân, the patrimony of Abraham, and, on the 1st of January, 1811, again entered Aleppo. From hence he accompanied an Arab sheikh into the desert towards the Euphrates, but the protection of his guide proving insufficient, he was robbed of all his clothes, and compelled to return, without having accomplished any of the objects of his journey. "It was in this excursion to the desert," says Mr. Barker, the British consul at Aleppo, "that Burckhardt had so hard a struggle with an Arab lady, who took a fancy to the only garment which the delicacy or compassion of the men had left him." On the 14th of February, he finally quitted Aleppo, and once more returning to Damascus, made another journey from thence into the Haurân, in the course of which he discovered the ruins of a city unvisited by any other European, which he conjectured to be those of Petra, the capital of

Arabia Petræa. The ruins are situate in the valley of Ghor, or Araba, the existence of which, he says, "appears to have been unknown to ancient as well as modern geographers." Speaking of Balka, he observes, "Many ruined places and mountains in that district preserve the names of the Old Testament; and elucidate the topography of the province that fell to the share of the tribes of Gad and Reuben."

After many hardships and dangers, our traveller reached Cairo, in Egypt, with the intention of joining a caravan, and travelling to Fezzan, in the north of Africa,—the grand object of his mission. While, however, the caravan was preparing, he undertook an expedition to Nubia, on which he set out, accompanied by a guide, on the 14th of February, 1813. They were mounted on dromedaries, and Burckhardt's only encumbrances were a gun, a sabre, a pistol, a provision bag, and a woollen mantle, which served by day for a carpet, and for a covering during the night. The country through which he passed was in a state of great distraction, but he proceeded in safety as far as the Mahass territory, on reaching which, "he found himself," says Mr. St. John, in his life of our traveller, "in the midst of the worst description of savages. The governor, a ferocious black, furiously intoxicated, and surrounded by numerous followers in the same condition, received him in a hut. In the midst of their drunken mirth, they called for their muskets, and amused themselves with firing in the hut, and Burckhardt every moment expected that a random ball would put an end to his travels." Having proceeded up the Nile almost as far as Dongola, he turned towards the north, and at Kolbe swam across the river, "holding by his camel's tail with one hand, and urging on the beast with the other." He then visited Ybsambul, Mosmos, Derr, and Assouan, where he remained till the 2d of March, 1814; his whole expenditure during the time of his stay, for himself, his servant, dromedary, and ass, not exceeding one shilling and sixpence per day.

Having assumed the character of a poor trader and a Turk of Syria, he, on the day above mentioned, set out with a caravan, through the deserts of Nubia, to Berbera and Shendy, as far as Suakim, on the Red Sea, whence he performed his pilgrimage to Mecca by way of Jidda. During this journey, in the course of which he had an opportunity of confirming many of the statements of Bruce, he endured a series of hardships and sufferings scarcely inferior to those of Park in Africa. While mad with thirst in the burning desert, he beheld the mocking mirage; and if he escaped burial beneath the overwhelming sand, lifted like a wave by the tempestuous blast, it was doubtful whether he had not yet a more dangerous foe to meet in the plundering Arab. At Damer, he cried beads for sale, (see engraving,) to procure provisions for his ass; at Jidda, his finances were so low, that he was compelled to sell his slave, and he had already thoughts of resorting to manual labour, for his subsistence, when he fortunately ob-

tained three thousand piastres (about £100) by giving a bill upon Cairo. Crocodile's flesh occasionally formed part of his food, and the dangers of the desert he found no greater than the inconveniences. Though almost worn out with fatigue, "I was obliged," he says, "every day, to fetch and cut wood, to light a fire, to cook, to feed the ass, and finally to make coffee; a cup of which, presented to my companions, was the only means I possessed of keeping them in tolerable good humour." In his way through the Nubian desert, he relates a singular custom of the Arab guides, for the purpose of extorting small presents from travellers. "They alight," he says, "at certain spots, and beg a present; if it be refused, they collect a heap of sand, and mould it into the form of a diminutive tomb, and then placing a stone at each of the extremities, they apprise the traveller that his tomb is made; meaning, that henceforth there will be no security for him in this rocky wilderness."

Our traveller remained at Mecca from the 9th of September until the 15th of January, 1815, during which time he accurately noted the manners and customs of the holy city, without his real character being discovered, though it had been previously suspected by the Pasha of Tayef, who jocosely observed, "It is not the beard alone which proves a man to be a true Moslem." On the 28th, Burckhardt reached Medina, which he quitted on the 21st of April, in a state of great mental depression, and still suffering from the recent attack of an intermittent fever. To add to his dejection, he found, on his arrival at Yambo, the plague in its most virulent shape; and being unable to procure a boat, he was obliged to remain a witness of its horrors for more than a fortnight, during which time, he says, "the air, at night and day, was filled with the piercing cries of those who had been bereaved of the objects of their affection." At length, on the 24th of June, he reached Cairo, where, after having recruited his health, he employed himself in drawing up an account of his travels. In the spring of 1816, he visited Mount Sinai; and, having returned to Cairo, was making preparations to commence his long-delayed journey to Fezzan, to explore the source of the Niger, when he was attacked by dysentery on the 14th, and died on the 15th of October, 1817. "I have closed," says Mr. St. John, "the lives of few travellers with more regret." His obsequies were performed after the Mohammedan custom, according to his own request to Mr. Salt, to whom he observed, a few moments previously to his death, "that as he had lived like a Mussulman, in the east, the Turks would claim his body; and perhaps," said he, "you had better let them."

Thus fell another victim in the cause of geographical discovery, which, in Mr. Burckhardt, may be said to have lost one of its most able and enterprising devotees. Patient, courageous, cautious, and intelligent, no fatigues dispirited, no obstacle disconcerted, and no dangers dismayed him. He conformed himself to the manners of the various countries through

which he passed, with admirable tact ; and, with an apparent carelessness of what was passing around him, suffered nothing worth observation to escape his attention. The penetrating and sagacious turn of his mind displays itself throughout the whole of his various works ; the first of which, containing an account of his journey along the banks of the Nile to Mahass, and from Upper Egypt to Nubia, was published in 1819, in quarto, by the African Association. In 1822, a volume was published containing the particulars of his travels in Syria, and the Holy Land, from the year 1810 to 1816 ; in 1829, appeared his *Travels in Arabia* ; and, in 1830, another quarto volume was published, entitled *Manners and Customs of the Egyptians*.

The whole of these publications will be read with deep interest, not only for the light thrown by them on the geography of the countries described, but for the personal sympathy which they cannot fail to awake in the breast of the reader. Mr. St. John, however, differs from Mr. Burckhardt's view of men and things, saying, "that he interpreted men in too refined and systematical a manner, and often saw in their actions more contrivance than ever existed :—how could Mr. St. John possibly know this ? Surely, the experience of Mr. Burckhardt is to be preferred to the opinions of him who, in the quotation above, takes upon himself to contradict an affirmative upon no other ground than his own presumption to the contrary.





DENHAM'S INTERVIEW WITH MINA JAHN.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DIXON DENHAM.



DIXON DENHAM was born in London, on the 1st of January, 1786; and, after receiving his education at Merchant Taylor's School, was articled to a solicitor. Finding, however, the profession he had chosen, uncongenial to his gay and adventurous spirit, he relinquished it altogether; and, in 1811, went as a volunteer into the army, in which he served till the termination of the peninsular war, during the latter part of the campaign, as lieutenant of the twenty-third fusileers. His cheerfulness and gallantry rendered him a great favourite with all his fellow-officers, and procured for him the patronage and friendship of Sir James Douglas, whose life he saved at the battle of Toulouse, by carrying him off the field after he had been struck on the leg by a cannon-ball. On his return to England, he was appointed to a commission in the fifty-fourth foot; and soon after, entering the Netherlands, was engaged in the battle of Waterloo; at the termination of which, he proceeded with the allied armies to Paris, and set out from thence on a tour through France and Italy. Returning to England in 1819, he obtained for himself an admission into the senior department of the Royal Military College, at Farnham, where he studied under the

directions of the governor, Sir Howard Douglas, whose friendship and commendation he was not long in gaining.

After the death of Mr. Ritchie, the African traveller, Captain Denham volunteered to carry on his researches ; and, for that purpose, was sent out by Lord Bathurst to join Mr. Oudney and Lieutenant Clapperton, who had already started on the same expedition. Having arrived at Tripoli, he left that city on the 5th of March, 1822, and proceeded to join Messrs. Oudney and Clapperton, at Memoon, whence he travelled to Sockna, being the first of his countrymen who had ever entered the town in an English dress ; which, contrary to the information he had received, he found to procure him a much more favourable reception from the inhabitants than if he had been in disguise. From Sockna, he continued his course towards Mourzuk, crossing, on his way thither, an extensive desert, where he experienced great pain and peril from the effects of thirst, and a tremendous sand storm which blew down his tent in the night, and nearly suffocated him before he was able to rise. On his arrival at Mourzuk, finding the sultan unwilling to furnish him with an escort to Bornou, he left his companions, and returned to Tripoli ; charged the bashaw with duplicity ; and, on his hesitating to appoint a time to convey him to the former place, set sail for Marseilles, with the intention of proceeding to England, and informing the government how he had been deceived. Upon this, says Major Denham, in his journal, "The bashaw sent three despatches after me, by three different vessels, to Leghorn, Malta, and the port I had sailed to, which I received in quarantine, informing me that Bhoo-Khaloon was appointed with an escort to convey us to Bornou." Accordingly, our traveller re-embarked for the shores of Barbary, and re-entered Sockna on the 2d, and Mourzuk on the 30th of October ; and, in the latter end of the following month, set out on his way to Kouka, in Bornou.

Passing through Traghan, over a road of salt and sand, to Maefen, "an assemblage of date huts, with but one house," he came up with Oudney and Clapperton, at Gatrone ; whence he proceeded to Tegerhy, where he remained some days in consequence of the illness of his two companions, and of the rest he himself required previous to crossing the adjoining desert, a journey of fifteen days. On the 13th of December, he set out for Kouka ; meeting, daily, during the first fortnight of the way, an immense quantity of skeletons, and dead bodies, some of which he found "with their arms clasped round each other, just as they had expired." Alluding to these corpses in his journal, he relates, "While I was dozing on my horse, about noon, I was suddenly awakened by a crashing under my feet, which startled me excessively. I found that my steed had, without any sensation of shame or alarm, stepped upon the perfect skeletons of two human beings, cracking their brittle bones under his feet, and, by one trip of his foot, separating a skull from the trunk, which rolled on like

a ball before him. This event gave me a sensation which it took some time to remove." On the 5th of January, 1823, he arrived at Derkee, where he was compelled to sanction the sending of a marauding party to capture some camels, the chief part of those who had attended him having died on the road.

On the 28th of January, they entered the territory of a negro sheikh or chief, named Mina Tahr. From him they received a supply of camel's milk and a sheep,—a most grateful addition to their table, after being without fresh animal food for fourteen or fifteen days. The Tibboos are an active race of men, but exceedingly ignorant and superstitious. They look upon the warlike Arabs as invincible, and have the greatest terror of their guns. Five or six of them will sometimes go round and round a tree where an Arab has laid down his musket for a minute, stepping on tiptoe as if afraid of disturbing it, talking to each other in a whisper, as if the gun could understand their exclamations, and I dare say, praying to it not to do them any injury, as fervently as ever Man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe's musket.

To Mina Tahr, the chief of the tribe, Major Denham showed his watch, which pleased him wonderfully at first, but after a little time it was found that what gave him greatest satisfaction was to look at the reflection of his face in the bright part of the case. The major, therefore, made him a present of a small looking-glass, and he took his station in one corner of the tent, for hours surveying himself with a satisfaction that burst from his lips in frequent exclamations of joy, which he also occasionally testified by sundry high jumps and springs in the air.

Major Denham continued his journey, passing through Bilma, the capital of the Tilboos, Chukæma, Dibra, Kasama-foma, Beere-Kashifery, Lari, Woodie, Burwha, Geudawhat; and, after having been without animal food for fifteen days together, and narrowly escaping the jaws of alligators, hyænas, and elephants, in the course of his travels, he arrived at Kouka, on the 17th of February. "This," says he, "was to us a momentous day, and it seemed to be equally so to our conductors. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that had presented themselves at the various stages of our journey, we were at last within a few short miles of our destination; were about to become acquainted with a people who had never seen, or scarcely heard of, an European; and to tread on ground, the knowledge and true situation of which had hitherto been wholly unknown."

On his presentation to the Sheikh of Bornou, he soon gained his confidence, and was promised, by him, all the assistance in his power to give him a knowledge of the country and its inhabitants. After passing about two months at Kouka, he joined a hostile expedition, sent out by the sheikh, against the Felatahs, in his way to attack whom, he passed some days at Mandara, the sultan of which country joined the Bornouese troops, who,

together with himself, after burning two small towns, were put to flight and defeated by the Felatahs, at the siege of Musfeia. The situation of Major Denham, in his retreat from the pursuers, was dreadful in the extreme; both himself and his horse were badly wounded; and, after twice falling with the latter, and fighting singly against three or four assailants, he at length lay disarmed on the ground. "At that moment," he relates, "my hopes of life were too faint to deserve the name. I was almost instantly surrounded; and, incapable of making the least resistance, was as speedily stripped. My pursuers then made several thrusts at me with their spears, that badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under my ribs, on the right side; indeed, I saw nothing before me but the same cruel death I had seen unmercifully inflicted on the few who had fallen into the power of those who now had possession of me. My shirt was now absolutely torn off my back, and I was left perfectly naked. When my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came like lightning across my mind; and, without a moment's hesitation, I crept under the belly of the horse nearest me, and started as fast as my legs could carry me for the thickest part of the wood: two of the Felatahs followed, and gained upon me; for the prickly underwood not only obstructed my passage, but tore my flesh miserably: and the delight with which I saw a mountain-stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine cannot be imagined. My strength had almost left me, and I seized the young branches issuing from the stump of a large tree which overhung the ravine, for the purpose of letting myself down into the water; when, under my hand, as the branch yielded to the weight of my body, a large liffa, the worst kind of serpent this country produces, rose from its coil, as if in the very act of striking. I was horror-struck, and deprived, for a moment, of all recollection—the branch slipped from my hand, and I tumbled headlong into the water beneath: this shock, however, revived me: and, with three strokes of my arms, I reached the opposite bank, which, with difficulty, I climbed up, and then, for the first time, felt myself safe from my pursuers."

After dangers and disasters almost as appalling as those just related, Major Denham returned to Kouka, where he arrived in the beginning of May, in a state of extreme wretchedness and despondency. In his way back, he relates, that the little food he could procure "was thrust out from under Barca Sana's (the sheikh's-general) tent, and consisted generally of his leavings: pride," he continues, "was sometimes nearly choking me, but hunger was the paramount feeling; I smothered the former, ate, and was thankful." "Thus," he observes, on terminating his account of it, "ended our most unsuccessful expedition; it had, however, injustice and oppression for its basis, and who can regret its failure?" He, however, shortly after his return to Kouka, accompanied, with Dr. Oudney, a second

expedition, headed by the sheikh in person, against the Mungowy; but that people making some concessions, he was not involved in any hostile encounter; and after visiting the Gambarou river, and collecting much curious information, (among other, that the monkeys abounding in that part of the country are called by the natives "the enchanted men,") he again returned to Kouka, where he remained till the termination of the rainy season in 1823.

In January, 1824, he obtained permission, and an escort, from the sheikh, to visit the Loggun nation, a country he had for eleven months previously been endeavouring to enter. On the 2d of February, he embarked at Showy in a canoe, and proceeded down the river Shary to Joggabah, a once inhabited, but then desolate, island; approaching it by a wide piece of water, which he called, from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, Bellevue Reach. Passing from Lake Shary, "into that sea of fresh water, the Tchad," which he named Lake Waterloo, he veered round to the north-east branch of Joggabah, and continued in that direction till he arrived at the mouth of the Shary; where, after discerning with his telescope nothing but a waste of waters before him, he commenced his return to Showy; on reaching which, he immediately set out for Loggun, by way of Gulphi, Willighi, Affadai, Alph, and Kussery; a route seldom traversed, and which he describes to be "a continued succession of marshes, swamps, and stagnant waters, abounding with useless and rank vegetation;" and where "flies, bees, and mosquitoes, with immense black toads, vie with each other in a display of their peace-destroying powers." On the 16th of February, he entered Kernuk, the capital of Loggun, by a street "as wide as Pall Mall;" but was only allowed to remain a few days in the city, in consequence of the approach of the Begharmi, against whom the Sultan of Loggun would not undertake to protect him. While in the city, he was much annoyed by the curiosity of the women, who examined even the pockets of his trowsers; "to give them their due," he observes, "they are the cleverest and the most immoral race I had met with in the black country."

After enduring many vicissitudes and dangers, and witnessing, at Angala, the last moments of Mr. Tooke, who had accompanied him in his expedition to Loggun, Major Denham returned, on the 2d of March, to Kouka, where he was attacked by a slight fever; and, shortly after, received intelligence of the death of Dr. Oudney, at Murmur. Notwithstanding, however, the disheartening circumstances attending his former excursions, he, on his recovery, joined another expedition against the Begharmies, in the hope of making himself further acquainted with their country; but a temporary defeat of the Bornouese, whom he accompanied, rendering it unsafe for him to continue with them, he once more returned to Kouka, whence, after an interview with Mr. Clapperton, then in a very ill state of

health, he set out, by way of Lari and Woodie, for Tripoli, carrying with him several presents from the Sheikh of Bornou to the King of England. On the 25th of December, 1824, the fourth Christmas-day he had passed in Africa, he arrived at Temesheen; on the 5th of January, 1825, reached Sockna; and, on the 26th of the same month, entered Tripoli; whence, in a few days, he embarked for Leghorn, and arrived in England, accompanied by Captain Clapperton, on the 1st of the following June. "Our long absence," he says, in his journal, "from civilized society, had an effect on our manner of speaking, which, though we were unconscious of the change, occasioned the remarks of our friends. Even in common conversation our tone was so loud as almost to alarm those whom we addressed; and it was some weeks before we could moderate our voices so as to bring them in harmony with the confined space in which we were now exercising them."

From the moment of his arrival at home, he became an object of public interest and private regard; which, on the publication of his travels and discoveries, were increased to a peculiar degree; Earl Bathurst frequently invited him to his table; and, in testimony of the high sense he entertained of his courage and intelligence, offered to his acceptance "a new and experimental appointment to Sierra Leone, just then decided on, at the suggestion of General Turner, then governor of the colony." Accordingly, he was appointed superintendent, or director-general, of the liberated African department at Sierra Leone, and the coasts of Africa; and, on the 8th of December, 1826, having, in the previous month, been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he embarked for that colony, where he arrived in the January of the following year. After occupying some months in surveying the vicinity of Free Town, he, in the latter end of 1827, made a voyage of inspection to Fernando Po; on the coast of which, he met with Richard Lander, who informed him of the death of Captain Clapperton, intelligence of which he was the first to send to England. In May, 1828, he returned to Free Town, where he received the king's warrant, appointing him lieutenant-governor of the colony, and shortly afterwards held a levee, a few days after which he was attacked by the fever of the country; but hopes were entertained of his recovery till the 8th of June, when the symptoms became so malignant that he died on the following day.

Few men have gone to their graves more lamented by friends and acquaintances than Lieutenant-colonel Denham; his lively, buoyant, and benevolent heart, and the ardent and confident spirit with which he undertook his useful, but hazardous enterprises, have endeared him not only to the people of his own civilized country, but to many a barbarous chief and wild savage of the remote and pestilential countries he visited in the course of his wanderings. His journal contains an account of perils and adven-

tures which, in the days of Bruce, would have been denounced as incredible ; it is, nevertheless, written in a simple and impressive style, that seems to warrant its truth ; and the most eccentric and extraordinary facts are accompanied with observations too reverent and profound to admit of ridicule at, or a question as to, the truth of them. An anonymous biographer thus concludes his memoir :—"If this sense of amply doing the duty he was sent out to perform, animating the natural strength of his fine constitution, could have kept the warm blood unvenomed in that benevolent heart ; could have preserved the bright health which one hour glowed on that manly cheek, and in the next was extinguished in livid paleness ; if all this could have sufficed to compass with security the life of man in that colony, Denham would not have died ! But the good, the brave, has indeed fallen





CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON AND THE WATER BEARERS.

HUGH CLAPPERTON.



CAPTAIN HUGH CLAPPERTON, son of a surgeon at Annan, in Scotland, and one of twenty-one children, was born in that town in the year 1788. At an early age, he was placed under the care of Mr. Downie, a celebrated mathematician, under whom he made himself acquainted with practical mathematics, including navigation and trigonometry. In 1805, he became cabin-boy to Captain Smith, commander of a trading ship called the *Postlethwaite*, in which he made many voyages to North America, and distinguished himself by his skill and intrepidity. Being at Liverpool, at a time when rock salt was very dear, and with which his vessel was laden, he was detected bringing on shore a few pounds of it in his handkerchief, and was immediately seized by the custom-house officers, who released him only on his consenting to go on board the *Tender*, in which he was conveyed to the *Renommée* frigate, at the Nore, and ranked as a man before the mast. On representing his situation, however, to a friend at Annan who wrote to Captain Briggs, the commander of the *Clo-*

ride, to which vessel he was subsequently removed, he was promoted to the rank of midshipman, and was shortly afterwards sent to the dockyard, at Plymouth, to be instructed in the cutlass exercise; which, on having attained a sufficient knowledge of, he was appointed to teach to others; and, for that purpose, was removed to the *Asia*, a seventy-four ship, under the command of Sir Alexander Cochrane. In 1814, he went out to Bermuda, acting, in his way thither, as drill-serjeant, a situation he filled with great skill and credit, and made himself so useful and agreeable, that he gained the friendship of the admiral and the whole crew. On arriving at Bermuda, he was despatched, in a flag-ship, to Halifax, whence he proceeded to Upper Canada, where he was made a lieutenant, and ultimately appointed to the command of the *Confiance* schooner. In 1817, he returned to England, and retired on half-pay to his native town, where he continued till 1820, when he removed to Edinburgh, and becoming acquainted with Dr. Oudney, agreed to accompany him in an expedition to Africa.

He arrived at Tripoli about November, 1821, where he was joined by Major Denham, with whom and Dr. Oudney he proceeded to Mourzuk; whence, after making an excursion to the westward, he travelled to Kouka, in Bornou, passing, in his way thither, several hundred bodies of black slaves, who had died of fatigue in their way through the Tibboo desert. At Kouka he remained a month, and proceeded thence to Mandara, Munga, and the Gambarou; and, returning to Kouka, he was attacked with a delirious fever, from the effects of which he never perfectly recovered. In December, 1823, he parted from Major Denham, and travelled with Dr. Oudney, who was then in very ill health, through the territory of Soudan, to Murmur; where the latter died of a diarrhœa, and was buried by Mr. Clapperton, who helped to dig his grave, and read the funeral service over him. To the loss of Dr. Oudney, which afflicted him extremely, he thus alludes in his journal:—"At any time, and in any place, to be bereaved of such a friend, had proved a severe trial; but to me, his friend and fellow traveller, labouring also under disease, and now left alone amid a strange people, and proceeding through a strange country which had hitherto never been trodden by European foot, the loss was severe, and afflicting in the extreme." From Murmur, our traveller proceeded to Sackatoo, the capital of Houssa, and, on returning to the first-mentioned place, was much exasperated on hearing of the destruction of the clay wall round Dr. Oudney's grave. "I felt," he says, "so indignant at this wanton act of barbarity, that I could not refrain from applying my horsewhip across the governor's shoulders, and threatened to report him to his superior, the governor of Katagum, and also to despatch a letter on the subject to the sultan, unless the wall was immediately rebuilt; which, with slavish submission, he promised faithfully to see done without delay.'

In travelling from Kano to Sackatoo, Clapperton found the country in a high state of cultivation, extremely romantic and diversified with large clumps of luxuriant trees. The manners of the people were pleasing, and everywhere was he treated with kindness. Some of the valleys through which they passed were delightfully green, and clear springs of fresh water gushed from the rocks. At these they frequently found the young women belonging to the villages employed in procuring water. By way of an excuse for entering into conversation with them, Clapperton used to ask them for a gourd of water. Bending gracefully on one knee, and displaying at the same time teeth of pearly whiteness, and eyes of the blackest lustre, they presented it to him, and appeared highly delighted when he thanked them for their civility.

In 1825, Clapperton returned to England, when he was made a commander; and, before he could complete the account of his recent journey, was employed by government to make a second expedition to Sackatoo, for the purpose of delivering certain presents to the Sultan of the Fellans, in compliance with a request made by the latter, through Clapperton, to the King of England. Accordingly, on the 25th of August, he embarked in the ship *Brazen*, and arrived at Whidah the latter end of the following November. In the succeeding month he commenced his journey to Sackatoo, accompanied by Captain Pearce Dr. Morrison, and his servant, Richard Lander; and, on the 9th, arrived at Dagmoo, where, in consequence of sleeping during the night in the open air, himself and all his companions were taken ill, and Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison shortly afterwards died. He subsequently reached Katunga, where he was within thirty miles of the Quorra, or Niger, but was not permitted to visit it. Continuing his journey northwards, he arrived at Kano, and then proceeded westward to Sackatoo, where he was in hopes of obtaining permission to continue his course to Timbuctoo. On his arrival, however, at the former place, in December, 1826, his baggage was suddenly seized, under pretence that he was a spy and was conveying warlike stores to the Sultan of Bornou, then at war with the Sultan of the Fellans, who opened all the letters addressed to, and also seized all the presents intended for, the former. This treatment destroying all his anticipations, preyed so deeply on his spirits, that he is said, by his servant, Lander, "never to have smiled afterwards;" and a dysentery at the same time attacking him, on the 12th of March, 1827, he sank into a state which soon brought on his death.

"Twenty days," says Lander, "my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. His body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated; and, indeed, was little better than a skeleton." A short time before his death, he called him to his bed, and said, "Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying; do not be so much affected, my

dear boy!—it is the will of the Almighty;—it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death; and when you arrive in London, go immediately to my agents, send for my uncle, who will accompany you to the colonial office, and let him see you deposit them safely in the hands of the secretary. After I am buried, apply to Bello, (the sultan,) and borrow money to purchase camels and provisions for your journey over the desert. Do not lumber yourself with my books; leave them behind, as well as the barometer, boxes, and sticks, and every heavy article you can conveniently part with. Remark what towns or villages you pass through; pay attention to whatever the chiefs may say to you, and put it on paper. The little money I have, and all my clothes, I leave to you: sell the latter, and put what you may receive for them into your pocket; and if, on your journey, you should be obliged to expend it, government will repay you on your return.” “He then,” says Lander, “took my hand between his; and, looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low, but deeply affecting tone, ‘My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago; I can only thank you, with my latest breath, for your kindness and attachment to me; and if I could have lived to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want; but God will reward you.’ This conversation,” continues Lander, “occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard distinctly the tolling of an English funeral bell: in a few days afterwards he breathed his last.” He died on the 13th of April, and was buried at the village of Chungary, or Jungali, by Richard Lander, who gave two thousand cowries to the natives to build a house four feet high over the spot.

The person of Mr. Clapperton was tall and handsome, and of prodigious strength; he possessed a bold and enterprising spirit, and was remarkable alike for his religious feelings, and his active and practical benevolence.

Several anecdotes are recorded of his daring and courage. During his first expeditions to sea, he would often plunge into the water with his clothes on, and swim alongside the vessel; an experiment which once nearly cost him his life. In the winter of 1815, while in command of a block-house, he was attacked, and vanquished, by an American schooner, and reduced to the alternative, either of being made prisoner, or of crossing Lake Michigan to York, a journey, over the ice, of nearly sixty miles. He chose the latter, and had proceeded with his party a considerable distance, when a boy, benumbed by the cold, was unable to move further; Clapperton instantly took him upon his back, and, supporting himself with a staff, walked with his burden for eight or nine miles, when he found that the boy was dead. Another proof of his strength and humanity is told

of him by Richard Lander, who says, "Whenever we came to a stream which was too deep to ford, and unfurnished with a ferry-boat, being too weak myself to swim, my generous master used to take me upon his shoulders; and, oftentimes, at the imminent risk of his own life, carry me in safety to the opposite bank."

His journal, though written in a loose, uneducated manner, teems with valuable and novel information; and the addition he has made to the geography of North America, by his observations on the latitude and longitude of various places, is as considerable as important. He was the first European who traversed the whole of central Africa, from the Bight of Benin to the Mediterranean; and by thus establishing a continuous line from Badagry to Tripoli, he has materially lessened the difficulties of future researches.





DEATH OF DAVIDSON.

JOHN DAVIDSON.



JOHN DAVIDSON was a native of London. He was educated for the profession of medicine, but a violent illness, brought on by exposure to intense cold during a journey to Edinburgh, whither he had gone for the purpose of completing his medical studies, forced him to abandon this design, and to retire for a time to the more genial climate of Italy. He afterwards visited Syria and Carniola, and made an extended journey through Poland and Russia. Returning to England, after a short stay, he proceeded to Malta, thence to Alexandria, visiting the pyramids of Thebes, and, proceeding to Cosseir, embarked for India. His intention at this time was to pass through Persia, but an attack of cholera caused him to retrace his steps to Cosseir, whence he made an excursion through Arabia, Egypt, and Syria, visited Constantinople, the Greek Isles, and Athens; and returning once more to England, again set out for America, where he visited Niagara, the Canadas, and travelling through the United States to New Orleans, proceeded to Mexico.

After again returning to England, and remaining nearly three years, his passion for travelling once more seized him, and he resolved to attempt to penetrate into the interior of Africa, and to visit the famous and mysterious city of Timbuctoo, so long an object of curiosity to the inhabitants of Europe.

Davidson set out on this perilous undertaking in the month of August, 1835. He was accompanied by a negro, named Abou Bekr, a native of Timbuctoo, who, having been taken prisoner by a hostile tribe, was sold as a slave, when he was about fourteen years of age. He was carried to the West Indies, where he remained nearly thirty years, exposed to all the evils of slavery. Abou was the grandson of an alkaid, or magistrate, and the son of the king's witness, one of the principal law-officers of state, and had, before being stolen, received a good education. After passing through the hands of several owners, his superior intelligence attracted the notice of his master, who employed him in a situation of some little trust, and afterwards liberated him. He was subsequently brought to England, and, being able to speak and write the Arabic language, he was engaged by Mr. Davidson to accompany him, and to act as interpreter on his African expedition.

Our traveller reached Gibraltar on the 10th of September, on his way to Morocco; but many difficulties had to be overcome before he could obtain permission to pass through that kingdom. His resolution was, however, not to be easily shaken. In spite of the lukewarmness of some of those whom he met with at Gibraltar, and the dissuasions of others, he determined to persevere. He proceeded to Tangier, and the sultan of Morocco, in answer to his request to be allowed to proceed through his territories, invited him to repair to court. No sooner had he arrived than he was besieged by patients; morning, noon, and night his attention was taken up with this employment. On an average, fifty persons a day claimed his advice; and, as he had to perform the duties of both physician and apothecary, his hands were quite full. During his stay in Morocco, no fewer than twelve hundred patients passed through his hands, including the sultan, the principal ladies of his harem, the whole of the ministry, as well as the judges, besides other persons of distinction. The whole kingdom seems to have been suddenly seized with illness, for the luxury of being prescribed for by an English doctor.

At length he was permitted to continue his journey. After attempting the ascent of Mount Atlas, which he was forced to abandon, in consequence of an unusual accumulation of snow, he traced his steps to Mogador: here he received the emperor's permission to proceed to Wadnoon, having previously arranged with the sheikh of that place for his conveyance across the desert to Timbuctoo in safety.

Wadnoon is a large town on the borders of the Sahara, from which it is

separated by a line of hills. From this place four kafilas proceed annually, each consisting of from three hundred to a thousand slaves. Unfortunately from his lengthened detention at Gibraltar and Morocco, Davidson did not reach Wadnoon till the end of April, and the last kafila for the season had left a fortnight previous to his arrival. From the intense drought it is impossible for travellers to cross the desert during the summer months, the springs being at that time dried up, and the camels unable to sustain the heat.

During his stay at Wadnoon, our traveller was exposed to the most trying difficulties. Anxious to proceed on his journey, he plied the sheikh with unceasing importunities; but all his proposals were artfully evaded, first on one pretext, and then another. At one time he painted in strong colours the dangers and privations which our traveller must suffer if he started, except with a kafila, and, at another, promising an immediate escort to convey him across the desert. In the mean time, he was daily harassed by the ridiculous demands of the natives, all asking for medicine to cure them of illness, real or imaginary. Some of the ladies wished to be fattened up to thrice their present size; and many wanted charms to cause people to love them. Most of them were disgustingly filthy, both in their dress and habits. As a Christian, too, he was exposed to unceasing annoyances from the Moors. His situation was truly miserable, yet he was forced to submit through the fear of making enemies, and thus altogether defeating the objects of his journey. At times, indeed, unable longer to bear the insults to which he was exposed, he had to threaten to shoot some of the barbarians, and had great difficulty in restraining himself; at others, sick at heart, and unable longer to bear these indignities, he all but resolved on an immediate return to Mogador, and to seek the means of accomplishing his journey in some other quarter.

The sheikh of Wadnoon was a person of considerable sagacity, and most contradictory character; at one time arrogant, austere, despotic, and occasionally savage; at another, low and grovelling; now punishing his slaves with the utmost severity, and again lavishing on them the greatest kindnesses. He was, moreover, of a most penurious disposition, and, though possessed of great herds of treasure, he thought nothing of asking Davidson for the refuse of his tobacco leaves to fill his pipe. He had a numerous family, four wives, forty female slaves, and a great number of children, many of whom were covered with vermin, and clothed in rags.

Filthy as were the persons and habits of the inhabitants of Wadnoon, they were better than those of the Damanis, a portion of which tribe at this time arrived with a kafila from Soudan. "Never," says Mr. Davidson, "did I meet with any people who gave me so complete an idea of savages. Their bodies are a mass of dirt, and their wan eyes are sunk in their heads; their teeth of pearly hue seem darting from their gums

They wear their hair long and in large quantities, some curled and others platted. Half-dyed blue with the khoart, and half-famished, they present a revolting exterior, but never did any people improve so much upon acquaintance. I had seen the Pindari horsemen in India, the Leoni savages in Arabia Felix, the Wahabi in Yemen, the Ababdeh and Bishare in Arabia Petræa and Egypt, but all these have a great advantage in appearance over my friends the Damanis.

"As soon as the camels were unloaded, the twenty Damanis came to the sheikh's house, where they devoured a sheep with nearly half a hundred weight of kuskusu, and a camel load of ripe mashmash, (apricots,) and then all lay down to sleep. In about an hour they got up, and then came in a body to see the Nazarene, (Mr. Davidson.) I had some difficulty to keep myself from being smothered by them. The sheikh came to drive them away, when one who seemed to have some command said, 'Nazarene, we are wild Arabs; none of us have ever seen a Christian; we know you are a great man; if our coming thus offends you, we will go, if not, astonish us. You are a magician, show us some fire.' I lighted some tinder from the sun with my glass, and then showed them my small globe, telescope, watch, pistols, &c., afterwards a lucifer match, and lastly, I set fire to my finger, dipping it in spirits of terebinth: this was too much for them, they became alarmed. I then got my sword, and afterwards gave them snuff; they all smoked my pipe, and, when that was finished, and I had examined all their eyes, and given many of them medicines, and would not take money for it, I was told I had only to say, 'Resuli Mohammed,' (My prophet is Mohammed,) and go anywhere."

At length, after a delay of seven months, Davidson was enabled to set out. His departure had been delayed from time to time for the purpose of joining a kafilâ, but as all the tribes on the usual caravan route were at war, and their progress thus rendered almost impossible, it was determined to leave the usual track, and push on with the utmost speed, and with only such delays as were absolutely necessary. In this hazardous expedition, he was accompanied by an Arab of the Tajacanth tribe, named Mohammed El Abd, Abou Bekr, and two attendants. So rapidly was it intended to proceed, that the camels were to drink only six times, though the journey, even when made in this hurried manner and by the shortest route, usually occupies from thirty to thirty-six days.

Before we left Wadnoob, our traveller felt a strong presentiment of the failure of the expedition, and of his own untimely fate, which were unfortunately too fully realized. "My mind," he says, in one of his letters from this place, "is made up to the certainty that I shall leave my bones in Soudan;" and in another he writes—"Before this reaches you, I shall be wending my way over Africa's burning sands to a sort of fame, or to the sad 'bourne from which no traveller returns;' if to the former, truly

happy shall I be to renew your valued friendship, but if to the latter, think sometimes of the poor lost wanderer." As he advanced, however, his prospects seemed to brighten, and his spirits to rise. "Every step we have taken from Wadnoon," he again writes, "we have found the people better, more liberal, more hospitable, and, although somewhat savage, having yet a little mildness of character, of which there is none at Wadnoon." In the same letter, he says, "In conclusion, I beg to assure you, I flatter myself with the hope that the intrepid traveller may pass a merry new year's day at the famed city of Timbuctoo, which event I hope to have the high pleasure of announcing to you in about three months, Sheikh Mohammed El Abd having promised to be the bearer of a letter which he is to deliver for me, and to say, 'There is a letter from *Yahya Ben Daoud*, (John, son of David :) the Tajacanth's have kept their word!'"

These bright anticipations were not destined to be fulfilled. After proceeding some distance, his little party was met by one of the tribes of wandering Arabs, by which the desert is infested. After robbing him of some money, however, they allowed him to proceed. Three days afterwards, Davidson and El Abd, having outstripped the remainder of their party, were overtaken while waiting for them, at a place named Swekeya, by a band consisting of fifteen or sixteen Arabs of the tribe of El Harib. After the usual salutations, and a few words of conversation, the chief of the party asked El Abd to conduct him to the watering-place. Unsuspecting treachery, El Abd, leaving his musket behind, proceeded with the Harib chief over the sand-hills, the remainder of the tribe sitting down at a short distance from Mr. Davidson. No sooner were they out of sight than one of the Arabs took up the musket, pretending to examine it, and, taking aim, shot poor Davidson dead. Hearing the report of the gun, El Abd asked his companion what was the matter, when the Harib replied, that his party had shot the Christian. Mohammed El Abd complained bitterly, saying that he would rather they had murdered himself. The work of death done, the Haribs carried off every thing belonging to Mr. Davidson, and then allowed the party, including Abou Bekr, to proceed on their journey.

Such was the end of poor Davidson, and thus was another victim added to the long list of those who had forfeited their lives to advance the cause of discovery in Africa!

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.



MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the inimitable author of *Don Quixote*, was born at Madrid, in 1549. From his infancy he was fond of books; but he applied himself wholly to novels and poetry, especially those of Spanish and Italian authors. He went to Italy, to serve Cardinal Aquaviva, to whom he was chamberlain at Rome; and afterwards followed the profession of a soldier, for some years, under the victorious Colonna. He was present at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571; in which he lost his left hand by a shot. After this he was taken by the Moors, and carried to Algiers, where he continued a captive five and a half years. Then he returned to Spain, and wrote several comedies and tragedies; which were well received, and acted with great applause. In 1584, he published his *Galatea*, a novel in six books. But the work which has immortalized his name, is the *History of Don Quixote*; the first part of which was printed at Madrid, in 1605. This is a satire upon books of knight errantry; and the chief end of it was to destroy the reputation of these books. It was universally read; and the most eminent painters, tapestry-workers, engravers, and sculptors, were soon employed in representing the history of *Don Quixote*. Cervantes's work, even in his lifetime, had the honour of receiving royal approbation. As Philip III. was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, he observed a student on the banks of the Manzanares reading a book, and from time to time breaking off and beating his forehead, with extraordinary marks of delight: upon which the king said, "That scholar is either mad, or reading *Don Quixote*:" the latter of which proved to be the case. But notwithstanding the vast applause his book everywhere met with, Cervantes had much ado to keep himself from starving. In 1615, he published a second part. He wrote also several novels; and, among the rest, *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*. He had employed many years in writing this novel, and finished it but just before his death; for he did not live to see it published. His sickness was of such a nature that he was able to be his own historian. At the end of the preface to this work, he represents himself on horseback upon the road, and a student, who had





overtaken him, engaged in conversation with him: "And happening to talk of my illness, (says he,) the student soon let me know my doom, by saying it was a dropsy I had got; the thirst attending which, all the water of the ocean, though it were not salt, would not suffice to quench. Therefore, Senor Cervantes, says he, you must not drink nothing at all, but do not forget to eat; for this alone will recover you without any other physic. I have been told the same by others, answered I; but I can no more forbear tippling, than if I were born to do nothing else. My life is drawing to an end; and from the daily journal of my pulse, I shall have finished my course by next Sunday at the farthest.—But adieu, my merry friends all, for I am going to die; and I hope to see you ere long in the other world, as happy as heart can wish." His dropsy increased, and at last proved fatal to him; yet he continued to say, and to write, *bon mots*. He received the last sacrament on the 18th of April, 1616; yet the day after wrote a dedication of his book to the Count de Lemos

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.



DON JOHN, of Austria, was the natural son of Charles V. of Germany. He was unacquainted with his birth, till his father on his death-bed revealed the secret to his son Philip II., who honourably called him to court, and, in 1570, placed him at the head of his army against the Moors of Grenada, whom he defeated. In 1571, he commanded the naval armament against the Turks, and gained the celebrated battle of Lepanto, and two years after took Tunis. He was made governor of the Netherlands in 1576 and after taking Namur, Charlemont, and other towns, he completed his triumphs over the Prince of Orange, and the Archduke Mathias, by the famous battle of Gemblours. This celebrated warrior died in 1577 at the early age of thirty-two, in consequence of poison, as it is supposed, administered by his enemies.

The characters of Cervantes, and of Don John of Austria, are beautifully illustrated in the following narrative of the Prince and the Poet.

Charles the Fifth, before he immured himself at Saint Just, had bequeathed to Philip, with his immense empire, a crowd of faithful ministers, ready to serve the son with their heads and hands as faithfully as they had served the father.

Among these there was none more trustworthy than Don Luis Quixada, Commander of Castile, a brave soldier, who, by the ascendancy of his intellect, had become a bosom friend of the old emperor.

Don Luis transferred his attachment from the father to the son. He was a Spaniard of the old school, such as are seen in Velasquez's pictures, grave and majestic in velvet, but maintaining, from long custom on the field of battle, a frank and open demeanour, which ill-suited the courtier-like manners of the times. So that Philip the Second, who was very much the same sort of king as Louis XI., appeared to lose, in his presence, some of his habitual reserve.

All the time which Don Luis was able to spare from his public duties, he spent at a little distance from Valladolid, in his castle of Villa Garcia, occupied with the education of an orphan, in which task his wife, Donna Magdalena Ulloa, assisted. Of this orphan, no one knew any thing, but as follows :

One day, in the year 1546, while Charles the Fifth was at Ratisbon, and Don Luis was supposed to be with him, Don Luis came home to Villa Garcia at nightfall, unaccompanied by a single servant. He bore in his arms a little child, wrapped up in his cloak. Don Luis remained shut up for some time with Donna Magdalena, and then left Villa Garcia. His horse was observed to be covered with foam, and it was also observed that he bore not his own arms of Quixada. Many remarks were passed upon this circumstance, but by degrees they were hushed, and only occasionally excited by the questions of strangers.

This boy, named Juan, was brought up at the castle under the eyes of Donna Magdalena, a noble lady, who appeared occasionally at court, but who took no pleasure in any thing save her modest mode of life at her own house.

The feeling which Quixada entertained for little Juan, was manifested at a fire which broke out one night in his chateau : he was seen to hasten to the rescue of the child before he thought of that of his wife ; and so occupied was he in his joy at seeing his darling safe, that he let the flames advance unheeded. He attended very particularly to his education, taking care to perfect him in all the studies and exercises then in vogue among the young nobility, and, above all, to inspire him with loyalty towards his sovereign.

Juan soon surpassed in youthful exercises all the boys who had been made to study with him, for the sake of exciting his emulation. Juan, however, was fonder of riding on horseback, throwing a lance, &c., than of Latin.

The priest who had the charge of his education, would often complain to Quixada of his pupil's negligence, and he often resolved to reprove him ; but when with the beautiful boy, he invariably forgot his plans of severity,

and found himself relating to the wondering child the noble deeds of his brave countrymen.

To these Juan listened with the greatest delight.

And Quixada always went away saying to himself that Juan was not so much in the wrong, after all; for what did he want with so much Latin? he was not to be a clerk, and certainly never to be pope. And then he would remember that he himself knew not one word of Latin, and yet he was not thought therefore the worse catholic or statesman.

We have said that Juan had companions in his studies. These were the sons of the neighbouring gentlemen. Quixada encouraged this intimacy, and established regular meetings and prizes to be distributed to the bravest and most skilful. By degrees, these reunions came to be a sort of fêtes, where the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood always appeared in splendid array. The most solemn of these little tournaments took place towards the middle of September. For this day, all expectation was awakened for some time beforehand. The grown people vied with each other in the splendour of their appearance, their diamonds, gold fringe, &c., and the children's attention was principally turned towards the brilliant encomiums they expected to receive upon their feats at arms.

In the midst of an arena, shaded by large oaks and catalpas, each adorned with ribbons, the young combatants had their mimic battles. Juan displayed his usual agility; but he found a rival every way worthy of him, in a young man, whose simple dress formed a singular contrast to his own magnificent attire. He followed Juan in every motion, and established for himself a fame as universal as it was new.

The ladies immediately turned their eyes on the blue-eyed boy, and his praises very soon rivalled, in this quarter, all those formerly lavished upon Juan.

Juan demanded who the new-comer was. Nobody knew. All that he could discover was, that he had been spending the last few days at a neighbouring monastery, of which the prior was said to be his uncle.

Juan, more and more eager to discover the name of his rival, kept his eyes intently fixed upon him. After a while he saw him mount his horse, and, leaving the arena, ride down a footpath. Juan immediately mounted his own horse and followed him.

The path he now found himself in, was one adapted only to robbers, or else to poets. It was just such a path as Louis XI. would have wished to encompass his chateau of Plessis-le Tours. The trees met overhead, almost excluding the day-light; the ground, covered with dead leaves, was shown by occasional undulations, along which a little silent stream wended its narrow way. The path went on in this manner for some distance when Juan saw before him a ravine, formed of a cleft rock. A fallen tree was the only passage over it. But the stranger, whom Juan pursued, conti-

nued his course over this uncertain and dangerous place, just in his usual manner, as if not aware of any danger. Juan looked at the yawning gulf, and then, trusting to his surefooted horse, loosened the bridle and proceeded forward. But as he approached the precipice, he experienced very much the sort of feeling which a man does who dreams he is on the edge of a roof. He collected his courage, however, and cleared the gulf at one leap, and by this means found himself at the side of the object of his pursuit, who muttered some expression of impatience.

Then recollecting himself, he said, "God speed you, señor."

"Are you a gentleman?" asked Juan.

"If I were not, would I have fought you?"

"Are you a native of these parts?"

"My home is at Alcala, near Madrid."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I do not know by what right you ask me these questions; but I will tell you that I am finishing my studies at Madrid, under the direction of Juan Lopez, a teacher whom I would recommend to you. He will teach, among other things, how to speak, and how to be silent."

"I understand, sir: what is your father's name?"

"By St. Michael, my patron saint, I did not know I had so much forbearance! My father's name," added he, "is Roderigues Cervantes de Saavedra; rather more, I suspect, than you can say of yours."

"That speech calls my sword out of its scabbard," said Juan, and he leaped from his horse, and put himself in an attitude of attack.

"Very well," replied the other; and a short struggle ensued, in which Juan was disarmed, and his adversary slightly wounded in the shoulder.

"Now," said he, frankly, "my wound has paid for my speech. Let us be friends."

"Give me your hand," said Juan; "we shall be friends."

And they mounted their horses again, and rode on, talking of their hopes and wishes for the future; for they were at that happy age when hopes and wishes are very ardent.

"I," said Juan, "will be a soldier. Don Luis, my protector, says there is nothing else for which I am fit: he has promised to give me men to command, and he will do it; for he is very powerful. Think of being in the army, obeyed and looked up to by men who, in their turn, inspire the rest of the world with so much awe and respect! And then will come war, glorious war, and victory; and then to come home victorious, honoured, and beloved; to make a triumphal entry into the town, with all the inhabitants looking out of the windows at me, and I seeming, as I march along the street, to think of nothing but my soldiers around me—all the bells in the town ringing,—Oh, that is a happy, happy life! And then to be presented to the king, to be thanked by him!"

"But," replied his companion, "you look only at one side of this picture. You will command; but you must also obey. And if a ball should carry off a leg or an arm, what becomes then of your glory? You remain nothing but an invalid, fit only to tell tiresome stories to little children."

"You are young; but you talk as if you were old," said Juan. "And what will you be? what will you do?"

"I! Oh! my happiness is in my own thoughts. I love to wander through the woods alone, and muse. And at some future time I will send my thoughts out into the world, where I have no doubt they will be well received."

"Oh, you are a poet. Are you rich?"

"No. I shall have to labour; but, if God pleases, my books will gain me a subsistence."

"I think that must be rather a bad business. There was a man came to Villa Garcia the other day, almost starving. He called himself a poet, and asked leave to dedicate a work to Don Luis. He told us his history. He writes pieces which are performed and applauded at night; but the next morning his creditors come after him. He complained very much of all his fellow-writers, and abused everybody in the world, by turns, except Don Luis, whom he flattered in a most ridiculous way. I pity you, my friend, if you are to deal with such people."

"Thank you for your warning; but I have dreams of a different fate."

"And I, too, have my dreams, and such dreams! I am always king in my dreams, and everybody obeys me, and kneels down before me; we each have our aim. Mine is glory. What is yours?"

"Happiness!"

"Well, let us put our trust in our two patrons, Saint John and Saint Michael; and may we obtain what we desire!"

Night now began to fall, and the two companions separated, one to return to the monastery, the other to Villa Garcia.

"You do not believe then in glory, Michael," said Juan, as they parted.

"No, Juan; but I believe in dreams."

A few days afterwards, Juan received a letter from Don Luis Quixada, who was absent for a few days at Valladolid, announcing that he was to be presented to the king the next day, at a royal chase in the forest of Toros, and that it would be a day of surprises for Juan.

Juan ran to show the letter to his mother, as he always called Donna Magdalena.

"Juan," said she, "every thing that you desire will happen to you tomorrow, and perhaps more. It will be a happy day for you, on some accounts; but on others, a dangerous one. You will for the first time mix

in the world, of which you are so ignorant. The world, Juan, is not like a mother. It is an enemy to many; but to you it will be worse—it will be a flatterer. I know you have been brought up to respect the truth, and I hope you will not lose this respect. You will succeed to a noble fortune, and I congratulate you; but you will leave us;——” and she burst into tears.

The next morning, when Juan awoke, he felt himself completely bewildered. He recollected the story of Abou Hassan, in the Arabian Nights, as he looked upon two strange obsequious men, who assisted him to dress; and in the place of his ordinary clothes, a splendid robe lay before him; while the little panes of his window rattled in their leaden frames, at the sound of shrill horns from without.

Some time afterwards, mounted on a fine horse, he accompanied Don Quixada to the forest of Toros.

The ride was performed in silence. Don Quixada seemed overcome with his own thoughts, and Juan, oppressed with the weight of the importance of the occasion, felt little disposed for conversation.

Every thing around them was wrapped in profound stillness, save every now and then, when the wind bore along the sound of distant music, or the bells of the neighbouring monastery of the Thorn. The branches rustled, were pushed aside, and a noble stag stepped out before them, and retired again peaceably into the thicket.

As they approached the top of the wooded mountain, the tumult became more distinct.

At last they reached the summit. Don Quixada alighted from his horse, and told Juan to do the same. Then the old man, with his gray head, which had never before bent, but to his God and his king, knelt before the youth and kissed his hand, saying—

“Your highness.”

Juan eagerly kissed him on his cheeks, calling him his father.

When they mounted their horses again, a magnificent scene spread itself before their eyes. The vast plain was covered with an immense crowd, in holiday clothes. In front, stood the dazzling cavalry of the Spanish nobility; while in the back-ground, the massive, time-blackened walls of the monastery of the Thorn, seemed to remind all, high and low, on this festive occasion, of death and humility.

The hunt now began; and some knights entered the rout, in which were Don Quixada and Juan. By degrees, the numbers thickened, placing themselves at regular distances along the road.

Don Quixada once more dismounted with his adopted child, and led him bare-headed, to a man who marched in front of the soldiers.

“The king,” said Don Quixada.

“Do you know who is your father?” asked the king, smiling.

Juan looked at Don Quixada.

"Your father," said Philip, "was a great man; he is now a saint. We are both sons of Charles the Fifth." And he embraced him. "Gentlemen," said he, turning to his attendants, "do honour to Don Juan, Prince of Austria, our brother."

Then arose the cry, "Long live Don Juan!"

The king then gave orders that the hunt should terminate; and, in returning to Valladolid, he questioned his young brother concerning his past life, and his wishes for the future.

"I wish," said he, "to be a soldier in your army."

Philip, who had reserved for his brother a cardinal's hat, made no reply.

As they passed by the monastery of the Thorn, all the monks came out, chanting and greeting the royal cavalcade.

Juan rode up to the gate of the monastery, at which stood a young man.

"Good morning, Miguel!"

"Good morning, Juan! They say the youngest son of Charles the Fifth is here. Can you show him to me?"

"Michael, they say I am he; but I don't feel sure of it yet."

We find Juan many years after, a victorious warrior; he had lost his friend and protector, Don Luis Quixada, some time before, and Mary of Mendoza, the only woman he ever loved, was also dead. Juan was now engaged in a war with the Turks. After the battle of Lepanto, in which he was victorious, he visited all the vessels to look after the wounded, and to address to them some of those consolatory and commendatory words with which the memory of old soldiers is always garnished.

In one of the ships of Colonna, the Roman admiral, Don Juan approached a soldier who had his arm and hand shattered. He talked long and secretly with him.

The man, who was the subject of such an honour, was a Spaniard, enrolled in the service of the pope. Driven by poverty out of his own country, and as poor at Rome as at Madrid, he officiated as valet to Cardinal Julius Aquaviva.

It was Miguel Cervantes!

On the 26th of September, 1570, the galley called the "Sun," belonging to the king of Spain, which was bringing a convoy of soldiers from Naples to Carthage, was attacked and taken, by Arnaut Mami, one of the most terrible of the Algerine corsairs. The crew were divided among the enemy as is usual among those barbarians. Miguel Cervantes fell to the lot of Arnaut Mami.

Cervantes was no common slave. Arnaut Mami was considered a harsh and cruel master; but he found his match in Cervantes, who was constantly attempting to make his escape, in which at last he succeeded, together with thirteen others.

An officer of the seraglio, named Hassan, possessed at a little distance from the town a splendid garden, overlooking the sea. The man who had the care of this garden took no pleasure in the beautiful prospect. The expanse of ocean only separated him from his own home in France, where he had left a family. His thoughts were at all times turned towards the project of an escape. For this purpose, he had spent several years in digging secretly, at the end of the garden, a large hole. This hole or cave was to open on the sea, and to serve as a means of putting his plan in execution.

Several Europeans were united with the gardener in this enterprise, among whom was Miguel Cervantes, who, by his superiority of mind, had acquired a sort of authority over the rest.

Provisions were conveyed to the cave in the same secret manner, and when all was complete, these poor fellows remained for six months underground, waiting in vain for a chance of putting to sea. At the end of this time, they were betrayed by one of their number, and seized by the sentinels who kept watch on the neighbouring heights. Their lives were spared; but they were once more in captivity.

One day, as Miguel Cervantes was in the town, performing some commissions of his master, Arnaut Mami, he passed by a Moor, who was following Suliman.

"If that were not an infidel, I should say it was his highness Don Juan of Austria," exclaimed Cervantes, in Spanish.

It was in fact Don Juan of Austria.

After having vanquished the Infidels in Spain and at Lepanto, he had carried his victorious arms in the same quarter as his father, Charles V., had done before him—Tunis and the ruins of Carthage, now in the possession of Christians; but this did not satisfy him, so long as Algiers, which had resisted his father, still resisted him.

And the pretty Jewess, who, as she looked from her window, beheld a Moor and a slave conversing together, on the bench before her father's house, would have looked with more earnestness, had she known the important matters they were arranging.

While Don Juan was to advance with his army, Cervantes was to stir up the inhabitants to a general revolt.

But Don Juan did not advance with his army, nor did Cervantes stir up the people to a revolt; for Philip the Second recalled Don Juan from Africa, as he had done from Granada; and Cervantes was once more betrayed, and more strictly watched than ever: "For," said Assem, Dey of Algiers,

"with this brave fellow in security, I can answer for the safety of my town, my snips, and my slaves."

We turn now to a different scene ; to Don Juan in his old age. How changed from the happy child under the care of Don Quixada ! Life, for him, had had few pleasures ; disappointment had pursued him in all his plans of happiness. The death of his secretary, Escovedo, assassinated by his brother Philip, to whom he had sent him with some despatches, had taught him to put no faith in man.

On the 1st of October, 1578, Don Juan, who had been ill for some time, seemed partly recovered. He remarked to his nephew, Farnese, and to some of his generals, who yet remained with him, that this was the anniversary of the day when he was accustomed to celebrate the victories of Lepanto and Tunis.

He soon afterwards expired in convulsions, which gave rise to suspicions of poison, among his friends who witnessed his last moments. Some talked of the cook, while others had seen a man slip into the tent. The boldest accused Don Philip of this crime ; but those who spoke in this manner, were those who had seen the dead body of Charles the Fifth.

One day, a poor man, half beggar, half pilgrim, walked through Madrid without stopping, although he seemed overcome with fatigue. As he went out of the gate leading to Henares, he met a cavalcade, of which one of the men was carrying three leather bags. The sentinel at the gate demanded what were the contents of these bags.

The reply was, that they contained the bones of Don John of Austria.

When the poor traveller heard these words, he knelt down and demanded permission to kiss the corner of one of the bags.

When the permission was granted, he leaned his one arm on the ground and got up, wiping away his tears, and continued his route.

Thirty-seven years afterwards, in a miserable little room in Madrid, Miguel Cervantes was breathing his last, in the presence of his wife, and a few friends.

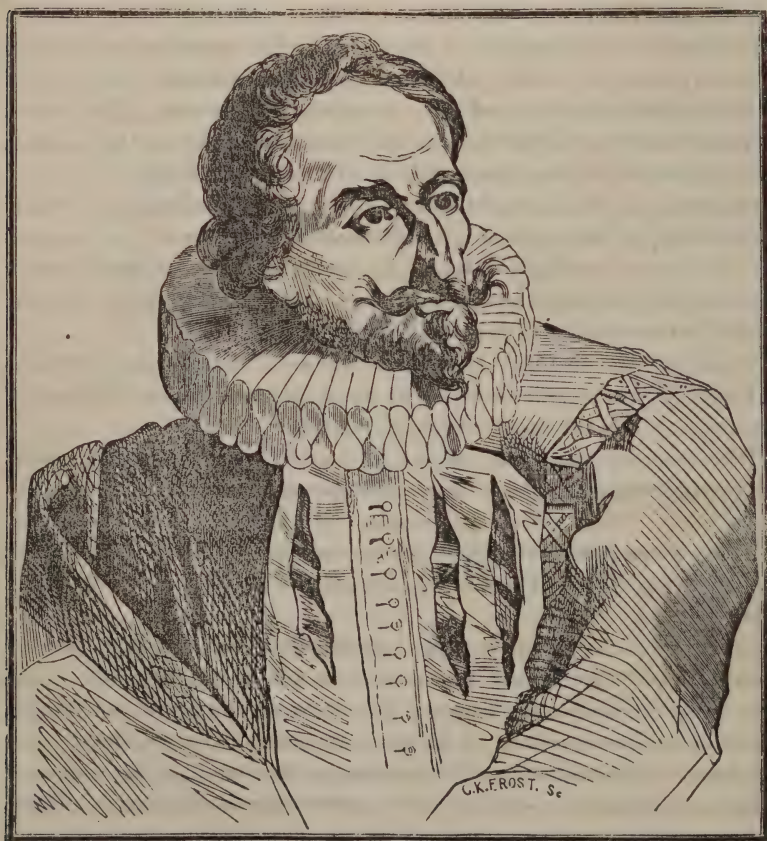
The latter part of his life had been as melancholy as his youth. After his ransom by some monks and his return to Spain, he had married. After this, he wrote *Galatea*, his immortal *Don Quixote*, and some other works, which spread his fame over all Europe ; but which did not suffice to give him bread. He was obliged to minister to the vanity of the Count of Lemos, and dedicate his works to him in order to gain a subsistence. Envy, too, attacked him ; critics ridiculed his one arm : and his bookseller told him his verses were good for nothing. In this manner, he spent long, weary years. The fatigues consequent upon the composition of his last novel, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, brought on a severe illness, from which h

never recovered. On his death-bed he wrote the preface to his work, dedicating it to the Count of Lemos.

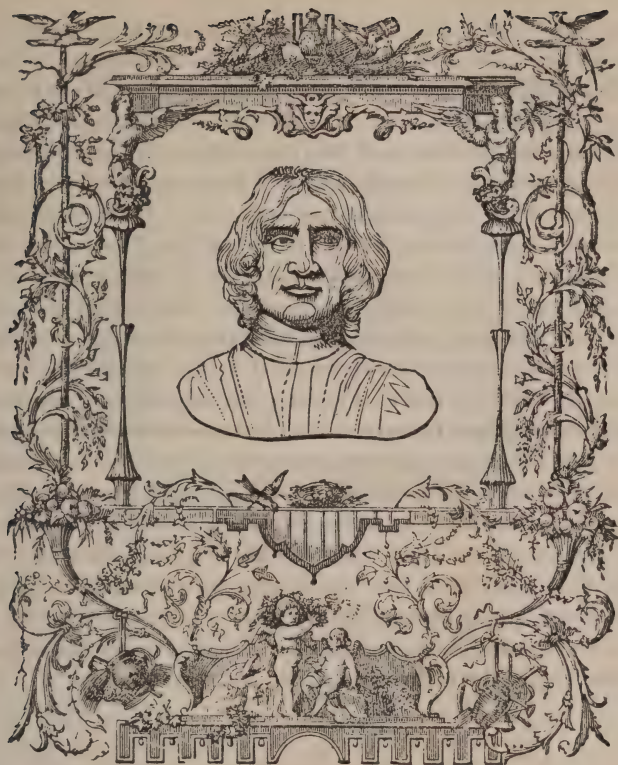
"Here," said he, "I have received the rite of extreme unction. There is no more hope for me. All that I regret is, not to have been able to see your excellency once more. This pleasure alone might be of service to me, in the state I am in. But God orders it otherwise: and his will be done. Your excellency will know what have been my last wishes, and that the recollection of your goodness and bounty alone sustains me."

This epistle and this novel formed his widow's sole heritage.

The body of Cervantes was buried in the church of the Nuns of the Trinity; his name was not engraven on it. But all Spain is his monument.



CERVANTES.



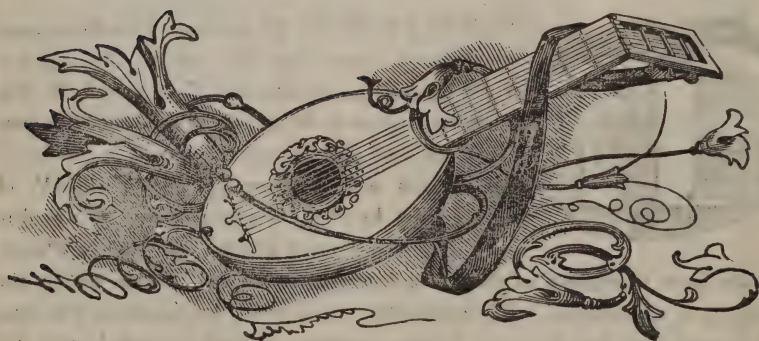
LORENZO DE MEDICIS.



LORENZO DE MEDICIS, surnamed the Great, and the father of letters, was born 1448. He was son of Peter, and the grandson of Cosmo, and he was brother to Julian de Medicis. The great influence which he and his brother exercised in Florence, was viewed with jealousy by Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and by Pope Sixtus IV., and a dreadful conspiracy was formed against them by the Piazzzi,

at the base instigation of these two foreign potentates. Julian fell by the dagger of an assassin, while celebrating mass 1478, but Lorenzo, who was then with him, had the good fortune to escape, though wounded, with his life; and such was his popularity, that he was conducted back to his palace by the multitude, in the general acclamations of condolence and of joy. Inheriting the beneficent and honourable qualities of his grandfather, he devoted himself to the patronage of literature, and was regarded as the

Mecænas of the age. The Florentines saw with pride their opulent countryman selling in one hand the products of the east, and with the other supporting and guiding the public concerns of the state ; at one time giving audience to ambassadors, at another splendidly entertaining merchants, and now relieving the necessities of the poor, exhibiting public shows to the multitude, or adorning his native city with the most splendid buildings, for the purposes both of magnificence and hospitality. These high and meritorious services were not lost in the gratitude of the Florentines ; Lorenzo was named chief of their republic, and so mild and equitable was his government, and so respectable his character, that foreign princes often submitted their disputes to his final and impartial decision. Ardent in the cause of science, Lorenzo was surrounded by the learned, the brave, and the ingenious ; and to render Florence the emporium of whatever was rare in literature, John Lascaris, a man of classical taste, was sent in the most honourable manner, into the east, to collect the choicest manuscripts to enrich the library. Lorenzo was himself a man of learning. He wrote poetry with success, and his sonnets and songs, in Italian, have often been printed, and are deservedly admired. This illustrious character died 9th of April, 1492, aged forty-four ; but though so universally respected and admired, his glory was obscured by his passion for the female sex, and by his great indifference in religious duties. His history has become particularly interesting in the luminous pages of Mr. Roscoe.





ALEXANDER POPE.



ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard street London, of Roman Catholic parents, on the 22d of May, 1688. He was, according to Johnson, more willing to show what his father was not, than what he was; but his principal biographers make him the son of a linen-draper, who had grown rich enough to retire from business to Binfield, near Windsor. Alexander was deformed from his birth, and of so delicate a constitution, and such weakness of body, that he constantly wore stays; and when taking the air on the water, had a sedan-chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down. He received the early part of his education at home, and, when about eight, was placed under the care of one Taverner, a Romish priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. His taste for poetry was first excited by the perusal of Ogilby's Homer, and Sandy's Ovid; and, on his removal to school at Twyford, near Winchester, he exercised his talents in verse, by lampooning the master. He was next sent to a school in the vicinity of Hyde Park Corner, whence his occasional visits to the playhouse induced such a fondness for theatrical exhibitions, that he composed a play from Ogilby's Iliad, with some verses of his own intermixed, which was acted by his school-fellows.

About twelve years of age, when he wrote his earliest production, *The Ode on Solitude*, he was called by his father to Binfield, where he improved himself by translating into verse the Latin classics, and in reading the English poets. The versification of Dryden particularly struck him, and he conceived such a veneration for the genius of that poet, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which he frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him. As early as 1702, he had put into more elegant verse Chaucer's *January and May*, and *The Prologue to the Wife of Bath*; and, in the same year, he translated the epistle of Sappho to Phaon, from Ovid. At this time, the smoothness of his versification, which might be said to be formed, surpassed his original; "but this," says Johnson, "is a small part of his praise; he discovered such acquaintance both with human and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen, in Windsor Forest."

In 1703, he passed some time in London, in the study of the French and Italian languages; and, on his return to Binfield, wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Many of the productions upon which he founded this idea of himself, he subsequently destroyed; nor is it from an earlier period than 1705, that his life, as an author, is properly to be computed. In that year, he wrote his *Pastorals*, which, together with the very elegant and learned preface, received the praise of all the poets and critics of the time; to whose society he, in the following year, more particularly introduced himself, by attending Will's Coffee-house, in London, where most of them used to assemble. His *Pastorals* did not appear until 1709, and in the same year he wrote, and in 1711 published, his *Essay on Criticism*, which he seems to have considered either so learned or so obscure, as to declare that "not one gentleman in sixty, even of a liberal education, could understand it." The piece was translated into French and German, and however overrated may have been the author's estimation of it, has not been inadequately praised by Johnson, who observes that it displayed extent of comprehension, nicety of distinction, acquaintance with mankind, and knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. The essay, however, was not without opponents, and was attacked in a bitter and elaborate pamphlet, by Dennis, in consequence of some lines applied to him by Pope, whom he designated as "a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good nature, humanity, and magnanimity." In this year, he also wrote his *Messiah*, first published in the *Spectator*, and his verses on *The Unfortunate Lady*, who, we are told by Ruffhead, having been removed by her guardian into a foreign country to avoid the addresses of Pope, put an end to her life by stabbing herself with a sword.

His next production was *The Rape of the Lock*, which is considered the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions. The origin of it is too well-known to need repetition here; but it is doubtful, as generally asserted, whether it had the effect of reconciling the parties whose conduct gave rise to the subject. On its first appearance, Addison called it a delicious little thing, and urged Pope not to alter it: he was, however, too confident of improving it to follow this advice, and considerably altered, and added to, the poem. "His attempt," says Johnson, "was justified by its success: *The Rape of the Lock* stands forward in the classes of literature as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry." In 1712, he published *The Temple of Fame*, and, about the same period, his *Eloise to Abelard*; to the composition of which he was led, according to Savage, by the perusal of Prior's *Nut-brown Maid*. In 1713, appeared his *Windsor Forest*, the conclusion of which is said to have given pain to Addison, both as a poet and politician; but this is doubted by Johnson, who, in proof of the apparent friendship that continued to exist between the two poets, refers to the prologue of *Cato*, written by Pope, and also to a defence of that tragedy against the attacks of Dennis. About this time, the subject of our memoir is said to have studied painting, under Jervis, and to have made progress enough to take the portraits of several of his friends.

He now turned his attention to the completion of his *Iliad*, which he offered to subscribers in six quarto volumes, for six guineas. The subscription soon rose to an amount that, while it gratified, at the same time alarmed him, when he thought of the extent of his undertaking; which, he says, disturbed him in his dreams at night, and made him wish that somebody would hang him. It was also given out, by some of his enemies, that he was deficient in Greek; and Addison, who does certainly, in this instance, seem to have been jealous of the fame of Pope, hinted to the Whigs, with a view to impede the subscription, that he was too much of a Tory; while this suspected him to be of the other party, in consequence of his contributions to Steele's *Guardian*. His genius, however, carried him above all difficulties; and, at the rate of about fifty lines per day, he soon completed the whole of the volumes, though his repeated alterations delayed the appearance of the sixth until 1720. The clear profit which he gained by this work, amounted to £5324 4s.; a sum that relieved him from his present pecuniary difficulties, and enabled him to secure himself against future ones, by the purchase of considerable annuities.

The *Iliad*, which is described by the author's biographer already mentioned, as not only one of the noblest versions of English poetry ever seen by the world, but, as one of the greatest events in the annals of learning, was a source of much annoyance to Pope, both during its progress, and after its completion. While it failed to gain him a patron, it also lost him

a friend ; the coldness of Addison he returned with indignation, and the overtures of Lord Halifax with indifference and contempt. He had taken umbrage at the conduct of the former, in endeavouring to create a rivalry between his translation of Homer and Tickell's ; the appearance of which, at the same time with his own, he had good reasons for attributing to the instrumentality of Addison. A reconciliation between them was afterwards attempted to be brought about, by Steele ; but the interview only increased their mutual dislike, which continued to the end of their lives. Another reason assigned for Pope's quarrel with Addison is, that he had given one Gildon ten guineas to abuse the former in a letter, which was published respecting Wycherley. "On hearing of which," says Pope, "I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his ; that if I were to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way ; that I should rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities ; and that it should be something in the following manner. I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison,—the character of Atticus." Our author's contempt for Lord Halifax arose from that nobleman's delay in the bestowal of his patronage, until he had secured some compliment, in the way of dedication or otherwise, which the poet was not over-anxious to render. "They, probably," says Johnson, "were suspicious of each other : Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued ; Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence, and would give nothing unless he knew what he should receive."

Pope had removed to his celebrated villa, at Twickenham, in the year 1715, when the first volume of his *Iliad* was published, from which time he generally continued to reside there. In 1717, he collected his former works into one quarto volume ; and, in 1720, partaking of the national infatuation, he lost a slight sum of money in the South Sea stock. In 1721, he was induced, by a reward of £217 12s., to give his name and labours to an edition of Shakspeare, in which his various errors were detected and exposed, with all the insolence of victory, by Theobald, in a book called, *Shakspeare Restored*. From this time, says Johnson, Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, and verbal critics ; and hoped to persuade the world that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employments. The same authority tells us that, in 1723, he appeared as a witness on the trial of Bishop Atterbury and that, in the few words he had to utter, he made several blunders. In 1725, appeared his translation of the *Odyssey*, in which he was assisted by Broome and Fenton ; the former of whom he is said to have treated with great illiberality. About the year 1726, he had the misfortune to be overturned in the water while passing a bridge in a friend's coach, by which he narrowly escaped drowning, and lost the use of two of his fingers from

the breaking of the windows. Upon this occasion he received a letter of consolation from Voltaire, whom he had previously entertained at his table, where he is said to have talked with so much grossness, that Pope was driven from the room.

In 1727, he joined with Swift in the publication of three volumes of *Miscellanies*, wherein was inserted his *Art of Sinking in Poetry*; and in the following year appeared his *Dunciad*, a general attack against all the inferior authors of his time, whom he distinguished by the appellation of *The Dunces*. "On the day the book was first vended," says Pope, "a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of *The Dunciad*." The poem excited a great sensation in all quarters, and was presented to the king and queen by Sir Robert Walpole. It is said to have blasted the literary reputation of all those whom it touched, and to have driven many of them to such an extent of hatred against the author, that they held weekly clubs to consider how they might injure him, and brought his image in clay for the purpose of executing him in effigy. In 1731, he published a poem on *Taste*, by which he incurred the odium of all parties, in consequence of ridiculing, under the name of *Timon*, his former friend and patron, the Duke of Chandos: to whom he wrote an explanatory letter, as full of hypocrisy as his verses were of ingratitude. In 1733, he published, anonymously, the first, and in 1735, under his own name, the fourth part of his *Essay on Man*; the idea of which he acknowledges to have received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope as having advanced in it principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. Pope certainly appears to more advantage as a poet than a theologian in this production: which was, on that account, on its translation into French, attacked with great skill by Professor Crousaz, of Switzerland, who discovered that many of the positions contained inferences against the doctrines of revelation. Warburton, however, defended the essay, in a manner that ever afterwards secured him the gratitude and friendship of Pope, who took the opportunity of acknowledging that he had not explained his own meaning properly, and of disclaiming any intention to propagate the principles of Bolingbroke.

His next poems, in succession, were, *An Epistle to Lord Bathurst*, *The Characters of Men and of Women*, several imitations of Horace, *Dr. Donne's Satires*, and *An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. In 1737, he published, by subscription, a quarto volume of his *Correspondence*; for the previous publication of which, by Curll, whom he had prosecuted in the House of Lords, he accounts, in his preface, by saying that his letters had been stolen from a friend's library, and thence sent privately to the press. There is, however, good reason to believe that they were printed with his own

connivance, in order to give him an opportunity of subsequently publishing them himself, without incurring the imputation of vanity. In 1738, at which time he was visited by the Prince of Wales, and was of the opposition party, he published two Satirical Dialogues, in which he attacked several statesmen, but with a view rather of displaying his powers as a satirist than his sentiments as a patriot. His share in *The Memoirs of Scriblerius* has been mentioned in our account of Arbuthnot: they were followed, in 1742, by a fourth book of *The Dunciad*, which brought on a paper war between himself and Cibber; his attacks against whom he repeated, in a new edition of that work, in a strain of virulence that contributed more to the amusement of his readers than to his own reputation. From this time his vital powers gradually declined; he gave over original composition, and passed his time in the correction and revisal of his former works, and in social intercourse with his intimate friends, the chief of whom appear to have been Warburton and Lord Bolingbroke. An asthma, with which he had been for some years affected, now terminating in a dropsy, his end visibly approached; he met it with resignation and calmness; and, after having taken the sacrament, and exclaimed, a short time previously to death, "There is nothing meritorious but friendship and virtue!" he expired, on the 30th of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not ascertain the exact time of his dissolution. He was interred at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to him by Warburton, to whom he left half his library, and the copyright of such of his works already printed as were not otherwise disposed of.

The character of Pope has been differently estimated by his biographers, Warburton, Bowles, Warton, and Johnson. The last seems to have treated it in the most impartial manner; but his view of it is too diffuse and incongruous to be altogether satisfactory. Upon the whole, Pope seems to have been more deserving of praise than he is represented: he has been considered too exclusively in his literary character to have had justice done to him as a man. His reputation even as a poet, in the complete sense of the word, has been a subject of dispute with many; but it is idle to deny him a title to which none have so zealously, if so successfully, aspired. It is not to be denied that, upon the ground-work of others, he has raised some of his most beautiful superstructures; but from whatever sources he may have drawn his ideas, he has transferred them immortally to his own verse, by the manner in which he has there enshrined them. His *Iliad* will probably continue to supersede all other translations; while the exquisite machinery of the sylphs in *The Rape of the Lock*, and the vigorous animation and pathetic tenderness pervading his *Verses on the Unfortunate Lady*, evince an original genius which may successfully challenge competition. His avowed model was Dryden; between whom and himself, Johnson, in drawing an elaborate comparison, says, that where the one

delights, the other astonishes; that Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid,—Pope always smooth, uniform, and gentle. His conclusion seems to be that the former wrote the brighter paragraphs, the latter the better poems. “Pope,” he observes, “had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.” His *Ode to St. Cecelia’s Day*, the same authority thinks inferior to Dryden’s, but his *Epistle of Eloise to Abelard* he ranks as one of the most happy productions of human wit. For seductive eloquence and splendour of imagery, his *Essay on Man* is unequalled; but, stripped of their ornaments, the sentiments will be found common-place and the diction bombastic. His epistolary writings, composed, doubtless, with a view to publication, attest the care and elegance of his pen, but are too full of that affectation and ambition, with which he himself confesses his early letters to have been vitiated.

Vanity and affectation were principal features in the character of Pope; like Byron, he pretended a hatred of the world, while his highest pleasure consisted in pleasing those who lived in it; and his egotism is sufficiently manifest in the contempt with which he treated all excellence in others that had not some affinity with his own. One of his boasts was, that he never obtained the notice of one titled acquaintance by adulation or servility; and Johnson, in confirming this, says, that he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. An exception to this, however, appears in his conduct towards Lord Hervey and Lady Wortley Montagu, to whom he is found apologizing in a strain of meanness and hypocrisy commensurate with the grossness and vindictiveness of his previous abuse. But though sometimes violent in his attacks and mean in his retreat, he was warm and constant in his friendships; and his social qualities, says Johnson, exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence. Though his fortune was far from splendid, he assisted Dodsley with £100 to open a shop, and of the subscription of £40 a year that he raised for Savage, £20 were paid by himself.

In his domestic concerns, he was frugal almost to parsimoniousness; in proof of which, it is said, that he used to write his compositions on the backs of letters; and after a scanty entertainment to two of his guests, would place a single pint of wine, with two small glasses, upon the table, and say, “Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.” He, however, would sometimes give a splendid dinner to a party of his friends, and is said himself to have been so great an epicure, that his heart was often won by a present of some luxury for his table. He used constantly to call for coffee in the night, when it is not probable he took much sleep, if the story of Lord Oxford’s domestic be true, that she was called from her bed, by him, four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a

thought. He did not excel in conversation ; and it was said no merriment of others, or of his own, excited him to laughter. There appears to have been a certain littleness and artifice in his intercourse with mankind, particularly with regard to trifles, which made Lady Bolingbroke say that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." In his person, he was so much beneath the middle stature, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat : his countenance was, upon the whole, prepossessing, and his eyes were animated and expressive. His physical debility continued throughout his life ; to conceal the tenuity of his legs, he wore three pairs of stockings ; and being unable to dress or undress himself, could neither retire to rest, nor rise, without assistance.

An important feature in his private history, is his intimacy with Martha Blount, the daughter of a catholic gentleman, near Reading, who is said to have been his intimate confidant and companion through life. She possessed great influence over him, and though she treated him with great neglect for some time previous to his death, he left her the greater part of his property. With this temporary exception, those to whom Pope was attached, remained his warm friends to the last ; and Bolingbroke, who wept over him in his last illness, said, "I never knew in my life a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." Having discovered, however, after the death of Pope, whom he had commissioned to procure a few impressions of his Patriot King, that he had ordered one thousand five hundred copies to be privately printed, Bolingbroke was so enraged at the transaction, that he exerted his utmost efforts to blast the memory of the man over whom he had so lately shed tears of affection and regret. For this artifice, of which the motive is not apparent, Warburton attempted to apologize ; but in so unsatisfactory a manner, that it produced an answer, by Mallet, in A Letter to the most Impudent Man living.

We conclude our memoir of this paradoxical character, with the following anecdotes respecting him :—Lord Halifax having expressed himself dissatisfied with several passages in Pope's translation of the Iliad, the latter observed to Garth, that, as he could not see where any alteration could be made for the better, his lordship's observation had laid him under some difficulty. "All that you need do," said Garth, laughing, "is to leave them just as they are ; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered." Pope followed his advice, waited on Lord Halifax some time after, said he hoped his lordship would find his objections to those passages removed, read them to him exactly as they were at first, and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, "Ay, now they are perfectly right ; nothing can be better."—On Pope's

receiving, at his house, the Prince of Wales, with the most dutiful expressions of attachment, the former remarked, "How shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time?" "Sir," replied the poet, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorized type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."—During his last illness, a squabble happening between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson, who mutually charged each other with hastening the death of their patient by improper prescriptions, Pope silenced them by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way; therefore all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of *The Dunciad*, by way of postscript,—

Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last.

Pope, though some have attributed them to Young, is also said to have composed, on being asked for an extempore couplet, by Lord Chesterfield, the following lines, with the pencil of that nobleman:—

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.





MATTHEW PRIOR.



ATTHEW PRIOR was born on the 21st of July, 1664, according to some, at Winburn, in Middlesex,—to others, at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. He described himself as of Middlesex, and as the son of a gentleman; but he is said to have been of mean origin; and some assert that his father, who died soon after his birth, was a joiner. Young Prior was then taken under the care of his uncle, keeper of the Rummer Tavern, at Charing Cross, by whom he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained long enough to acquire a considerable degree of classical knowledge. Being destined for trade, he returned to his uncle's house, where, as Barnet relates, being observed, by the Earl of Dorset, reading Horace, that nobleman was so pleased with his proficiency, that he undertook the care and expense of his education at the university. He was accordingly entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682; and, about four years afterwards, graduated B. A. and obtained a fellowship. He early distinguished himself among his contemporaries, as well by his talents in general as by the production of some Latin verses

on the marriage of George, Prince of Denmark, with the Lady Anne. In 1688, he wrote his poem on the Deity, and also, in conjunction with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, in ridicule of the *Hind and Panther* of Dryden, who is said to have shed tears at the pain he suffered from perusing the former.

This joint production obtained the first notice for Montague, which gave rise to the following lines by Prior, who seems to have been piqued at the preference :—

My friend Charles Montague's preferred,
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved.

He, however, did not complain long ; for, in 1691, being invited to London by the Earl of Dorset, he was, in that year, sent to the congress at the Hague, as secretary to the English embassy. On his return, he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the king's bedchamber ; and, in 1695, he presented an ode to his majesty on the death of Queen Mary, couched in terms which equally display the poet and the courtier. In 1697, he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick ; and, in the following year, he held the same office at the French court. In 1699, he had an audience with King William, at Loo, whence he was despatched with orders to London ; and, upon his arrival, was appointed under-secretary of state in the Earl of Jersey's office ; in which capacity he went to France to assist in the formation of the partition treaty. In 1700, he produced his *Carmen Seculare*, one of his most elaborate and splendid compositions ; and, in 1701, he was made a commissioner of the board of trade, and elected a member of parliament for East Grinstead. By his voting for the impeachment of the peers who had persuaded the king to the partition treaty, he appears to have deserted the Whigs soon after his entrance into the House of Commons.

During the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, he employed himself chiefly in writing poetry ; and published successively an *Epistle to Boileau on the Duke of Marlborough's Victory at Blenheim* ; a volume of poems dedicated to the Duke of Dorset, containing an eulogium on his predecessor, the poet's patron ; and an *Ode on the Battle of Ramillies*. On the establishment of *The Examiner*, he wrote a witty paper in ridicule of the Whigs ; and upon the return of the Tories to power, he was privately sent to Paris with propositions of peace. He returned in August, 1711, accompanied by the French plenipotentiary ; and, in the following September, the preliminaries were opened at his own residence, which led to the treaty of Utrecht. He was thence again sent to the French court with the authority of an ambassador, but he did not publicly assume that title until the departure of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, it is said, refused to be associated in the embassy with a man so meanly born. His conduct gained

him the confidence of the French monarch; and great reliance seems to have been placed upon his diplomatic powers at home, as, about this time, Lord Bolingbroke writes to him,—“Dear Matt, hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets.”

In August, 1714, on the downfall of the Tories, he was recalled home; and, on his arrival, in March, 1715, was taken into custody on a warrant from the House of Commons. After having undergone an examination before a committee of the privy council, relative to his share in the treaty of Utrecht, he was impeached on the motion of Walpole, and placed in confinement. During this time he wrote his *Alma*; and upon his liberation, some time after the passing of the act of grace, in 1717, from which he had been excepted, he found it necessary to recur to his studies as a means of future support. All that he at this time possessed was the revenue accruing from his fellowship, which, when in his exaltation he had been censured for retaining, he replied, “I can live upon it at last.” Having completed his *Solomon*, he was encouraged to add to it his other poems, and publish the whole by subscription; in which he was assisted by Swift, in Ireland, and several powerful friends in England. The profits arising from the publication amounted to £4000: to which Lord Harley, son of the Earl of Oxford, added an equal sum for the purchase of Downhall, in Essex, which, at the death of the poet, was to devolve to his patron. He did not live long to enjoy his good fortune, being seized with a fever, which, after a lingering illness, put a period to his existence on the 18th of September, 1721. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected over him; for which “last piece of human vanity,” as he styles it in his will, he left the sum of £500.

Of the private character of Prior, there are but few memorials: as a statesman, he acted with duplicity and versatility at his entrance into political life, but after his first change he seems to have remained faithfully attached to the Tory party. Notwithstanding the declaration of Pope, that he was only fit to make verses, and less qualified for business than Addison himself, Prior was decidedly fitted for the office he filled, and was at least considered by his employers as a very able diplomatist. He had great conversational powers, and many instances are recorded of his wit at repartee. Being at the opera at Paris, he sat next to a man who, in his rapture, accompanied with his own voice the principal singer. Prior began to rail at the performer, when the Frenchman, ceasing from his song, expostulated with him for his harsh censure of a man who was the ornament of the stage. “I know all that,” said the poet, “but he sings so loudly, that I cannot hear *you*.” While surveying, one day, the royal apartments at Versailles, being shown the victories of Louis le Grand, painted by Lebrun,

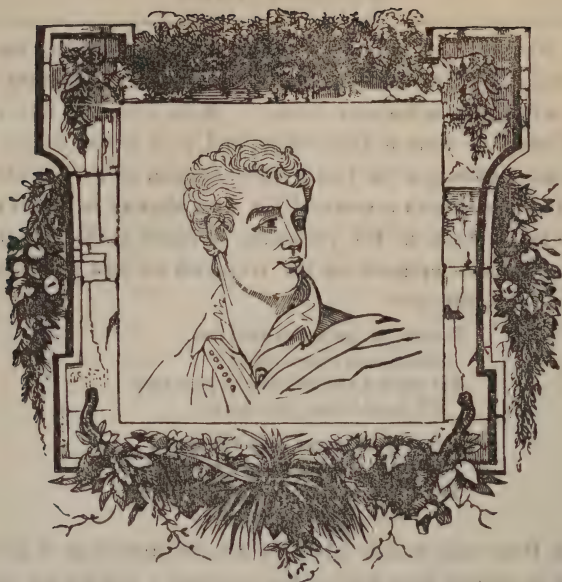
and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations, he replied, "The monuments of my master's greatness are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." Soon after his return from the court of France, he went to Cambridge, and paid a visit to the master of St. John's, who, although he had a great opinion of Prior's abilities, was too much impressed with a sense of his own dignity to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. Piqued at this, Prior wrote the following extempore epigram on the reception he had met with, and addressed it to the master:—

I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow chair;
 But make a bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll kneel before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
 For your great soul too mean;
 You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
 Pay homage to the queen.

Although Prior was readily admitted into the first class of society, he is represented as having been fond of low company; and we are informed by Spence, that he cohabited with a despicable drab of the lowest species. "I have been assured," says the same authority, "that Prior, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe, and drink a bottle of ale, with a common soldier and his wife, in Long Acre, before he went to bed."

With respect to his writings, says Johnson, "he has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace." His style is easy, familiar, and sprightly; but where he attempts to imitate, he is inferior to his originals. This is chiefly apparent in his *Alma*, a poem written in imitation of *Hudibras*, in which he has the advantage of Butler in smoothness and polish of numbers, but wants the latter's exuberance of matter, and variety of illustration. *Alma*, however, has many admirers; and is the only piece among Prior's works of which Pope said he should wish to be the author. His amorous effusions are cold and studied; the longest of them, *Henry and Emma*, is described by Johnson as a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderness for the woman. Gay, Mallet, and Lloyd have praised the genius of Prior very highly; and, indeed, his works are deserving of more eulogy than Johnson seems disposed to allow. He possessed considerable felicity of expression, and in many passages he displays splendour and sublimity, great knowledge, and deep thought. Upon the whole, he may be said to be more accurate than graceful, more stately than dignified, and to have more judgment than fancy; he is, therefore, often dull and tedious, but while sometimes deficient in sprightliness and invention, he is always easy and correct.



GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.



GEORGE GORDON, the only son of Captain John Byron, by his second wife, Miss Gordon, of Gight, and grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, was born in Holles street, London, on the 22d of January, 1788. His ancestry, of which he is said to have been more proud than of having been the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*, was composed of persons of distinction, but possessing much of that daring recklessness of character, which so early displayed itself in the subject of our memoir. His great uncle, Lord William, to whom he succeeded, was tried for killing his relation, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel; and his father, who had caused his first wife to die of a broken heart, after having seduced her, when Marchioness of Carmarthen, became the husband of our poet's mother, as he openly avowed, for her fortune alone; after the dissipation of which, he separated from her, and died at Valenciennes, in 1791. At this time, young Byron resided, with his mother, at Aberdeen, where, in November, 1792, he was sent to a day-school; but, according to his own account, "learned little there, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables." After remaining a year in this school, he was placed with a clergyman, named Ross, under whom, he says, he made astonishing progress; and observes, that the moment he could read, his grand passion was history. His next tutor was named Paterson; with him, he adds, "I began Latin in Ruddiman's

grammar, and continued till I went to the grammar-school, where I threaded all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England by the demise of my uncle."

The anecdotes which are told of him at this time display his temper in an unfavourable light, both in his infancy and boyhood. Mr. Moore relates, that while yet in petticoats, being angrily reprimanded by his nurse for having soiled or torn a new frock, in which he had just been dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages," (as he himself has described them,) seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood, in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance. The same authority tells us, that once, in returning home from school at Aberdeen, Byron fell in with a boy who had, on some former occasion, insulted him, but had then got off unpunished; little Byron, however, at the time, promising to "pay him off" whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him, with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt, by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would not belie his motto. Other anecdotes are told of him, which show him to have been passionate and resentful to that degree, as to leave it doubtful whether the description of him as "a malignant imp," is not more applicable to his early years, than that of "a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy." Before closing our account of his infancy, we should not omit to state that he suffered much from the malformation of one of his feet, which gave him much pain and mortification throughout his life. Even when a child, an allusion to this infirmity so provoked him, that he once struck at a person who remarked it, with a little whip which he held in his hand, exclaiming, impatiently, as his eyes flashed fire, "Dinna speak of it!" He himself says, in some memoranda of his early days, that he never felt greater horror and humiliation than when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him a "lame brat;" and it is certain, that he always felt it as a sort of ignominy, notwithstanding Mr. Moore's assertion that in after-life, "he could sometimes talk indifferently, and even jestingly, of this lameness." His attachment to Mary Duff commenced when he was only eight years of age; but though, eight years afterwards, the account of her marriage with another "nearly threw him into convulsions," and for a while embittered his existence, it was, he adds, "the recollection, not the attachment, which afterwards recurred to me so forcibly." This affection, however, was not without its influence upon his mind, and probably tended to increase that love of contemplation and solitude, which he is said to have sometimes carried to a dangerous excess among the mountainous scenery of the Highlands.

In 1798, he prepared to quit Scotland for Newstead, in consequence of his accession to his family title, of which, perhaps, he was not a little proud; for his mother having said to him, some time in the previous year, while perusing a newspaper, that she hoped to have the pleasure of some time or other reading his speeches in the House of Commons; he replied, "I hope not; if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords." On his arrival at Newstead, he continued his studies under Mr. Rogers, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, and was also attended by a quack of the name of Lavender, who had undertaken to cure the defect in his foot. Of this man, he had a great abhorrence, and took every opportunity of ridiculing him; and, about the same time, the first symptom of his predilection for rhyming showed itself, in four lines of doggerel, respecting an old woman who had given him some offence. In 1799, he was removed to London; and, at the suggestion of his guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, placed under the care of Dr. Baillie, who also attended him on his subsequent removal to the school of Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, where he appears to have gained the esteem both of his master and schoolfellows. His reading in history and poetry, says Dr. Glennie, was far beyond the usual standard of his age; and "he showed an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures;" an assertion which serves to confirm the subsequent declaration of Byron himself, "that he was a great reader and admirer of the Old Testament, and had read it through and through before he was eight years old." The progress he was rapidly making under Dr. Glennie was, unfortunately, interrupted by the foolish indulgence of his mother, who took him home so frequently, and behaved with so much violence when remonstrated with on the subject, that Lord Carlisle determined upon removing his ward to Harrow, whither he was sent in his fourteenth year.

In 1800, he had, as he expresses himself, made "his first dash into poetry; the ebullition," he adds, "of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings." This was succeeded by his attachment for Miss Mary Chaworth, whom he used to meet during the Harrow vacations; she was two years older than himself, and does not appear to have given sufficient encouragement to his addresses, to warrant his declaration "that she jilted him;" especially as she was, at the time of their first acquaintance, engaged to Mr. Musters, whom she subsequently married. There is no doubt, however, that his affection for the lady (who is now dead) was sincere, and that the loss of her had an embittering influence upon his future life. A person, who was present when Miss Chaworth's marriage was first announced to him, has thus described the scene that occurred:—"Byron, I have some news for you," said his mother. "Well, what is it?" "Take out your handkerchief first, you will want it." "Nonsense!" "Take out your handkerchief, I

say." He did so, to humour her. "Miss Chaworth is married." An expression very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket; saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, "Is that all?" "Why, I expected," said his mother, "you would have been plunged in grief." He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else.

This took place in 1805, the year of his leaving Harrow, which he quitted with the character of a plain-spoken, clever, and undaunted, but idle boy. His master, Dr. Drury, for whom he always entertained respect and affection, spoke of him as one who "might be led by a silkken string to a point, rather than by a cable;" and being asked his opinion of his pupil, after some continuance at Harrow, by Lord Carlisle, he replied, that "he had talents which would add lustre to his rank." Though generally, however, reputed to be too indolent to excel in school, it seems that he collected a vast fund of information, which was little suspected by those who saw him only when idle, in mischief, or at play. "The truth is," he says, "that I read, eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, though I never met with a review till I was in my nineteenth year." He was not, at first, liked by his schoolfellows; but with some of them he ultimately formed friendships, to which he always reverted with a melancholy delight, broken, as most of them were, by his own waywardness, or the peculiar circumstances which attended his subsequent career. His intrepidity was shown in several pugilistic combats, many of which he undertook in the defence and protection of other boys. One of his schoolfellows says, that he has seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up, against the disadvantages of his lameness, with all the spirit of an ancient combatant. On the same person's reminding him of his battle with Pitt, he replied, "You are mistaken, I think; it must have been with Rice-pudding Morgan, or Lord Jocelyn, or one of the Douglasses, or George Raynsford, or Pryce, (with whom I had two conflicts,) or with Moses Moore, (the clod,) or with somebody else, and not with Pitt; for with all the above-named, and other worthies of the fist, had I an interchange of black eyes and bloody noses, at various and sundry periods. However, it may have happened, for all that." He also told Captain Medwin, in allusion to two of his actions at Harrow, that he fought Lord Calthorpe for writing "D—d atheist" under his name; and prevented the school-room from being burnt, during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.

In 1805, he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, which he describes as "a new and heavy-hearted scene to him;" adding, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of his life, to feel that he was no longer a boy. His chief ambition seems to have been to attain the reputa-

tion of a rake and a spendthrift; and his principal fear, lest he should become too fat, to prevent which, he took as much violent exercise as his naturally delicate constitution would allow. Among other of his eccentricities, for which he was more remarkable than his profligacy, though he seemed to take a pride in exaggerating the latter, it is said that he kept a bear, with the intention, as he observed, of training it up for a degree. The time not passed by him at the university, he at first spent with his mother, at Southwell, but her violent temper, which his own was not calculated to appease, soon led to their separation; and he afterwards resided in London, Little Hampton, Harrowgate, and other places of fashionable resort. At this period, he is said to have been remarkably bashful, though he subsequently so far overcame his shyness, as to take a prominent part in some private theatricals at Southwell. In November, 1807, his *Hours of Idleness* was printed at Newark; and, in the following year, appeared the memorable criticism upon them in *The Edinburgh Review*, which was decidedly unjust, though few, perhaps, will agree with the subject of our memoir, that these poems were as good as any he ever produced. The impression which the criticism above-mentioned made upon our poet, is described, by one who witnessed his fierce looks of defiance, during a first perusal of it, as fearful and sublime. Among the less sentimental effects of this review upon his mind, says Mr. Moore, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner; that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme; and that "after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better." During the progress of the satire, he passed his time alternately at Newstead, London, and Brighton, where he took lessons in boxing, and appeared in public with a mistress who accompanied him, dressed in boy's clothes, and whom he introduced as his young brother.

On coming of age, in 1809, he apprized Lord Carlisle of his wish to take his seat in the House of Peers; and to the formal reply of the earl, and his refusal to afford any information respecting the marriage of our poet's grandfather, is owing the bitterness with which he attacked the former in his *English Bards*. He at length took his seat on the 13th of March, and went down to the house for that purpose, accompanied only by Mr. Dallas, whom he had accidentally met. "He was received," says that gentleman, "in one of the ante-chambers, by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay: one of them went to apprize the lord chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the house. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to 'he

table, where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into Lord Eldon's hand. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself, for a few minutes, on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the Lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said, 'If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party; but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side: I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.' We returned to St. James's street, but he did not recover his spirits." Another account states that he offended the chancellor by replying to him, when he apologized for requiring the evidence of Admiral Byron's marriage, as being a part of his duty: "Your lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb; you did your duty, and nothing more."

Shortly after he had taken his seat, his satire was published anonymously, of which, though the success, at the time, highly gratified him, he, some years afterwards, wrote, "Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another, prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced and indiscriminate anger to the flames." Before a second edition was published, he left England, accompanied by Mr. Hobhouse, under the influence of those melancholy feelings, which he has described in the early part of the first canto of *Childe Harold*, in which poem a pretty accurate account of his travels is given, during his two years' residence abroad. Almost every event he met with, he has made subservient to his muse, particularly the incident on which is founded his *Giaour*, and it was during this tour that he swam from Sestos to Abydos.

In July, 1811, he returned to England, and being visited by Mr. Dallas, put into his hands a Paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, expressing a wish that it should be printed under the latter's superintendence; but he mentioned nothing of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, until Mr. Dallas expressed his surprise that he should have written so little during his absence. He then told his friend that "he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited;" and, at the same time, handed them to Mr. Dallas, observing, that they were not worth troubling him with. This gentleman had no sooner perused the poem, than he endeavoured to persuade the author of its superiority, in every respect, to the Paraphrase of Horace; but it was not until after much real or affected reluctance, that

he consented to the publication of *Childe Harold*, in preference to that of the former. He had scarcely made up his mind on the subject, before he was called to Newstead, by the illness of his mother, who, however, died a short time before his arrival, on the 1st of August. He is said to have been sincerely affected at her loss; and, on being found sitting near the corpse of his mother, by Mrs. Byron's waiting-woman, he, in answer to her remonstrance with him for so giving way to grief, exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!" His subsequent conduct, however, had an eccentricity about it, which brought the sincerity of his grief into question:—"On the morning of the funeral," says Mr. Moore, "having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking, from the abbey door, at the procession, till the whole had moved off; then turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He was silent and abstracted all the time; and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, in his blows than was his habit; but, at last,—the struggle seeming too much for him,—he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room."

A few months after the death of his mother, a correspondence took place between himself and Mr. Moore, the poet, of whose duel with Mr. Jeffrey, Byron had given a ludicrous, but untrue, account in his *English Bards*. After several letters of an explanatory, rather than hostile, nature had passed on both sides, and in which each exhibited a manly and forbearing spirit, they became mutual friends, and remained so ever afterwards. On the 27th of February, 1812, Lord Byron made his first speech in the House of Lords, on the subject of the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill, and appears to have pleased both himself and his hearers. Mr. Dallas, who met him coming out of the house, says, that he was greatly elated; and, after repeating some of the compliments which had been paid him, concluded by saying, "that he had, by his speech, given the best advertisement for *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," which was two days afterwards published. The effect upon the public, as his biographer observes, was electric; as he has himself said, in his memoranda, "he awoke one morning, and found himself famous." The first edition of his work was disposed of instantly; "*Childe Harold*," and "*Lord Byron*," were the theme of every tongue; the most eminent literati of the day, including many whom he had attacked in his satire, left their names at his door; upon his table lay the epistolary tribute of the statesman and philosopher, the billet of some incognita, or the pressing note of some fair leader of fashion; and, in fine, "he found himself among the illustrious crowds of high life, the most distinguished object." The sum of £600 which he received for the copyright of the poem, he presented to Mr. Dallas; observing, "he would

never receive money for his writings;" a resolution which he subsequently abandoned. Among other results of the fame he had acquired by his *Childe Harold*, was his introduction to the prince regent, which took place at a ball, at the request of his royal highness, whose conversation so fascinated the poet, that had it not been, says Mr. Dallas, for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier.

In the spring of 1813, he published, anonymously, his poem on waltzing; and as it was not received with the applause he anticipated, did not avow himself to be its author. In the same year appeared *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*; the former of which reached a fifth edition in four months. Mr. Murray offered him a thousand guineas for the copyright of the two poems, but he still refused to derive any pecuniary benefit from his writings. In 1814, his *Corsair* was published; the copyright of which he presented to Mr. Dallas. Fourteen thousand copies of the poem were sold in one day; but the popularity which this and his other works had procured for him, began to be lessened by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, and by a certain peculiarity of conduct which was looked upon as more indecorous than eccentric. Under these circumstances, he was persuaded to marry, and, in consequence, proposed to Miss Milbanke, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke; but was at first met with a polite refusal. He was, however, not so much mortified as not to make her a second offer, though he says, in his memoranda, that a friend strongly advised him against doing so; observing, that "Miss Milbanke had, at present, no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him." He then agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to another lady, and a refusal being the consequence, he said, "You see, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person: I will write to her:!" which he accordingly did, and was accepted. His marriage took place at Seaham, on the 2d of January, 1815; a day to which he seems to have always reverted with a shudder, and on which he, in reality, perhaps, experienced those emotions so touchingly described in his beautiful poem of *The Dream*. Superstition had, no doubt, some influence over his mind on the occasion; for, in addition to the circumstances hereafter related in his own words, he fancied, a short time previous to his marriage, that he had seen, at Newstead, the ghost of the monk which was supposed to haunt the abbey, and to appear when misfortune impended over the master of the mansion,—a legend which he has versified in the sixteenth canto of *Don Juan*. His own memoranda relative to his union form an interesting prelude to its unhappy consequences. "It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams," says he, "that twenty-seven was to be the dangerous age for me. The fortune-telling witch was right: it was destined to prove so.

I shall never forget the 2d of January. Lady Byron was the only unconcerned person present: Lady Noel, her mother, cried: I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and after the ceremony called her Miss Milbanke. There is a singular history attached to the ring:—the very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's, that had been lost, was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it was sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still. After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country-seat of Sir Ralph's; and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband, so I was forced to submit; but it was not with a very good grace. I have been accused of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I had married Lady Byron out of spite, and because she had refused me twice. Though I was, for a moment, vexed at the prophecy, or whatever you may choose to call it, if I had made so uncavalier, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage to me and the maid. She had spirit enough to have done so, and would properly have resented the insult. Our honeymoon was not all sunshine; it had its clouds; and Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall in the barometer; but it was never down at zero."

About ten months after his marriage, the birth of his daughter took place; an event that was, in a few weeks, followed by a total separation of the parents. So many various reasons have been assigned for this step, by the friends of either party, and so much more than has yet come to light has been insinuated by Lady Byron herself, that the real cause of their continued disunion still remains a mystery. Our poet has avowed, both in his conversation and correspondence, that, during his residence with his wife, he had nothing to complain of; and it was only when he found her unwilling to resume her connection with him that he gave vent to that bitterness of spirit with which he alludes to her in some of his poems. Mr. Moore speaks with an evident bias in favour of the subject of his biography; but, whatever inferences may be drawn from the sacrifice of the papers relating to this affair, at the request of Lady Byron's family,—and the previous request of the lady herself to her husband, that he would not publish them, on his sending them to her for perusal, which she declined,—it is clear, from the facts that have as yet been made public, that the conduct of Lord Byron was at least as culpable, as that of his wife appears, in the absence of further explanation, to have been extraordinary. Many excuses, however, are to be made for the subject of our memoir, who was most unwarrantably calumniated on the occasion, and publicly taxed with crimes, of which conjugal infidelity was not the least, though,

perhaps, at the time of its imputation, the most unjustifiable. The ostensible cause of their separation was the involvement of his lordship's affairs, and his connection with the managing committee of Drury Lane, which led him into a course of life unsuitable to the domestic habits of Lady Byron. "My income, at this period," says his own account of the affair, "was small, and somewhat bespoken. We had a house in town, gave dinner-parties, had separate carriages, and launched into every sort of extravagance. This could not last long. My wife's £10,000 soon melted away. I was beset by duns, and, at length, an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep on. This was no very agreeable state of affairs, no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron to witness; and it was agreed that she should pay her father a visit till the storm had blown over, and some arrangements had been made with my creditors."

The lady, however, expressed her determination never to return to him, in a letter which had been preceded by one, beginning, as he ludicrously says, "dear duck!" "You ask me," he says in a communication to Captain Medwin, "if no cause was assigned for this sudden resolution?—if I formed no conjecture about the cause? I will tell you: I have prejudices about women; I do not like to see them eat. Rousseau makes Julie un peu gourmande; but that is not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted when I am writing. Lady Byron did not attend to these whims of mine. The only harsh thing I ever remember saying to her was one evening, shortly before our parting. I was standing before the fire, ruminating upon the embarrassment of my affairs, and other annoyances, when Lady Byron came up to me, and said, 'Byron, am I in your way?' to which I replied, 'D—bly!' I was afterwards sorry, and reproached myself for the expression; but it escaped me unconsciously,—involuntarily: I hardly knew what I said."

His lordship's next poems were, *Lara*, *The Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*; the two last of which appeared in February, 1816; and, in the following April, he again left England, having previously published *The Sketch*, and his celebrated *Fare-thee-well*. He set out upon his travels in no very dejected state of mind, which may be accounted for by an observation in one of his letters, that "agitation or contest of any kind gave a rebound to his spirits, and set him up for the time." After reaching France, he crossed the field of Waterloo, and proceeded by the Rhine, to Switzerland, where he became acquainted with Shelley; and, while at Geneva, began the composition of a poem founded on his recent separation; but, hearing that his wife was ill, he threw the manuscript into the fire. From Switzerland he proceeded to Italy, where he resided principally at Venice, and transmitted thence to London his third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, and other poems, *Man-*

fred, and *The Lament of Tasso*. He also wrote, in that city, his *Ode to Venice*, and *Beppo*, which he is said to have finished at a sitting. His mode of living is accurately described in his own letters from Italy, which show him to have been equally candid and shameless in the confession of his amours. The first connection he formed was with the wife of a linen draper, in whose house he lodged; and highly censurable, says Mr. Moore, as was his course of life, while under the roof of this woman, "it was venial, in comparison with the strange, head-long career of license, to which he subsequently so unrestrainedly and defyingly abandoned himself." It will be unnecessary, after this admission from his most partial biographer, to say more than, that, after a gross and degrading course of libertinism, his desires were contracted into a passion for the Countess Guiccioli; with whom he first became acquainted in the April of 1819, and, in a few months, he became her acknowledged paramour. In the same year he was visited, at Venice, by Mr. Moore, to whom he made a present of the memoirs, which have been before alluded to. He brought them in, says Mr. Moore, one day, in a white leather bag, and holding it up, said, "Look here; this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it."—"What is it?"—"My life and adventures:—it is not a thing that can be published during my lifetime, but you may have it, if you like,—there, do whatever you please with it." In giving the bag, continues Mr. Moore, he added, "You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it."

The Countess Guiccioli having gone back to Ravenna, at her husband's desire, Lord Byron was about to return to England, when a letter from his innamorata changed his mind, and he resumed his connection with her, on her separation from her husband, which took place, on an understanding that she should in future reside with her father, Count Gamba. She accordingly, in July, 1820, removed from Ravenna to the count's villa, a distance of about fifteen miles from the city, where our poet now took up his abode, visiting Madam Guiccioli once or twice in a month. After he had been about a twelvemonth at Ravenna, the state of the country began to render it unsafe for him to remain there any longer; and the Gambas (the father and brother of the Countess Guiccioli) having been exiled, he was induced to remove with them to Pisa, in the autumn of 1821. It appears, that he was himself suspected of having secretly joined the Carbonari; but, though such was the fact, and he had received warnings to discontinue his forest rides, he, as he observes, "was not to be bullied," and did not quit Ravenna till he had shown the authorities he was not afraid of remaining. His poetical productions, within the three last years, were, *Mazeppa*, his tragedies of *Marino Faliero*, the *Two Foscari*, and *Sardanapalus*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, *Cain*, and several cantos of *Don Juan*, the sixteenth canto of which he completed at Pisa. At this place he

also wrote *Werner, The Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth*, and the celebrated *Vision of Judgment*; the last two of which appeared in *The Liberal*, the joint production of himself, Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, who had joined his lordship at Pisa. Of this periodical it is unnecessary to say more, in this place, than that it failed after the fourth number, and gave rise to a prosecution against the publisher, on account of the *Vision of Judgment*.

An affray with some soldiers of Pisa, who, for some reason or other, had attempted to arrest our poet, and some other Englishmen, induced him to remove, with the Gambas, to Leghorn, and, subsequently, to Geneva, where he took up his residence, in September, 1822. The fervour of his attachment had now, probably, declined towards the Countess Guiccioli; and, anxious for more stirring scenes than those in which he had hitherto mixed, he engaged in a correspondence with the leaders of the insurrection in Greece, which ended in his departure for that country, in the summer of 1823. He has been censured by some for quitting Italy without having made a provision for his mistress, but it seems that she had refused to accept of any: upon what terms they parted is doubtful; for, according to Mr. Galt, a friend of his was told, by the lady herself, "that she had not come to hate Lord Byron, but she feared more than loved him." Her brother, however, Count Gamba, accompanied his lordship to Cephalonia, where he equipped forty Suliotes to assist in the defence of Missolonghi, and undertook to provide a loan of £12,000 for the equipment of a fleet against the Turks.

In the beginning of January, 1824, he entered Missolonghi, where the inhabitants, who hailed his coming as that of a Messiah, received him with enthusiastic demonstrations of respect and applause. He began by attempting to induce the Greeks to a more civilized system of warfare than had been lately carried on; and, with this view, he not only personally rescued a Turk from some Greek sailors, on the very day of his landing, but released several prisoners in the town, and sent them back to Prevesa, in the hope that it would beget a similar mode of treatment towards the captives in the hands of the Turks. He then formed a brigade of Suliotes, five hundred of whom he took into his pay; and "burning," says Colonel Stanhope, "with military ardour and chivalry, prepared to lead them to Lepanto." The insubordination, however, among the troops, and the differences that hourly arose amid the half-famished and ill-accounted garrison, rendered this step impracticable, and threw him into a state of feverish irritation, that destroyed his self-possession at a time when it was most necessary to the cause he was struggling to serve. An attack of epilepsy was the consequence of this state of mind, and on his recovery, he was strongly urged to remove, for a while, from the marshy and deleterious air of Missolonghi. This he indignantly refused to do. "I will remain here,"

he said, to Captain Parry, "until Greece is secure against the Turks, or till she has fallen under their power. All my income shall be spent in her service; but, unless driven by some great necessity, I will not touch a farthing of the sum intended for my sister's children. When Greece is secure against external enemies, I will leave the Greeks to settle their government as they like. One service more, and an eminent service it will be, I think I may perform for them. You, Parry, shall have a schooner built for me, or I will buy a vessel; the Greeks shall invest me with the character of their ambassador, or agent: I will go to the United States, and procure that free and enlightened government to set the example of recognizing the federation of Greece as an independent state. This done, England must follow the example, and Greece will then enter into all her rights as a member of the great commonwealth of Christian Europe."

This was the last ebullition of a mind which was now tottering to its final decadence, though it occasionally broke out in those meteor-like flashes, which had belonged to its early vigour. On the 12th of April, a fever, of whose premonitory symptoms he had not been sufficiently heedful, confined him to his bed, and his physician, Dr. Bruno, proposed bleeding him, as the only means of saving his life. This, however, he repeatedly refused; declaring, that he had only a common cold, and that he would not permit the doctor to bleed him for the mere purpose of getting the reputation of curing his disease. At length, on the 14th, after some controversy among the physicians, who now all saw the necessity of bleeding, he consented to the operation; and also on the 16th, saying, as he stretched out his arm, "I fear they know nothing about my disorder; but, here, take my arm, and do whatever you like." On the 17th, his countenance changed, and he became slightly delirious; he complained that the want of sleep would drive him mad; "and," he exclaimed to his valet, Fletcher, "I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad; for I am not afraid of dying—I am more fit to die than people imagine." It was not, however, till the 18th, that he began to think himself in danger, when he called Fletcher to his bed side, and bid him receive his last instructions. "Shall I fetch pen, ink, and paper?" said the valet, as he approached. "Oh, my God! no;" was his reply; "you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare." He then exclaimed, "Oh! my poor dear child!—my dear Ada—could I have but seen her—give her my blessing."—And, after muttering something unintelligible, he suddenly raised his voice, and said, "Fletcher, now, if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible." The valet replying that he had not understood one word of what his lordship had been saying, "Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "then all is lost, for it is now too late, and all is over: yet, as you say, God's will, not mine, be done—but, I will try to—my wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—

you know my wishes." Here his words became unintelligible. Stimulants were now, in direct opposition to the opinion of Dr. Bruno, administered to him, after taking which, he said, "I must sleep now," and never spoke again. For twenty-four hours he lay in a state of lethargy, with the rattles occasionally in his throat; and at six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, an exclamation of Fletcher, who saw him open and then shut his eyes, without moving hand or foot, announced that his master was no more.

The death of Lord Byron created a mournful sensation in all parts of the civilized world: his failings were forgotten in his recent struggles for the delivery of Greece, and one universal sound of admiration and regret was echoed throughout Europe. The authorities of Missolonghi paid every token of respect to his memory that reverence could suggest, and before his remains were deposited in their final resting-place, some of the most celebrated men of the present century had, in glowing terms, expressed their sense of his merits. His body, after having been brought to England, and refused interment in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, was conveyed to Hucknall Church, near Newstead, in conformity to a wish of the poet, that his dust might be mingled with his mother's. As the procession passed through the streets of London, a sailor was observed walking, uncovered, near the hearse, and, on being asked what he was doing there, replied, that he had served Lord Byron in the *Levant*, and had come to pay his last respects to his remains; "a simple but emphatic testimony," observes Mr. Galt, "to the sincerity of that regard which his lordship often inspired, and which, with more steadiness, he might always have commanded."

The character of Lord Byron has, of late years, been so frequently and elaborately discussed, that a lengthened dissertation upon it in this place would be equally tedious and superfluous. Its best development is furnished by his memoirs, and, having read these, we may, without fear of controversy, come to the conclusion, that in regard to his relation to society he was neither a great nor a good man. Had he been desirous of becoming so, it was not impossible for him to have succeeded; the path of rectitude was not a greater mystery to him than to other men; and the metaphysical subtlety that has been employed to prove him the possessor of high and virtuous principles, only shows how far he has diverged from the track to which his panegyrists would wish to restore him. It has been said, that he was not driven to profligacy by inclination, but was goaded into it by the world's attributing to him vices of which he was not guilty, but which he in consequence, out of scorn and defiance, chose to commit. "I took," he himself says, "my gradation in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; I could not be a libertine without disgust; and yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself,

threw me into excesses, perhaps, more fatal than those from which I shrunk." This is a metaphysical apology, calculated, perhaps, to mystify the judgment, and cajole the sympathies, of a portion of mankind towards him by whom it is put forth ; but, surely, it is nothing more than the reckless avowal of a perverted and a depraved mind, too indolent, too weak, or too proud, to adopt any other mode of blunting the sting of one vice, than by plunging into another still more odious. We confess we are not among those who see, in the circumstances of his lordship's life, sufficient reason for that waywardness of mind and conduct, of which his poetical and moral character form so singular a combination ; and from which, after all, he only averts our contempt, by investing it with an aspect that disdains our pity. Lord Byron is not the only sensitive young man who has entered upon life with blighted hopes, but it is doubtful whether the remembrance of them would be accepted as an apology for a similar career to that of his lordship, even though the sufferer possessed not the faculty of venting his anguish in verse, the opportunity of drowning it in dissipation, or the means and leisure of softening it by travel and amusement.

The subject of our memoir, however, was not without redeeming qualities : he was brave, generous, and benevolent ; but he was also passionate, disingenuous, and resentful ; and more ready to inflict a wound than to submit to one himself. He was sensitive to a painful degree, both in his sentiments and his feelings ; but, though he writhed under an attack upon either, his pride hindered him from showing what he suffered, even when such emotions proceeded from impulses the most honourable to human nature. He certainly took pleasure in showing the dark side of his character to the world ; for those who were admitted to an unreserved intimacy with him, give indubitable testimony of his possessing, in a very eminent degree, all the social and companionable qualities, a heart exquisitely alive to the kindness of others towards himself, and a hand unhesitatingly prompt in complying with the supplications of distress. There is, indeed, no reason to doubt his own allegation, (for falsehood was not one of his characteristics,) when he says, "If salvation is to be bought by charity, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life, than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor honest man in distress." Captain Medwin describes him as the best of masters, and as being perfectly adored by his servants, to whose families and children he also extended an affectionate kindness. His habits, in the latter part of his life, were regular and temperate, even to ascetic abstinence ; he seldom eat meat or drank wine, living chiefly upon biscuits, coffee, eggs, fish, vegetables, and soda water, of which he has been known to drink fifteen bottles in a night. Riding, swimming, and pistol-shooting, were his favourite amusements ; and one of three things which he used to pride himself upon, was his ability to snuff out a candle

with a bullet, at twenty yards' distance;—the other two were, his feat of swimming across the Hellespont, and being the author of a poem, (*The Corsair*,) of which fourteen thousand copies were sold in one day. He had a great partiality for children; and, besides the affection he always manifested for his child, Ada, he is said to have felt severely the loss of a natural daughter, born in 1817, and who died at five years of age. Prejudice, affectation, and vanity, displayed themselves in many parts of his conduct; he would talk of avoiding Shakspeare, lest he should be thought to owe him any thing; and delighted in the addition of Noel to his name, because, as he said, Bonaparte and he were the only public persons whose initials were the same; peculiarities which induced Mr. Hazlitt to call him "a sublime coxcomb." His pride of birth we have before alluded to: it would, probably, have been somewhat diminished, had he been aware of the singular fact of a baton sinister being in the escutcheon of his family. Though he professed to despise the opinion of the world, no man was a greater slave to it, in some respects, than himself. Speaking of duelling, he would say, "we must act according to usages; any man will, and must, fight, when necessary—even without a motive." He was himself concerned in many duels, as second, but only in two as principal: one was with Mr. Hobhouse, before he became intimate with him. Of his person, he was particularly vain, and it was certainly of a superior order; he was about five feet eight and a half inches in height, with a high forehead, adorned with fine, curling, chestnut hair; teeth, says an Italian authoress, which resembled pearls; hands as beautiful as if they had been the works of art; eyes of the azure colour of the heavens; cheeks delicately tinged with the hue of the pale rose; and withal, a countenance, in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was fascinatingly conspicuous.

The religious sentiments of Lord Byron appear to have been much misrepresented: "I am no bigot to infidelity," he says, in one of his letters, "and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God." Mr. Moore having suspected that Mr. Shelley swayed his lordship's opinions, the latter writes, "Pray, assure Mr. Moore that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular; if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress." It is doubtful, however, though he educated his natural daughter in the Catholic faith, and himself observed some of its ceremonies, whether he was a believer in the tenets of Christianity. He perceived and needed the consolation to be derived from a sincere adoption of its creed, but his intellectual pride would not suffer him to prostrate his reason at the humiliating shrine of faith.

The following anecdotes are interesting, and, upon the whole, favourable

illustrations of the paradoxical character of Lord Byron:—A young lady of talent being reduced to great hardships on account of her family, came to the resolution of calling on Lord Byron, at his apartments in the Albany, for the purpose of soliciting his subscription to a volume of poems. Having no knowledge of him, except from his works, she entered his room with diffidence, but soon found courage to state her request, which she did with simplicity and delicacy. He listened with attention, and, when she had done speaking, began to converse with her in so gentle and fascinating a manner, that she hardly perceived he had been writing, until he put a slip of paper into her hand, saying it was his subscription; “But,” added he, “we are both young, and the world is very censorious; and so, if I were to take any active part in procuring subscribers to your poems, I fear it would do you harm rather than good.” The young lady, on looking at the paper, found it a check for £50.—During his residence at Venice, the house of a shoemaker, who had a large family, being destroyed by fire, Lord Byron ordered a new habitation to be built at his own expense, and presented the tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his loss.—While at Metaxata, in the island of Cephalaria, hearing of several persons having been buried under an embankment which had fallen in, he immediately hastened to the spot, accompanied by his physician. After some of their companions had been extricated, the labourers becoming alarmed for themselves, refused to dig further, when Byron himself seized a spade, and, by his exertions, assisted by the peasantry, succeeded in saving two more persons from certain death.—One of his household having subjected him to much perplexity by his amorous propensities, he hit upon the following means for curing them:—A young Suliote of the guard being dressed up like a woman, was instructed to attract the notice of the gay Lothario, who, taking the bait, was conducted by the supposed female to one of Lord Byron’s apartments, where he was almost terrified out of his senses by the sudden appearance of an enraged husband, provided for the occasion.—The following anecdote shows how jealous he was of his title:—An Italian apothecary having sent him, one day, a packet of medicines addressed to Monsieur Byron, he indignantly sent the physic back to learn better manners.—His coat of arms was, according to Leigh Hunt, suspended over the foot of his bed; and even when a schoolboy at Dulwich, so little disguised were his high notions of rank, that his companions used to call him the Old English Baron.—When residing at Mitylene, he portioned eight young girls very liberally, and even danced with them at their marriage feast; he gave a cow to one man, horses to another, and silk to several girls who lived by weaving. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale; and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. At Ravenna, he was so beloved by the poor people, that his influence over them was dreaded by the government; and,

indeed, wherever he resided, his generosity and benevolence appear to have been eminently conspicuous.

Of the merits so universally acknowledged of Lord Byron, as a poet, little need be said ; in originality of conception, depth and vigour of thought, boldness of imagination, and power of expression, he is unrivalled. His most sublime performances are *Manfred*, *Childe Harold*, *Heaven and Earth*, and *Cain* ; the first of these pieces has been highly commended by Goëthe, who pronounces some parts of it superior to some of the productions of Shakspeare. His great and favourite art lies in his portraiture of the human character, thrown back upon itself by satiety, conscious of its own wreck, yet disdaining penitence for the vices it acknowledges, unable to find relief in itself, and scorning to derive consolation from others. In this respect, he surpasses Milton, who has only depicted the horrors of remorse ; a far less difficult task. Satan has an end in view, to which he is driven by despair and hate : *Manfred* has none, yet, in the stern apathy of his soul, he appears to us more terribly sublime even than Lucifer himself. *Don Juan* is Lord Byron's most remarkable production ; it contains some of his finest and most common-place passages, and shows a command of language and versatility of style that have never been equalled. The tendency, however, of this, and some other of his poems, cannot be too explicitly condemned. Sensuality, in *Don Juan*, has one of its most powerful and accomplished advocates ; the sting by which it is followed he calls the misfortune of nature, instead of the consequence of vice ; and, thus, instead of exalting our notions of virtue, makes us regard the exercise of it as a melancholy and irksome duty.





JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI.



JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI was born about 1780, at Padua, in Italy, and passed the greater part of his youth at Rome, where he was preparing himself to become a monk, when he observes, "the sudden entry of the French into that city altered the course of my education, and being destined to travel, I have been a wanderer ever since." In 1803, he visited England, and married; when, having but scanty means of subsistence, he went to Scotland and Ireland, and exhibited, at various theatres, a series of experiments in hydraulics, a science to which he had devoted much of his time in Italy. Finding, however, that he received but little profit from these exhibitions, he determined on a public display of his strength, which he put forth in feats that astonished and attracted crowded audiences wherever he appeared. Though, at that time, very young, he was six feet seven inches in height; and such was his elephantine power, that he could walk

across the stage with no less than two-and-twenty persons attached by straps to different parts of his body. In 1812, he exhibited at Lisbon and at Madrid; and sailed afterwards to Malta, whence he set out for Cairo, for the purpose of making a machine for raising water out of the Nile to water the bashaw's gardens. While on his way to the palace, he received so severe a blow on the leg, that he was confined to his bed thirty days before he could be introduced to the bashaw; who merely observed, on being told of Belzoni's wound, "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

Having concluded an agreement to make a machine which should enable one ox to raise as much water as was drawn previously by four, he, after much difficulty and obstruction on the part of those whose cattle were employed in the gardens, completed his work, and demonstrated, with great success, a practical experiment of its power. The opposition, however, of the Arabs to the use of his machine, which they had materially damaged, induced Belzoni to relinquish his projects concerning it, and to undertake, at the suggestion of Mr. Salt and Mr. Burckhardt, an expedition to Thebes, for the purpose of removing an enormous bust, to which they had given the name of "the younger Memnon."

"It has been erroneously stated," says Belzoni, "that I was regularly employed by Mr. Salt for the purpose of bringing the colossal bust from Thebes to Alexandria. I positively deny that I was ever engaged by him in any shape whatever, either by words or writing, as I have proofs of the case being on the contrary. When I ascended the Nile, the first and second time, I had no other idea in my mind, but that I was making researches for antiquities which were to be placed in the British Museum; and it is naturally to be supposed, that I would not have made these excursions, had I been aware that all I found was for the benefit of a gentleman whom I never had the pleasure to see before in my life."

Our traveller, accompanied by his wife, left Boolak on the 30th of June, 1815, examined the ruins of ancient Antinoë, and arrived at Ashoumain, where he met with the first remains of Egyptian architecture, which he supposes to have been of a date anterior to those of Thebes. Having arrived at Siout, he requested of the bashaw's physician, permission to employ the workmen necessary to remove the head of Memnon; but not receiving a favourable reply, he, by means of his interpreter, procured the requisite assistance, and after viewing the tombs of Issus, proceeded to Thebes. On his way thither, he visited, near Dendera, the Temple of Tentyra, before which he remained seated some time, lost in admiration at "the singularity of its preservation," and the extent and magnificence of its structure. On his return to Dendera, the inhabitants insisted on detaining his interpreter, imagining him to be the same who had joined the French army, some years ago, and declaring "that he had been 1 ;

enough among Christian dogs." With much difficulty he procured the man's release, and in a few days came in sight of the ruins of Thebes, of which he thus writes :—"The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins: for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence." After pausing with wonder before the two colossal figures in the plain, he proceeded to examine the bust, which it was the object of his expedition to remove. "I found it," he observes, "near the remains of its body and chair, with its face upwards, and apparently smiling on me, at the thought of being taken to England." Finding the distance to his boat on the Nile too far to go every night, he built a small hut with the stones of the Memnonium, in which, with Mrs. Belzoni, he determined to remain till he had accomplished the removal of the bust. This, after much difficulty and persuasion, he procured sufficient men to raise from the ground; "which," says Belzoni, "so astonished the Arabs, that, though it was the effect of their own efforts, they said it was the devil that did it." On the 5th of August, he reached, with the head, that part of the land which he was afraid of being prevented from crossing by the rising of the water; and on the 12th, he observes, "Thank God, the young Memnon arrived on the bank of the Nile." Next day he entered a cave in the mountains of Gornou, for the purpose of taking out a sarcophagus, which had been mentioned to him by Mr. Drouetti; and which, after having more than once lost his way in the different avenues that lead to it, he was preparing to remove, when the Arabs, who were working for him, were put into prison by the cacheff of Erments, who replied, on his complaining of such conduct, "That the sarcophagus had been sold to the French consul, and that no one else should have it."

While waiting the arrival of a boat from Cairo, he made an excursion to the Temple of Ybsambul, the entrance to which, though choked up by an accumulation of sand to the height of thirty-six feet, he determined on using his utmost endeavours to open. Previously, however, to commencing his operations, he made a voyage to the second cataract of the Nile; in reference to which, he says, "Though some authors assert that the Nile has no waves, but runs quite smooth, I can assure the reader, that we were this day tossed about as if by a gale at sea." On his return to Ybsambul, he immediately began to clear the entrance to the temple, and after five days' labour, had succeeded in uncovering twenty feet of sand, when, finding that he had neither sufficient time nor money for the completion of his undertaking, he obtained a promise from the cacheff to keep the place

untouched till his return, and descended the Nile to Deboade, where he took possession of an obelisk, twenty-two feet long, "In the name of his Britannic majesty's consul in Cairo." On arriving at Thebes, he met two Frenchmen, who made some remarks on the head of Memnon to deter him from taking it away, and was told by their dragoman, that if he persevered in his researches, "he should have his throat cut, by order of two personages." After hiring a boat to convey the bust to Cairo, he proceeded to Carnak, where he employed twenty men to dig away the sand from a large temple, from the ruins of which he transported to Luxor six sphinxes and a white statue of Jupiter Ammon, which he subsequently conveyed to England, and are now in the British Museum. The merit of the discoveries he made here, was attempted to be taken from him by Count de Forbin, who published an account, extracted from Belzoni's letters.

After examining the extensive ruins of Medinet Aboo, which he describes as "best worthy of the attention of the traveller of any on the west of Thebes," and penetrating into several tombs which he discovered in the valley of Beban el Malook, Belzoni returned to Luxor, with the intention of putting on board the colossal head, which, after many impediments, he effected on the 17th of November. On the 15th of December, he arrived at Cairo, with the bust and other antiquities; the latter of which he left, according to the instructions of Mr. Salt, at the consulate, and with the former, departed for Alexandria, where he saw it safely deposited in a British transport. Having accomplished this important object, he proceeded to resume his operations at the Temple of Ybsambul, stopping on his way thither at Thebes, where he found the agents of Mr. Drouetti in the act of completing many of the excavations he had begun, and removing several statues and sphinxes from the ruins. With some difficulty our traveller procured sufficient workmen to pursue his excavations at Carnak, where he discovered a magnificent temple, dedicated to the great God of the creation; on entering which, he says, "My mind was impressed with ideas of such solemnity, that for some time I was unconscious whether I were on terrestrial ground, or in some other planet."

From Carnak he again proceeded to Gornou, a tract of rocks two miles in length, and formerly the burial place of the city of Thebes; of which subterranean abodes, the most wonderful in the world, he thus speaks:—"In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. Once I was conducted from such a place, to another resembling it, through a passage of about two feet in length, and no wider than a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being

covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above ; at the same time, my throat and nose were choked with dust ; but though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow." After collecting several papyri from the shrouds of the mummies, and purchasing a pair of beautiful brazen vessels, which he describes as "two of the finest articles of metallic composition that ever were to be found in Egypt," he returned to Carnak, where, among other discoveries, he dug up, and sent to England, a colossal head of red granite, still larger than that of the younger Memnon. About this time he was joined by Captains Mangles and Irby, with whose assistance he succeeded in entering the temple at Ybsambul, which he found to be one hundred and seventeen feet wide, and eighty-six feet high, and "enriched with beautiful intaglios, painting, colossal figures," &c. His next and most important discovery was in the valley of Beban el Malook, of a vast and magnificent tomb, described by him as "a new and perfect monument of Egyptian antiquity, which can be recorded as superior to any other in point of grandeur, style, and preservation." Speaking of the day on which he discovered this tomb, he says, "I may call it one of the best, perhaps, of my life ; it led me to the fortunate spot which has paid me for all the trouble I took in my researches."

On his return to Cairo, he was much annoyed to hear that the credit of the discoveries he had made had been usurped by others, who had been announced, by name, in the English journals, as the means of bringing to light the principal temples which he had so long been employed in excavating. Accordingly, he resolved, in future, to keep his operations as secret as possible ; and with this view, went alone, to inspect the second great pyramid of Ghizeh, "that enormous mass which, for so many ages, has baffled the conjectures of ancient and modern writers ;" and which, whether one solid mass, or possessing any cavity in the interior, no one had yet been able to ascertain. Notwithstanding, however, the difficulty of the attempt, and the uncertainty of success, he resolved on making an effort to discover an entrance to the tomb ; a project for the undertaking of which, £20,000 had been considered by Mr. Drouetti necessary, while Belzoni determined to begin it with the small sum of £200, all he, at that moment, possessed. Having procured the requisite number of workmen, he commenced his operations, and after a month's labour, to his inexpressible delight, found a passage, and penetrated into the centre of the pyramid. So unsuccessful, however, were his attempts at first, that those who came to see him at work, ridiculed the idea of his proceeding further, and the Count de Forbin, says Belzoni, "requested, in a kind of sarcastic manner, when I had succeeded in opening the pyramid, (which, no doubt, he supposed I never would,) that I would send him the plan of it." Accordingly, Belzoni sent it to the count, who taking advantage of the opportu-

nity, on his arrival in Paris, caused it to be published in the newspapers, that he himself had penetrated into the pyramid, and produced the plan as an evidence.

Having sent some account of his proceedings to England, Belzoni made a third journey to Thebes, whence, after taking models in wax of the principal tombs, he set out on a voyage to the Red Sea, principally with the intention of visiting Sarkiet Minor, said to be the site of ancient Berenice. Accordingly, on the 16th of September, 1818, accompanied by Mr. Beechey, he embarked at Gornou, and sailing down the Nile, was witness to one of the most calamitous inundations ever known; the river having risen three feet and a half higher than usual, and swept away several villages, and some hundreds of their inhabitants. On leaving the Nile, he proceeded across the desert to the Red Sea, the coast of which he found to have been accurately described by Bruce; and, at Cape el Golahen, he discovered the ruins of a town, which, from his own observations, and those of the geographer, D'Anville, he concluded to be the site of ancient Berenice, of which city he had found no traces at Sarkiet Minor. Returning to Gornou, he was met by Mr. Salt and Mr. Banks, the latter of whom, having been authorized to take possession of the obelisk found by Belzoni in the island of Philoe, engaged him to remove it down the Nile to Alexandria, preparatory to its embarkation for England. On reaching the spot where it lay, he, after some opposition on the part of Mr. Drouetti, who claimed the obelisk as his own, commenced his operations for putting it on board, which he effected after a delay of three days, caused by its slipping from the machine into the water. Having arrived at Luxor, he landed for a few days to visit the excavations he had commenced at Carnak, when, on his returning to the boat, he was suddenly attacked by a large party of Arabs, headed by two Europeans and Mr. Drouetti, who endeavoured to force Belzoni to deliver up the obelisk. He was, however, firm in his refusal; but, on reaching the Nile, hastened on to Alexandria, determined to quit Egypt for ever, as he observes, "I could not live any longer in a country where I had become the object of revenge, to a set of people who could take the basest means to accomplish their purpose."

Previously, however, to sailing for Europe, he made an excursion to Faiume, the ruins of ancient Arsinoë, Lake Mœris, and the Oasis of Ammon, near Zaboo, where he received a severe injury on his side, in consequence of his camel falling with him down a hard rock of twenty feet in depth. In this journey he tried to discover some remains of the famous Temple of the Labyrinth; visited the noted fountain at El Cassar, mentioned by Herodotus; and, after passing some time at various places, in search of antiquities, returned to Alexandria, whence, in the middle of September, 1819, he says, "Thank God, we embarked for Europe; not that I disliked the country I was in, for, on the contrary, I have reason to

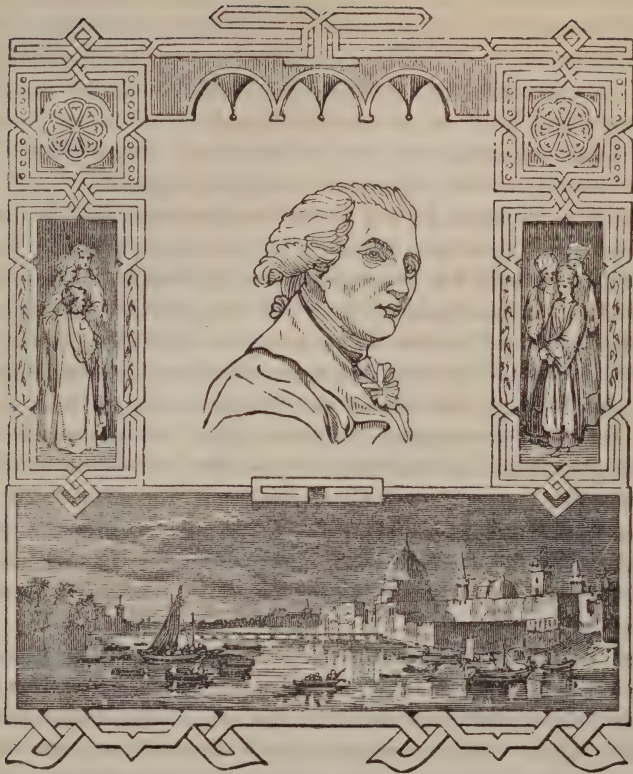
be grateful; nor do I complain of the Turks or Arabs in general, but of some Europeans who are in that country, whose conduct and mode of thinking are a disgrace to human nature." On his arrival in Italy, he visited his friends and family at Padua; to which city he presented two lion-headed statues of granite, which were placed, by his townsmen, in the Palazza della Justitia, who also struck a medal in honour of him. In 1820, he reached England; and, in the same year, published an *Account of his Travels and Discoveries*, a work which excited the interest and attention of the whole literary and scientific world. In 1821, he exhibited, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, a representation of two of the principal chambers of a tomb he had discovered in Beban el Malook, besides a model of the entire excavation; with several specimens of Egyptian sculpture, cases containing idols, mummies, &c., and a superb manuscript of papyrus.

In the latter end of 1822, Belzoni left England for Gibraltar, with the intention of travelling through Africa to Senaar, by way of Timbuctoo, a city which, up to that time, had never been visited by a European. On reaching Fez, he was introduced to the Emperor of Morocco, who, at first, gave him permission to join a caravan about to set out for Timbuctoo; but, subsequently, remanded him back to Tangiers, whence our traveller proceeded to Gibraltar, determined not to relinquish his project, although he had already fruitlessly expended £1000 in his attempt to accomplish it. Having arrived at Madeira, he continued his course to Teneriffe and Cape Coast Castle, where he resolved on taking a northerly direction, from the kingdom of Benim direct to Houssa, towards the east of which country he had some hope of falling in with the Niger. On the 30th of October, he reached the bar of Benim River; and, after making an excursion to the capital of Warra, about one hundred and twenty miles distant from Bobee, returned to the latter place, and set out, in company with Mr. Houtson, an English merchant, on his expedition to Timbuctoo. While stepping into the canoe in which he departed, he evinced much agitation; and when the crew of the vessel he had just left, gave him three cheers, it was with trepidation, though with earnestness, that he exclaimed—"God bless you, my fine fellows! and send you a happy sight of your country and friends!" He reached Gato on the 20th of November, 1823; and, on the 26th, departed for Benim, where he arrived in the evening of the same day, suffering slightly from an attack of diarrhœa, of which he had complained in the course of his journey. After some negotiation with the king of Benim, to whom Mr. Belzoni was represented as an Indian, or Malay, on his return home, it was arranged that he should be escorted as far as Houssa, whither, however, his diarrhœa, now changed to a dysentery, prevented him from preparing to proceed. On the 2d of December, his illness increased to such an alarming degree, that he expressed a conviction of his approaching death, and begged Mr. Houtson to send him back to Gato, in the faint

hope that the sea-breezes might revive him. On his arrival there, though much fatigued, he appeared better for the voyage; resumed his usual cheerfulness, ate and drank, slightly, of bread and tea, and fell into a sound sleep, from which, however, he awoke with a dizziness in the head, and coldness in the extremities; shortly after he lost the power of speech, and, in the afternoon of the 3d of December, tranquilly expired.

Previously to his death, he had given directions respecting his papers, and had attempted to write to his wife; but, his strength failing him, he requested Mr. Houtson "to bear witness that he died in the fullest and most affectionate remembrance of her; and begged that gentleman would write to her, and send her the amethyst ring which he then wore." He was buried on the day following his death, the funeral service being delivered by Mr. Houtson, who placed over his grave the following inscription:—"Here lie the remains of G. Belzoni, Esq., who was attacked with a dysentery at Benim, on the 26th of November, on his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo, and died at Gato, on the 3d of December, 1823. The gentleman who placed this inscription over the grave of this intrepid and enterprising traveller, hopes that every European, visiting this spot, will cause the ground to be cleared, and the fence around it put in repair, if necessary."

The character of Belzoni was of an intrepid and enterprising nature; and he possessed, in the midst of the many difficulties and dangers which surrounded him, a spirit of perseverance that would have turned most men from their object. His person was as well favoured as it was tall and powerful; and his countenance was handsome and intelligent. He was accompanied by his wife in all his expeditions, except the last; she was, for a woman, as prodigious in size and strength as Belzoni was for a man; and proved of much assistance to him in the course of his researches in Egypt. The travels of Belzoni are the most interesting ever recorded; the account of them is written by himself, choosing, as he says in his preface, to tell in his own way his events and discoveries; being more solicitous about the accuracy of his facts than the manner of relating them. His narrative, however, although occasionally confused, from an over-earnestness to convey to the reader's mind an adequate idea of the difficulties encountered by the author, is written in a pure and unostentatious style, and in a tone which occasionally approaches to the poetic and sublime. Nor is his diction inelegant; and, notwithstanding his want of a classical education, he displays, in his work, a very extensive knowledge of ancient history, and particularly of the classical traditions respecting Thebes and other celebrated places of Egypt.



JOHN BACON.



JOHN BACON, the son of a cloth-worker, was born at Southwark, in Surrey, on the 24th of November, 1740. After having fallen into the pit of a soap-boiler, and been run over by a loaded cart, he recovered health enough to assist in his father's business. Where he received his education does not appear. At the age of

fourteen he was apprenticed to a porcelain manufacturer, in Bow Church-yard, where he learned to model birds, beasts, &c., and to paint figures on plates and dishes. The clay models, sent by the sculptors to be burnt in the pottery furnace, drew his first attention to their art; he examined them by day, and tried to imitate them at night. He had made such progress, in 1759, that he ventured to send to the Society of Arts a figure of Peace, for which he received ten guineas; and he was subsequently awarded other premiums to the amount of £200. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, he became a student; and, in 1769, received the first

gold medal for sculpture ever given by that society. He was shortly afterwards employed in Coad's artificial stone manufactory, at Lambeth, where he executed several ornamental statues, and a colossal head of Ossian, which excited particular attention. In 1770, he exhibited a clay statue of Mars, which procured his election as an associate of the Academy, and a gold medal from the Society of Arts. West, the painter, on seeing it, said, "If this is his first essay, what will this man be when he arrives at maturity."

He now took a shop and lodgings in Wardour street, where he was visited by Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Markham; on whose recommendation he was employed to make a bust of the king. His majesty was much pleased with Bacon, and asked him, among other questions, if he "had learned his art out of England?" On the sculptor's replying in the negative, his royal sitter answered, "I am glad of it; you will be the greater honour to us." In 1774, he removed to Newman street; and a story is told, of the house he occupied having been taken by a friend, and fitted up for him without his knowledge, till he was told it was at his service free of expense. Here he executed some figures in marble, the finest of which were those composing the monument of Lord Chatham, erected by the city of London, in Guildhall. It produced a great sensation at the time, and is still viewed as one of the most beautiful specimens of sculpture which the metropolis contains. In 1780, he had become a member of the Royal Academy, and was at the height of his reputation. He received commissions, about the same period, to execute a monument to Lord Halifax, in Westminster Abbey, the statue of Blackstone, for All Souls' College, Oxford, and that of Henry the Sixth, for the ante-chapel at Eton. He used to tell an amusing story about the last commission: a gentleman, looking like a distressed clergyman, called in upon him, one morning, and, after expressing his admiration at the sculptor's works, said, "Now, sir, you shall, if you please, make me a bust of King Henry the Sixth, and here is half price." When it was finished, the same gentleman called, and said, "Your bust has but one fault, sir,—it ought to have been carved down to the feet;—in short, I must have a full statue, to be placed in the chapel of Eton College."

When government determined to raise a monument to Lord Chatham, in Westminster Abbey, the Academy, who had the right of naming the sculptor, had several designs laid before them, but Bacon went with his own to the king, who approved of it so much that he declared no one else should make the monument. His next popular works were, the monument of Major Pierson, of Mrs. Draper, a statue of Venus, and a colossal head of Jupiter. About the same time, he executed, and sent to the Academy, where it now remains, his figure of Thames, a performance not reckoned among his happiest efforts. The queen is said to have asked him, "Why

he made so frightful a figure?" His excuse was, "Art cannot always affect what is ever within the reach of Nature,—the union of beauty and majesty." About this time, he made an offer to government to do all the national monuments at a certain percentage below the parliamentary price; which was, however, not accepted. His brother artists were naturally incensed at hearing of this proposition, and Fuseli is said to have exclaimed, "Spirit of Phidias! Bacon is to do all the stone work for the navy and army,—they ought also to give him the contract for hams and pork." In 1785, his statue of Johnson, and, in 1795, that of Howard, were placed in St. Paul's Cathedral; they are two of his finest performances, conceived with the mind of a poet, and executed with the hand of a master.

It is unnecessary to particularize all his various works; he continued increasing both in fame and fortune, almost up to the moment of his death, which took place on the 6th of August, 1799. He was buried in Whitefield's Chapel, of which he was a member, and the following inscription, composed by himself, was placed upon his grave:—"What I was, as an artist, seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was, as a believer in Christ Jesus, is the only thing of importance to me now." He had been twice married, and left several children, among whom he equally divided a fortune of £60,000. He was about the middle stature, of a fair complexion, with a fine animated countenance, and a high, dome-like forehead. His manners were gentle and pleasing, and no one knew better how to adapt himself to his company. Piety was the pervading feature of his private character; and though some, envious of the worldly prosperity which accompanied his religious life, called him a hypocrite, he appears to have practised, as well as preached, the duties of Christianity. "Religion, with him," says his biographer, Mr. Cecil, "was not the Sunday-coat of a formalist; much less was it the vile cloak of the hypocrite. It was neither a system of mere opinions, nor the cant of a party: but a change of heart, and a hope full of immortality, grounded alone on the work of a Redeemer. Occupied with business, exalted by favour, and tempted with wealth, religion still was his grand concern. Animated by this, his family dwelt in a house of daily prayer and spiritual instruction. He even used to watch his workmen while sick, and discourse with them upon the important subject that lay nearest his heart: in some instances, where he deemed it proper, he prayed with and for them at their bedside."

He has been accused of parsimoniousness, and his son admits that he was, occasionally, "little in little things;" but adds, "he would give a considerable sum of money to some pious or charitable design, on the very day in which he would burn his fingers, by sparing paper, in lighting a candle." Sensible of the importance of religion himself, he endeavoured to instil it into others, both by oral and written admonitions: he composed

a variety of epitaphs for churchyards, and wrote sermons and fables, which do not, however, appear to have been printed. He also sought, and professed himself grateful for, the reproof of his friends; and one who remarked, with some severity, upon what appeared to him, in Bacon, a too anxious longing after the vain things of this world, says, "I met with nothing but gratitude for my strictures, and had the happiness to perceive that my observations were not made in vain."

As a sculptor, Bacon is exceeded by none in picturesque arrangement and neatness and elaborateness of execution; but it has been mentioned, as matter of reproach, that the traces of an English hand are too perceptible in the cuttings of his chisel. This is nothing more than a sneer at his ignorance of foreign and ancient art; but, as he himself used to reply to such objections, "he saw art through nature, and approached the dignity of ancient sculpture by the same road which Phidias had walked before him." His invention, however, was limited; in proof of which the following anecdote has been told: an order having been left with the person who conducted his business, for a monument to the memory of a private gentleman, he said, on being informed of it, "A private gentleman—a small bas-relief will do—was he a benevolent man?—You inquired that, I hope." "Yes, sir, he was benevolent—he always gave sixpence, they said, to an old woman who opened his pew on a Sunday." "That will do—that will do," said Bacon; "we must have recourse to our old friend, the pelican."

We should not conclude our memoir without stating that Bacon rendered great service to sculpture, by the invention of a new pointing machine, with which a mason could rough-hew a statue in half the time formerly required; he also wrote a *Disquisition on the Character of Painting and Sculpture*, published in Rees's edition of *Chambers's Dictionary*.





JAMES BARRY.



JAMES BARRY was born in Cork, on the 11th of October, 1741. His father was originally a builder, but, at the time of the birth of James, commanded a trading vessel between the cove of Cork and England. He went with him to sea; but preferring the amusement of drawing to the occupation of a sailor, he ran away from the ship, and was ultimately sent back home. Here he is said to have covered the walls, floors, and furniture, with sketches in black and red chalk; and on his being placed at school, sat up whole nights drawing, and spent all his pocket-money in pencils and candles. He was, at this early age, remarkable for his stubborn and solitary disposition, for affecting singularity of dress, and for preferring the company of the old and educated to that of the young and gay. His schoolfellows stood in a

sort of awe of him, and, in consequence of his very rapid proficiency in learning, considered him a prodigy. He was early initiated into the Catholic religion, at the instigation of his mother, who was herself of that persuasion, though her husband was a Protestant.

At the age of fifteen, the subject of our memoir had made sufficient progress in drawing to be employed to make designs for a small volume of tales, published by a bookseller in Cork. He subsequently painted, in oil colours, *Æneas* escaping from the burning of Troy, a dead Christ, and other scriptural pieces; but his most successful essay was in a picture representing the traditionary conversion of a king of Cashel by the eloquence of St. Patrick. With this work he went to Dublin, and sent it for exhibition to a public collection, where it was so much admired, that, upon his presenting himself as the artist, every one looked at him with incredulous surprise. Somewhat mortified, he burst into tears, and hastened out of the exhibition room, but was soon followed and encouraged by the celebrated Edmund Burke, who had witnessed what had occurred. Between him and Barry an immediate friendship commenced, and an anecdote illustrative of their intimacy deserves relation at this stage of our memoir. While in the heat of argument together, Barry quoted, in support of his views, a passage from the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, then recently published anonymously. Burke affected to treat the performance as slight and unsubstantial. "What!" said the other, "do you call that a slight and unsubstantial work which is conceived in the spirit of nature and truth,—is written with such elegance, and strewn all over with the richness of poetic fancy? I could not afford to buy the work, and transcribed it, every word, with my own hand." Burke could not help smiling, and acknowledged himself the author. "Are you, by —!" exclaimed Barry, at the same time embracing him, and holding out the copy which he had made of the work. His sudden success in Dublin as a painter was sufficient to transport him beyond the bounds of prudence; and returning home, one evening, from a party of flattering companions, he took out his purse, by the side of the Liffey, and cursing his own easiness of temper, and the money that had tempted him to a tavern, threw his cash into the river. A friend, to whom he afterwards related this circumstance, replied, "Ah, Barry! man, you threw away your luck; you never had either gold or good temper to spare afterwards."

In his twenty-third year he came to London, and was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, who all spoke highly of his abilities, but found much to be disgusted with in his sullen and fiery temper. Being advised to visit Rome, he was generously furnished with the means by Burke, who undertook to supply him with an annual sum during his absence abroad. He remained in Italy about five years; a considerable portion of which appears, from his correspondence with Burke, to have been

passed in bickerings with his brother artists. The works of Titian had the greatest share of his admiration, but his taste was no less fastidious than his temper was precipitate; he saw many defects, which none else did, in Raphael and Michael Angelo; and declared that "Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Teniers, and Saalken, were without the pales of his church." While at Rome, he is said to have been on the point of infidelity, when the perusal of Butler's Analogy of Religion fixed his belief unalterably, though he remained a catholic, and became, subsequently, a bigoted one. He pursued no regular method of study, and painted only two original pictures while abroad; and on his preparing to return to England, appears to have felt some misgivings as to his future success. "Oh! I could be happy," he says, "on my going home, to find some corner where I could sit down, in the middle of my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me! I should not care what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such a kind of art, in London, with house-rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in a manner more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this."

On his arrival in London, he painted Venus rising out of the Sea; and, afterwards, Jupiter and Juno. Both were very beautiful productions; but not finding this style of composition meet with patronage, he took, for the subject of his next picture, The Death of Wolfe at the Battle of Quebec. This would probably have obtained unanimous applause, had not Barry's disdain of any thing ordinary induced him to represent the combatants on both sides in a state of nudity, which totally destroyed the merit of the picture as an historical composition. He was so much offended by the remarks made upon it by the members of the Academy, of which he had recently become an associate, that he never sent another work to their exhibition. About a year afterwards, he was acutely mortified at the refusal of the Bishop of London to allow the introduction of paintings into St. Paul's; a matter which, he says, "he had long set his heart upon," and in which he was to have had a considerable share. The sentiments which he entertained upon this occasion gave rise to his Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Arts in England; a work in which he successfully refutes the theory of Winkelman, that the climate of this country unfitted its inhabitants for attaining to high eminence in the arts. He denounces our antiquaries and connoisseurs with great virulence, and bitterly inveighs against the success of portrait painters as inimical to the progress of historic art.

Barry now determined to give the world his own idea of the style to which he was devoted; and, accordingly, offered to adorn the great room

of the Society of Arts with a series of historical paintings, at his own expense. This magnificent offer being accepted by the Society, he commenced his task in 1777, and finished it in 1783. The performance consisted of six pictures :—The Story of Orpheus ; Harvest Home, or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus ; The Victors at Olympia ; Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames ; The Distribution of Premiums by the Society of Arts ; and Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution. These were, upon the whole, splendid compositions, and raised Barry's reputation to a very high pitch ; but some extravagances were observable, which did not escape the ridicule of those who disliked the artist. A young lady, after looking for some time at the Elysium, said to him, "The ladies have not yet arrived in this paradise of yours." "Oh ! but they have, madam," said the painter, with a smile ; "they reached Elysium some time ago ; but I could find no place so fit for creatures so bright and beautiful as behind yon very luminous cloud :—they are there, and very happy, I assure you."

On the completion of this work, he published an able dissertation on the subjects he had chosen, containing some morose sarcasms against his brother artists, which called forth a letter in reply, supposed to be from the pen of Burke. During the progress of the above pictures, Barry was frequently in great pecuniary distress ; to remedy which, the Society of Arts presented him with two donations of fifty guineas each, a gold medal, and, lastly, two hundred guineas. They also permitted him to exhibit his pictures to the public, by which he gained £500 ; and a subscription for a set of engravings of them, etched with his own hand, subsequently brought him an additional £200. With these sums he secured to himself an income of £60 per annum ; and having, in 1782, been appointed professor of painting to the Academy, he was placed beyond the reach of want, if not in entire independence.

His continual invectives against the academicians, at length, lost him his professorship ; having been robbed of a large sum in his apartments, he imputed the theft to them, and afterwards published his celebrated letter to the Dilettanti Society ; in which he accused the members of the Academy of dissipating its funds, and proposed that, in future, their votes should be given on oath. On the appearance of this letter, in 1797, the whole Academy, with the exception of Nollekens, arrayed themselves against him ; and he was, in consequence, dismissed from his station of professor, and his name erased from the roll of academicians. Neither his fame nor fortune suffered much from this circumstance, for the Earl of Buchan set on foot a subscription for him, which soon amounted to £1000. An annuity of corresponding value was purchased of Sir Robert Peel ; but Barry only lived to enjoy it till the commencement of 1806, in which year he died, on the 22d of February. Sir Robert Peel gave £200 to pay for his funeral, and to raise a tablet to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

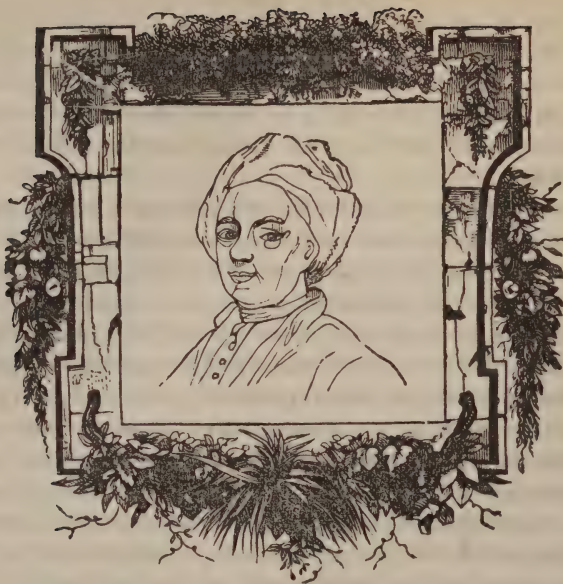
In person, Barry, who used to describe himself as a "pock-pitted, hard-featured little fellow," was below the middle size, with a grave and satirical countenance, which alike added sweetness to his smile and fierceness to his anger. His sour temper and impatience of contradiction alienated from him the sympathies of those who were disposed to conciliate him; and even the ardent friendship of Burke was at last chilled into reserve, though never to indifference. This generous man had always foreseen the unhappy condition to which Barry's temper would reduce him. Writing to him at Rome, he says, in an almost prophetic spirit, "Gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels: you will fall into distress, which will only aggravate your disposition to further quarrels: you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for anybody: your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined." With all his moroseness and fierceness, he had some generous qualities. Notwithstanding the mutual dislike between himself and Reynolds, who once said to Bacon, the sculptor, "If there be a man on earth I seriously dislike, it is that Barry," the latter, after the death of Sir Joshua, went to the Academy, and pronounced a glorious eulogium upon him as an artist and a man. His many faults, too, were accompanied by an independent and honest spirit, that, in our estimation, outshines all the worldly graces of a Reynolds or a Lawrence. In his greatest distresses he kept out of debt, and refused to borrow money if it were offered him; and, when some one advised him, for the sake of appearance, to take a better house, hire a servant, and set up a neat establishment, he replied, "The pride of honesty protests against such a rash speculation." His abode and costume have been described by Southey, who visited him at his apartments in Castle street. "He wore, at that time," says the laureate, "an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scare-crow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own gray hair. He lived alone in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on one side." An anecdote is told of Burke's coming to dine with him at this abode, when Barry, having spread the table-cloth, and placed some steaks on the fire, put a pair of tongs into the hands of Burke, saying, "Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter."

In Barry's earlier and more prosperous period of his career, a story is told of him, not much to his credit. Being with Nollekens, at a coffee-house at Rome, he walked off with the hat—rather a shabby one—of that artist, leaving his own, which was a gold-laced one, in its stead. Nollekens, on receiving his own hat, inquired the reason of the exchange.

"Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my gold-laced hat." It is, however, by no means improbable that he spoke these words in jest, and with a view to impose upon the well-known weakness of Nollekens.

If a contempt of every thing trifling and common in art, an enthusiastic admiration of the antique, and an imagination wild, daring, and sublime, be attributes of a great artist, Barry was one of the greatest this country has produced. Had he condescended to exert his powers on subjects of familiar interest to this country, he probably would have attained the popularity he merited; but confusing his mind with imaginations he had neither time nor talent to realize, he seldom produced grandeur without obscurity, and thus failed in detaining the attention which his works were calculated to seize. He sketched a variety of subjects, but, comparatively, executed few. A short time before his death, he had commenced on a series of subjects, taken from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and had finished Pandora, or the Heathen Eve, as the first of a set intended to exemplify the progress of theology. Among his best pictures may be mentioned a cabinet one of Mercury inventing the Lyre, Philoctetes in Lemnos, a portrait of Burke, Stratonice, and Chiron and Achilles, purchased by Mr. Palmer at the rate of twenty guineas per figure.





WILLIAM HOGARTH.



WILLIAM HOGARTH, or Hogart, as he was sometimes called, was born in London, on the 10th of December, 1697. His father, who had come from Westmoreland to the metropolis, in hopes of obtaining literary employment, worked, for some time, as a corrector of the press, and also kept a school; but lived and died, it appears, in a state of embarrassment. The subject of our memoir, therefore, having, as he says, had before his eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education, left school, at his own desire, at about fourteen, and was apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, an eminent silversmith, in Cranbourne street. He had previously shown some taste for designing, in the manner in which he used to decorate his school exercises; and, during his apprenticeship, he demonstrated both ability and ambition to excel as an artist. Nature was his model from the first; imitation from the best masters being regarded by him as "little more than pouring water out of one vessel into another." The customary forms of study he also disdained, though it was no less, perhaps, from constitutional idleness than from his own proper notions, that his short-hand way of acquiring knowledge, as Allan Cunningham expresses it, was resolved upon. His plan was, instead of copying with his pencil, to trace with his eye, and after fixing forms and cha-

racters in his mind, to try the effect of such a mode of application, by conveying the impress of his memory to the canvass. "For this purpose," he says, "I considered what various ways, and to what different purposes, the memory might be applied, and fell upon one most suitable to my situation and idle disposition; laying it down, first, as an axiom, that he who could, by any means, acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-five letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations."

In 1718, he left Mr. Gamble, and entered himself of the Academy for Design, in St. Martin's Lane, where he studied drawing from the life. For some years his chief mode of obtaining a livelihood was by engraving arms and crests, and furnishing cuts for various publications of the time. His first engraving which attracted notice, was a satirical piece, entitled *The Taste of the Town*, executed in 1724, and was so successful that it gave rise to several piracies. He next engraved a set of plates for an edition of *Hudibras*, which, however good in themselves, are, when contrasted with his subsequent performances, strikingly inferior. He had now attained the use of the brush, as well as the graver, but was so far from being acknowledged as a painter, that an upholsterer refused to pay him for some designs for tapestry, on the ground of his having discovered Hogarth to be an engraver, who, in consequence, lost an action which he subsequently brought against his employer. This occurred in 1727; and, as he says, he could do little more than maintain himself until he was near thirty, we may conclude he had as yet acquired but little fame, and less profit. Under these circumstances, his marriage, in 1730, with the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, then serjeant-painter to the king, gave great offence to his wife's father, who looked upon this alliance with Hogarth as a degradation to his family. The talents, however, of Hogarth, ultimately produced a reconciliation between him and Sir James; though, before this took place, the latter is said to have remarked, on being shown the first part of *The Harlot's Progress*, that the man who could produce such works could maintain a wife without a portion.

After his marriage, Hogarth commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high, which succeeded for a few years; but it was still, he tells us, "a kind of drudgery;" and adds, "as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of back grounds and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses of my family." He appears, however, to have obtained considerable temporary employment as a portrait painter; though his prices, which his pride probably prevented him from entering in his memoranda, are supposed to have been very low. In this department of his art he was not popular: he took

accurate, but, if we may use the expression, unfortunate likenesses: no one could fail to mark the resemblance, but every one felt that Hogarth would be the last person to whom they would choose to sit. "The calm, contemplative look," as Mr. Cunningham has well observed, "the elegance of form without the grace of action, and motionless repose approaching to slumber, were not for him, whose strength lay in kindling figures into life and tossing them into business." For this reason he succeeded tolerably well in his portrait of Garrick, as Richard the Third, which brought him £200; a sum, he says, "more than any English artist ever before received for a single portrait."

In 1734, he published *The Harlot's Progress*, in a series of six plates, which were beheld with admiration and wonder; and on account of the fidelity of the portraits of the infamous Colonel Charteris, and others, excited universal interest as well as applause. His reputation was now suddenly but firmly established; and his vanity increased with his fame, if we may judge from the following passage found among his memoranda:—"I entertained some thoughts," he writes, "of succeeding in what the puffers in books call the great style of history painting; so that, without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history painter, and, on a great staircase, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted two Scripture stories—*The Pool of Bethesda*, and *The Good Samaritan*, with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity; and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined." The above paintings were finished in 1736; both were deficient in dignity, and their chief merit will be found in some coarse, though original, conceptions, totally unsuited to the character of either subject. His subsequent efforts, in this way, were absolute failures; and his painting of *Sigismunda* is described, by Walpole, as "more ridiculous than any thing he ever ridiculed." Sir Richard Grosvenor, who was to have purchased it for £400, refused to receive it; a mortification which Hogarth never forgot. *The Harlot's Progress* was followed by *The Rake's Progress*, which made a greater comparative addition to the fame than the pocket of Hogarth, who at length applied to, and obtained from, parliament an act for recognising a legal copyright in designs and engravings, and restraining copies of such works from being made without consent of the authors. His next productions, in succession, were, *The Sleeping Congregation*, *Southwark Fair*, *Modern Midnight Conversation*, and *The Enraged Musician*, which last appeared in 1740. They were followed by his *Four Times of the Day*, and *The Strolling Actresses*; the paintings of which, together with those of *The Harlot's Progress* and *The Rake's Pro*

gress, making nineteen altogether, he offered for sale, by a sort of auction, on the 25th of January, 1745, when the whole produced him but £427 : 7s. For the six paintings of his next admirable production, *The Marriage à la Mode*, which he sold in 1750, he received only one hundred and ten guineas; while, at the same time, such sums were being lavished upon Farinelli, the opera singer, that the vain creature, says Allan Cunningham, exclaimed, "There is but one God and one Farinelli!" The series of his *Marriage à la Mode* were subsequently purchased by Mr. Angerstein, for one thousand guineas, and now form part of the National Gallery.

In 1747, appeared his twelve scenes of *Industry and Idleness*, which are said to have had a beneficial effect upon the London apprentices; and, as Hogarth tells us, sold more rapidly at Christmas than any other time. They were followed by a design called *The Roast Beef of Old England*; a satire on the French nation, in revenge for the treatment he had met with during a visit to Calais, where, being discovered sketching one of the gates, he was seized as a spy, and sent back to England. Next came *The Four Stages of Cruelty*, and *The March to Finchley*, which latter was intended to be inscribed to George the Second, who seems to have appreciated neither the compliment nor the skill of the artist. Beer street and Gin Lane, *France and England*, *The Cockpit*, and *The Election*, in four scenes, were his next performances; all of which maintained the high reputation of our artist. In 1753, he published a work, in which he had been assisted by Dr. Hoadly, entitled *The Analysis of Beauty*, written to prove that the undulating line pervades every thing that is beautiful, both in art and nature. He had previously given some hint of this idea in a painting of himself, by etching, upon the palette he represented himself holding, a winding line with this motto, "*Line of Beauty and Grace*." The work was virulently attacked, and Wilkes and others denied that it was the composition of Hogarth; but amidst all the outcry raised against it, it was allowed to be full of genius and originality, and to contain many sensible and useful observations, if not fully establishing the theory of its author. Bishop Warburton wrote a very complimentary letter to Hogarth, respecting this publication; and the celebrated painter, West, used to speak of it as a work of the highest value to every one studying the art. It was translated into German and Italian; and upon its appearance at Augsburg, the author was elected a counsellor and honorary member of the Imperial Academy of that city.

In 1757, the subject of our memoir was made serjeant-painter to the king, an appointment which probably induced him to publish, in 1762, a political print, entitled *The Times*, in which Pitt and Temple, the friends of Wilkes and Churchill, were satirized. This drew from the two last all the venom of which their pens were capable, the former making *The North Briton* the vehicle of his rancour. Hogarth was advised by his

friends to take no notice of these attacks, but he felt them too keenly not to retort with his pencil, and he accordingly produced a portrait of Wilkes, of which the artist himself has truly observed, "the ridiculous was apparent to every eye. A Brutus—a saviour of his country—with such an aspect—was so arrant a farce, that, though it gave rise to much laughter in the lookers-on, it galled both him and his adherents." With respect to Churchill, he patched up a print of him in the character of a bear; a production which, like the lines of Churchill, displayed, though not in an equal degree, more venom than wit, and induced Lord Orford to say of both, "Never did two men of abilities throw mud with less dexterity." Hogarth's next work was a satirical print against the Methodists, entitled, *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism*, executed in a manner that showed his powers were in no way diminished. His last performance was a piece entitled *Finis, the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Sublime Painting*. He is said to have had a presentiment that this was his last work, and when the design of the plate was complete, he said, looking at it, "So far so good; nothing remains but this;" and then, sketching the resemblance of a broken palette, continued, "Finis—the deed is done—all is over." It is said that the satire of Churchill tended to hasten his death; and certainly, Churchill, with equal insolence and brutality, triumphantly adverted to the possibility of such an effect; but it seems that the merit of embittering the last days of this inimitable artist belongs chiefly to Wilkes. Hogarth, whose health had been on the decline for some months previously, left his summer residence, at Chiswick, on the 25th of October, 1764, and died on the following day, from a suffusion of blood among the arteries, at his house in Leicester Square. He was buried in the churchyard of Chiswick, under a tombstone which bears an inscription written by Garrick. His widow had the copyright of his plates secured to her by act of parliament for twenty years; but she outlived the period of her right, and was at length so reduced, that, two years before her death, she received a pension of £40 pounds from the Royal Academy.

Hogarth's person was rather below the middle size; he had a high forehead; a bright, shrewd, and intelligent eye; and a countenance altogether open and pleasing. He was of a cheerful temper, and loved mirth and company; combined sense and humour in his conversation; was ardent in his friendships, and also in his resentments. He cared not whom he offended by his pencil, and was not choice in his selection of words to those who either injured or insulted him. West, the painter, calls him a strutting, consequential little man; and Nichols describes him as one whose manners were gross and uncultivated, and whose social ambition aspired no higher than to shine in a club of mechanics. The two accounts are somewhat paradoxical, but the greater probability of truth is in the former, as Hogarth kept his carriage, was vain of his abilities, was

admitted to the table of Horace Walpole and others, loved dress and good order, and frequently spoke of his early hardships in contrast to his subsequent condition, with an air of triumph and self-importance. In his relation of husband, brother, friend, and master, (he was never a father,) Ireland speaks of him as kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent; in diet he was abstemious, but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted; not parsimonious, yet frugal. Of his absence of mind, an anecdote is told by Nichols, which has obtained general belief:—Calling, one rainy day, in his carriage, on the lord mayor, Beckford, (in the conflagration of whose residence, at Fonthill, the original paintings of *The Harlot's and Rake's Progress* were consumed,) he came out at a wrong door, forgot that he had a carriage, and, after in vain seeking for a hackney coach, returned home wet to the skin. The same authority also tells us, that “he would sometimes turn his chair round as if he had finished eating, and as suddenly would re-turn it and fall to his meal again.” From Nichols, also, Hogarth's biographers have quoted the following instance of his vanity:—On being told that Mr. John Freke, the anatomist, had asserted that Greene was as eminent a composer as Handel, he observed, “That fellow, Freke, is always shooting his bolt absurdly one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Green only a light Florimel-kind of composer.” “Ay,” said his informant, “but, at the same time, he declared you was as good a portrait painter as Vandyck.” “There,” added Hogarth, “he was right; and so, by G—! I am; give me my time, and let me choose my subject.”

Hogarth possessed a very retentive memory, and therefore seldom copied on the spot any object that struck him as worthy of remark; sometimes, however, when a singularly grotesque or absurd countenance presented itself, he would sketch it at the moment with such materials as were immediately at hand, or, in the absence of any, upon his thumb-nail. On an occasion of this sort, he produced a reconciliation between two disputants at a tavern, by instantly sketching the ludicrously rueful countenance of one of them who had received a blow from a quart pot; and the figure of the woman spirting brandy into the eyes of another, introduced into his *Modern Midnight Conversation*, was also taken on the spot. The following anecdotes are too characteristic to be omitted, though the latter has been likewise related of Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller:—Being employed by a nobleman to paint a portion of the walls of a staircase with the subject of Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea, he set to work and painted the whole space red; and upon demanding payment, was refused, because he had proceeded no further than to lay his ground “Ground,” said he, “there is no ground; the colour is the Red Sea Pharaoh and all are drowned; the sea covers them, and you can see nothing of them.”—An extremely ugly person once sat to him for his por-

trait, which he made so like, that the sitter was himself disgusted at the accuracy of the resemblance; and having refused to pay for it, Hogarth wrote to him, saying that if the money was not forthcoming within three days, he should dispose of it, with the addition of a tail and other appendages, to a wild beast man as a show. This had the effect he desired, for the money was immediately paid, and the picture was subsequently burnt.

Upon the same principle, perhaps, that he would have refused Crabbe the title of a poet, Walpole ascribes slender merit to Hogarth as a painter; yet none will now deny, that, in his peculiar style, Hogarth excelled all other painters. He is not to be estimated by the deviations from his natural track: what his genius achieved, and not what his ambition attempted, demands the attention of posterity. His pieces have been all justly called "lectures of morality;" and for this reason alone they will always stand conspicuously and honourably apart from the mass of pictures that appeal to the imagination without touching or improving the heart. He may be said, observes Dr. Aikin, to have created an entirely new species of painting, which may be termed the *moral comic*. His works are certainly not so much studies for the professional artist, as for the searchers into life and manners, and the votaries of true humour; but Hogarth was not the less a painter for that. The writer, indeed, who questions his right to this title, has, perhaps, more than all others, confirmed it by the following sensible and accurate estimate, with which we shall conclude our memoir:—"When the Flemish painters attempt humour," says Walpole, "it is by making a drunkard vomit; they take evacuations for jokes; and when they make us sick, they think they make us laugh. The views of Hogarth were more generous and extensive; mirth coloured his pictures, but benevolence designed them; he smiled like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies."

The epitaph by Garrick is so beautiful, that we cannot deny it a place here:—

If Genius fire thee, reader,—stay;
If Nature touch thee,—drop a tear;
If neither move thee,—turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.



HENRY FUSELI.



HIS gifted genius, who chose to call himself Fuseli, was the son of John Gaspard Fuesli, an artist of some eminence at Zurich, where Henry was born, about the year 1739 or 1741, though the date was fixed by himself in 1745. Being destined for the church, he made great progress in classical study; but this, instead of fitting him for divinity, increased his naturally poetic imagination and taste for the fine arts, his predilection for which was first excited by viewing a collection of Michael Angelo's prints in his father's possession. Of these he made several copies, and, by the sale of some of them to his schoolfellows, filled his pockets with money, with which he purchased a red silk coat, and walked about Zurich till the laughter of his companions induced him to throw it off, and declare he would never wear any thing fine again. On his removal to the Humanity College of his native town, he contracted a friendship with the celebrated Lavater; studied English and German literature, translated Shakspeare into the latter language; and composed a few original poems. He also, in conjunction with Lavater, composed a pamphlet against an oppressive magistrate, which had the effect of bringing the party to justice, and redress to those he had injured.

Having taken the degree of M A., Fuseli left Zurich, in company with

Lavater, and visited Vienna and Berlin. Here the two friends studied under Sulzer, till the subject of our memoir was advised, by Sir Robert Smith, the English ambassador, to come to this country. At parting with him, Lavater presented him a card, on which was written, in German, "Do but the tenth part of what you can do;" saying, as he gave it to him, "Hang that up in your bed-head, obey it, and fame and fortune will be the result." He arrived in London in 1763, and soon afterwards became tutor to a young nobleman, whom he accompanied to Paris. On his return, he wrote essays and critiques for the reviews, and translated Winkelman's work on painting and sculpture. He continued, however, still to use his pencil; and showing some of his sketches to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that artist said to him, "Young man, were I the author of these drawings, and offered £10,000 a year not to practise as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt."

Thus encouraged, he gave up all thoughts of the church, though a living had been offered him; determined to devote himself to painting; and, accompanied by Armstrong, the poet, set out for Rome. His conduct in this city was characterized by an enthusiastic admiration of Michael Angelo and Raphael, little short of delirium: he lay whole days on his back, contemplating the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the work of the former, and drinking in, as it were, inspiration from the sight; and is said to have frequently started from a reverie with the exclamation of "Michael Angelo!" He left Italy in 1778; and, after passing some time at his native place, returned to England in the following year, and soon rose into note by the fine conceptions which he successfully transferred to his canvas. A painting which he exhibited of *The Nightmare*, in 1782, produced a great sensation; and the publisher of a print from it made £500, while Fuseli only received twenty guineas for the original. Not long afterwards, he happened to be dining at the table of Alderman Boydell, when the idea of forming a Shakspearian Gallery was started, and Fuseli ardently proffered his services. The most remarkable of the pictures executed by him for this collection was from *Hamlet*; the ghost in which he drew with an almost supernatural effect. *Francesca and Paolo*, and two subjects from the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, were his next performances which attracted attention. In 1788, he was elected an associate of the Academy; and, in 1790, an academician: and, in the former year, he married. His wife is said to have been a young woman who had served him as a model; but her conduct was highly exemplary in the situation to which he elevated her. She appears to have had some little cause for jealousy of her husband during the period of his acquaintance with the celebrated Mary Woolstonecraft, though indiscretion seems to have been the extent of the conduct of either party. Mr. Allan Cunningham, however, has thought fit, in his memoir of Fuseli, to stigmatize the conduct of the lady, as ridi-

culous, crazy, and vicious; epithets which will appear sufficiently unjust and ill-judged to any one who has taken a less narrow view of human nature.

In 1790, Fuseli commenced upon a series of designs from Milton, which he exhibited, in 1800, to the number of forty-seven, under the title of *The Milton Gallery*. The majority of them were in all respects worthy of the subject, and in those where he was not equally happy, he failed rather from extravagance than poverty of imagination. Among the best may be mentioned, *The Lazar House*, *The Night-hag*, and *The Rising of Satan at the touch of Ithuriel's Spear*. He was next employed upon a set of drawings for a large edition of Shakspeare, for which he received £250; and he subsequently, in conjunction with Westall, furnished sketches for an edition of *The New Testament*. Of the latter performance he said, "There was only one good thing among them all, and I suspect I painted it: but Westall may have the merit, if he likes, for it was not much." In 1793, he wrote a criticism in *The Analytical Review* upon Cowper's *Homer*; a work to which he had voluntarily and gratuitously supplied many valuable emendations. In 1799, he succeeded Barry as professor of painting to the Royal Academy, and delivered a course of lectures, which were received with vehement applause. Six of them were printed,—*On Ancient Art*, *Modern Art*, *Invention*, *Composition*, *Expression*, and *Chiaroscuro*. In 1804, he was made keeper to the Academy; and, in 1805, he gave to the world a new edition of Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters*, to which he made several additions, but has been accused of unjustly depreciating the merits of some of our best artists, among whom were Hogarth and Gainsborough. In 1807, the students of the Academy presented him with a silver vase; and, in 1817, he was presented with the diploma of the first class in the Roman Academy of St. Luke's. He continued to paint and exhibit a number of pictures as long as he could hold the brush, and did so until within a short period of his death, which took place, while he was on a visit to Lady Guilford, at Putney Hill, on the 16th of April, 1825.

In person, Fuseli was short and thin; he had a high forehead, brilliant and penetrating eyes, and a look full of that sarcasm and ardent imagination which formed such peculiar features of his character. Lavater, in a description of his physiognomy, has the following remarks on Fuseli:—"The forehead, by its contour and position, is more suited to the poet than the thinker. I perceive in it more force than gentleness; the fire of imagination, rather than the coolness of reason. The nose seems to be the seat of an intrepid genius. The mouth promises a spirit of application and precision, and yet it costs the original the greatest effort to give the finishing touch to the smallest piece. Any one may see, without my telling it, that this character is not destitute of ambition, and that the sense

of his own merit escapes him not." As Lavater was personally intimate with Fuseli, more, perhaps, may be attributed to his knowledge of the man, than to his skill in physiognomy. There was, certainly, much in Fuseli to confirm this description; he was petulant, persevering, ardent, and impetuous; almost disdaining to use gentleness or persuasion of manner. If he had the worst of an argument, he had recourse to sarcasm; and in such moments he cared not what he said or whom he attacked. He was an enthusiast in his art, and vehemently decried the pursuit of it for mercenary motives; though he condescended to execute one or two commissions himself, he always spoke of them with indignation, considering them as fetters upon genius. In his own idea, he never painted up to his own imagination; he would eye his pictures long after he had considered them finished, and finding out something that might be improved, alter it accordingly. His pencil, like his temper, had little to do with the quiet and serene; and, indeed, the sublime and terrific were so much his element, that he used to be called, *painter in ordinary to the devil*. He declared that Nature was inferior to the splendid fictions of such a fancy as Michael Angelo; and when he found his own restrained by her, would exclaim, "D—n Nature! she always puts me out." To repeat all the oaths he used to utter in the moments of anger or excitement, would shock the least fastidious reader; but, in the anecdotes which follow, the manner in which he uses certain ungentle epithets, is too characteristic to be omitted:—Hearing a noise one day, in the Academy, he inquired whence it proceeded. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," said one of the porters. "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, that those *fellows* may, one day, become academicians." He had scarcely said this, when, hearing the noise increase, he opened the door, and suddenly burst in upon them, vociferating, "You are a set of d—d wild beasts, and I am your b—d keeper."—He once came out of the council-room in a furious passion, but after having been a short time in his room, and grown cool, he was about to return, when he found his door locked. Upon this, frantic with rage, he halloed out to the porter, "Sam—Sam Stowager!—they have locked me in, like a b—d wild beast;—bring crowbars and break open the door." Sam, however, whom former experience had taught how to act on this occasion, whispered through the key-hole, "Feel in your pocket, sir, for the key." On doing so, he found the key, and unlocking the door, said, with a loud laugh, "What a fool!—never mind—I'll to the council, and soon show them they are greater asses than myself."—A student, one day, showing him a picture, which he boasted of having finished without using a crumb of bread, he replied, "All the worse for your drawing; buy a twopenny loaf and rub it out."—To his brother artists, he was equally severe, and in particular to Northcote, who had offended him by writing against him when he offered himself as

keeper. Northcote, one day, asked him how he liked his picture of *The Angel meeting Balaam and his Ass*. "Vastly," he replied; "you are an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel." The same artist requested an opinion of his *Judgment of Solomon*. "I like it much," said Fuseli; "the action suits the word—Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at the child, and says, 'Cut it:' I like it much." When Fuseli, however, exhibited his picture of *Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto*, Northcote did not forget to retort upon him. The former inquired how the latter liked it. "I like it much," was the reply; "it is clever, very clever; but he'll never hit him."—A person, one day, called upon the subject of our memoir, hoping, like Paul Pry, "that he did not intrude." "You do intrude," growled Fuseli. "Do I?" said the visitor; "then, sir, I will come to-morrow, if you please." "No, sir," he replied, "don't come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time: tell me your business now."

Fuseli's genius as a painter was of a singular order. No English artist had ever exhibited so much imaginative power: its effect, both on the professors of art and the public, was startling; and as "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," he has been censured by critics of colder fancies, for extravagance. There may be some justice in this; but the merit of a daring originality, which, though it spurned at restriction, and thereby incurred the hazard of absurdity, frequently soared to the very heights of the sublime, cannot be denied to him. In the gloomy poetry which pervades some of his dark and original conceptions, he has never been surpassed; and he is scarcely less alone in the peculiar hues and sombre majesty of his colouring. The asperities of his temper may have operated against the appreciation of his talents during his lifetime; but it is certain that, at the present day, his admirers are not numerous, nor has his style been adopted by subsequent artists; it therefore remains for posterity to decide on the merits of one, who, whatever might have been his faults, was certainly remarkable for his originality, and far outstripped his own age in boldness of design and vigour of execution. His literary abilities were varied and extensive; and his command of the English language was, for a foreigner, wonderful. He was not only an excellent classical scholar, but, besides Latin and Greek, could speak French, German, Danish, Dutch, Icelandic, and Spanish; so that, taking English into account, he could, as he used to say, "Let his folly or his fury get vent through nine different avenues." Besides his lectures, he wrote a collection of *Aphorisms on Art*, and a regular history of painting as far as Michael Angelo.



LORD CHESTERFIELD.



PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, fourth earl of Chesterfield, was born in London, on the 22d of September, 1694. He was educated by a private tutor, and at the age of eighteen, sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he studied the Greek and Roman writers with unusual diligence. He tells us that he narrowly escaped becoming a pedant, a character for which he had the greatest contempt in after life; and that he drank and smoked at college, notwithstanding his aversion to wine and tobacco, because he thought such practices were *genteel*, and made him look like a man. In 1714, he left the university to make the usual grand tour of Europe. He passed the summer at the Hague, where his fashionable associates not only laughed him out of his pedantry, but initiated him into a love of play, which never forsook him. Many years after, he tells his son in one of his letters, that at the Hague he thought gambling an accomplishment, and as he aimed at fashionable perfection, he adopted cards and dice as a necessary step towards it. From the gamblers of the Hague, he went to the fashionable

ladies and titled courtesans of Paris, who, as he was accustomed to boast, completed his education, and gave him his "final polish." He was at Venice, when the accession of George I., in 1715, induced him to return home with great speed, in order to be in time for a court place. Through the interest of his family connections, he was made a gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. In the first parliament of the new reign, he was returned for St. Germans, in Cornwall; and as he was determined to attract attention, from the moment of his election he studied nothing, and thought of nothing, for a whole month, but his maiden speech. Though he afterwards became an accomplished orator, his first effort was rather a failure, and betrayed a violence of manner not at all consistent with his smooth silken code. The speech was otherwise unfortunate, for it attracted attention to the fact that he was not quite of age, and consequently liable not only to expulsion from the Common's house, but also to a fine of £500. An opponent mentioned this to him privately, as a good mode of silencing his zeal: Chesterfield took the hint, and withdrew for some months to Paris, where, as it was always suspected, he was engaged in some secret court intrigue. He returned in 1716, and resuming his seat, spoke in favour of the Septennial Act. In the inveterate quarrel which broke out between George I. and his heir, he adhered to the Prince of Wales, nor could his uncle, General (afterwards Earl of) Stanhope, who was then at the height of favour, with plenty of places at his disposal, ever induce him to change sides. Being much with the heir apparent, he undertook the difficult task of transforming a German prince into a British king, and of making a fashionable and a most refined man (as he understood it) of the rough and homely George.

His first division in parliament against the ministry was on a motion for the repeal of the Schism Bills, where he decidedly took the illiberal side of the question, "supposing," as he lived to confess with shame, "that it was impossible for the honestest man in the world to be saved out of the pale of the church; not considering that matters of belief do not depend upon the will; that it is as natural and as allowable that another man should differ in opinion from me, as that I should differ from him; and that if we are both sincere, we are both blameless, and should consequently have mutual indulgence for each other.

In 1726, he was removed by the death of his father to the House of Lords, where, according to his biographer, Dr. Maty, his manner of speaking was much more admired than it had been in the Commons. He was constitutionally weak, and devoid of strong passions, and as a speaker had little faculty of touching the higher feelings of others, but he was brilliant, witty, and perspicuous—a great master of irony, and was allowed by all his contemporaries to be a very effective debater. On the accession of George II., whom, as prince, he had steadily served for thirteen years,

Chesterfield expected a rich harvest of honours and places; but having mistaken the relative amount of the influence exercised on his master's mind by the queen and the mistress, he paid his court to Mrs. Howard, (afterwards Lady Suffolk,) and neglected Queen Caroline, who eventually proving to be more powerful than the mistress, checked his aspiring hopes. He was not alone in this error:—Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Swift, Pope; and many others of less fame, shared in it, and in the consequent disappointment. Pope's villa at Twickenham was the place of rendezvous, where the royal mistress used to receive the incense of Chesterfield, and the rest who had hoped to rise through her favour. In 1728, the year after the accession, Lord Chesterfield accepted the embassy to Holland, where he gained the friendship of Simon Van Slingeland, a distinguished statesman, and then Grand Pensionary, and assiduously cultivated his talent for diplomacy. To Slingeland he afterwards acknowledged the greatest obligation, calling him his "friend, master, and guide," and adding, "for I was then quite new in business, and he instructed me, he loved me, he trusted me." Chesterfield had the merit of averting a war from Hanover, for which service George II. made him High Steward of the Household, and Knight of the Garter. Under the plea of ill health, he obtained his recall from Holland in 1732, and returning to court, where his office of steward gave him constant access, he again indulged the hope of rising. A curious anecdote is told by Horace Walpole, to account for the renewed displeasure and animosity of the queen, and for Chesterfield's sudden secession from the court party. No sooner had his lordship shown his decided opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, than he was deprived of the high-stewardship, and so badly received at court, that he soon ceased visiting there altogether. At the end of Sir Robert's ministry in 1742, Chesterfield went into opposition against the members of the new cabinet, with whom, when out of place, he had been accustomed to vote in the minority. On the coalition of parties known by the name of the "broad-bottomed treaty," he took office, and was admitted into the cabinet, sorely against the inclination of the king, who considered him as a personal enemy. Chesterfield, while in opposition, had still further offended the king by repeatedly denouncing the union of the electorate of Hanover with the kingdom of England, and by proposing that they should be separated from each other, and allotted to different branches of the reigning family. At the beginning of 1745, the year of the Pretender's last war in Scotland, and a time of intrigue and difficulties, he was again despatched as ambassador to Holland. In the course of the same year, he was named, while in Holland, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and immediately repaired to his post, where he distinguished himself, in a season of very great turbulence, by his tolerant spirit, and conciliating popular manners. His short government in Ireland was, perhaps, the most valuable part of his public life.

George II., whose prejudices were removed or weakened, recalled him from Dublin, in April, 1746, and appointed him principal secretary of state. In consequence of being obstructed in some measures which he considered important, and of his now really declining health, he resigned his office in January, 1748, much, it is said, to the regret of the king. He was kept from the House of Lords by his giddiness and deafness, but in 1751, he delivered an elegant speech in favour of adopting the New Style. His declining years, though now and then brightened by flashes of wit and merriment, were clouded by sickness and despondency. He died on the 24th of March, 1773, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. His natural son, to whom his well-known Letters were addressed, died five years before him.

By his wife, Melusina Schulemberg, Countess of Walsingham, and niece to George the First's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, he had no issue. After much opposition from George II., who pretended to found his objection on Chesterfield's incessant gambling, this German lady married his lordship in 1733. Chesterfield always had a certain taste for literature, and a partiality for the society of literary men; at different times of his life he associated with Addison, Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Algarotti. He patronised Hammond, a poet of third-rate merit, but an unfortunate, amiable man, and procured him a seat in parliament. In his intercourse with Samuel Johnson, he gave himself lordly airs, and the sturdy doctor, thinking himself slighted, avenged himself in the celebrated letter which was prefixed to the first edition of his Dictionary. His Letters to his Son, which appeared the year after his death, were never intended for publication. They have been much censured for the loose morality which they are supposed to inculcate; but still it must be admitted that they show a great knowledge of the world, and much practical good sense, expressed in an easy, agreeable, and correct style. His Miscellanies, consisting of papers printed in "Fog's Journal," and "Common Sense," of some of his speeches and other state papers, and a selection from his Letters to his Friends, in French and English, together with a Biographical Memoir, written by his friend and admirer, Doctor Maty, were published in two volumes, 4to, in 1777. A third volume, of doubtful authenticity, was added in 1778. Chesterfield also wrote Nos. 100 and 101, in the "World," in praise of Johnson's Dictionary, and sundry copies of very light verses which appeared in Dodsley's collection.



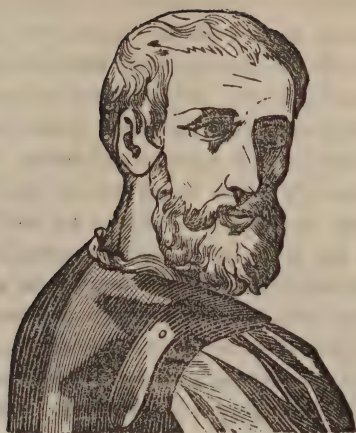
CHEVALIER BAYARD.



ETER DU TERRAIL DE BAYARD, esteem.ed by his contemporaries the model of soldiers and men of honour, and denominated *The knight without fear and without reproach*, was descended from an ancient and noble family in Dauphine. He was with Charles VIII. at the conquest of the kingdom of Naples ; where he gave remarkable proofs of his valour, especially at the battle of Fornoue. He was dangerously wounded at the taking of Brescia ; and there restored to the daughters of his host two thousand pistoles, which their mother had directed them to give him in order to prevent the house from being plundered ; an action that has been celebrated by many historians. At his return to France, he was made a lieutenant-general of Dauphine. He fought by the side of Francis I., at the battle of Marignan ; and that prince afterwards insisted on being knighted by his hand, after the manner of the ancient knights. The Chevalier Bayard defended Meziers during six weeks, against Charles V.'s army. In 1524, at the retreat of Rebec, (the General Bonivet having been wounded and obliged to quit the field,) the conduct of the rear was committed to the Chevalier Bayard, who, though so much a stranger to the arts of a court that he never rose to the chief command, was always called, in times of real danger, to the posts of greatest difficulty and importance. He put himself at the head of the men at arms ; and animating them by his presence and example to sustain the whole shock of the enemy's troops, he gained time for the rest of his countrymen to make good their retreat. But in this service he received a

wound which he immediately perceived to be mortal ; and being unable to continue on horseback, he ordered an attendant to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy ; then fixing his eyes on his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God ; and in this posture, which became his character both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly awaited the approach of death. Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. "Pity not me," cried the high-spirited chevalier, "I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty: they indeed are objects of pity, who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The Marquis de Pescara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtue, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy ; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed proper persons to attend him. He died, notwithstanding their care, as his ancestors for several generations had done, in the field of battle. Pescara ordered his body to be embalmed, and sent to his relations ; and such was the respect paid to military merit in that age, that the Duke of Savoy commanded it to be received with royal honours in all the cities of his dominions: in Dauphine, Bayard's native country, the people of all ranks came out in a solemn procession to meet it.





LEWIS DE CAMOENS.



LEWIS DE CAMOENS, a famous Portuguese poet, the honour of whose birth is claimed by different cities. But, according to N. Antonia, and Manuel Correa, his intimate friend, he was born at Lisbon, in 1517. His family was of considerable note, and originally Spanish. The elder branch of it, according to Castera, intermarried with the blood royal of Portugal. But the younger branch had the superior honour to produce the author of the *Lusiad*. The misfortunes of the poet began early. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoens, his father, being commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greatest part of his fortune was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santaren, provided for the education of her son Lewis at the university of Coimbra. What he acquired there, his works discover; an intimacy with the classics, equal to that of Scaliger, but directed by the taste of a Milton or a Pope. When he left the university, he appeared at court. He was handsome; had sparkling eyes, with the finest complexion; and was a polished scholar; which, added to the natural vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman. Courts are the scenes of intrigue; and intrigue was fashionable at Lisbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoens are unknown. This only appears; he had aspired above his rank, for he was banished from the court; and in several of his sonnets he ascribes his misfortunes to love. He now retired to his mother's friends at Santaren. Here he renewed his studies, and began his poem on the discovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament against Africa. Camoens,

tired of his inactive, obscure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and displayed his valour in several rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors in the Straits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding, he was among the foremost, and lost his right eye. Yet neither hurry of actual service nor the dissipation of the camp could stifle his genius. He continued his *Lusiad*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, where, as he expressed it,

“One hand the pen, and one the sword, employed.”

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permission to return to Lisbon. But, while he solicited an establishment which he had merited in battle, the malignity of evil tongues was injuriously poured upon him. Though the bloom of his youth was effaced by long residence under the scorching sun-beams of Africa, and disfigured by the loss of an eye, his presence gave uneasiness to some gentlemen of families of the first rank, where he had formerly visited. Jealousy is the characteristic of the Spanish and Portuguese; its resentment knows no bounds, and Camoens now found it prudent to banish himself from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he sailed for India, with a resolution never to return. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!* “Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones!” But he knew not what evils in the East would awake the remembrance of his native fields. When Camoens arrived in India, a fleet was ready to sail to revenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. Without any rest on shore after his long voyage, he joined this armament, and in the conquest of the Alagada islands displayed his usual bravery. In 1554, he attended Vasconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, says Faria, as Camoens had no use for his sword, he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He visited Mount Felix and the adjacent inhospitable regions of Africa, which he so strongly pictures in the *Lusiad*, and in one of his little pieces where he laments the absence of his mistress. When he returned to Goa, he enjoyed a tranquillity which enabled him to bestow his attention on his Epic poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps, by his own imprudence. He wrote some satires which gave offence; and, by order of the viceroy Francisco Barreto, he was banished to China. The accomplishments of Camoens soon found him friends, even under the disgrace of banishment. He was appointed commissary of the defunct in the island of Macao, a Portuguese settlement in the bay of Canton. Here he continued his *Lusiad*; and here also, after five years’ residence, he acquired a fortune, equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India; and Camoens, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail; but was shipwrecked in the gulf near

the mouth of the river Mehon on the coast of China. All he had acquired was lost ; as he tells us in the seventh *Lusiad*.

“ Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
 Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
 For ever lost ;——
 My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
 By miracle prolong'd.”——

His poems, which he held in one hand, while he swam with the other, were all that he possessed, when he stood friendless on the unknown shore. But the natives gave him a most humane reception ; which he has immortalized in that beautiful prophetic song in the tenth *Lusiad*. On the banks of the Mehon, he wrote his beautiful paraphrase of the psalm, where the Jews, in the finest strain of poetry, are represented as hanging their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoens continued some time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Constantine de Braganza, the viceroy, admitted him into intimate friendship, and Camoens was happy till Count Rodondo assumed the government. But now, those who had formerly procured his banishment, exerted all their arts against him. Rodondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoens ; yet, he soon after suffered him to be thrown into the common prison. Camoens, however, in a public trial, fully refuted every accusation of his conduct while commissary at Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy. But Camoens had some creditors, who detained him in prison a considerable time, till the gentlemen of Goa, ashamed that a man of his singular merit should experience such treatment among them, set him at liberty. He again assumed the profession of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at this time common in Portuguese India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promises, allured the poet to attend him thither. Though the only motive of Barreto was, to retain the conversation of Camoens at his table, it was his least care to render the life of his guest agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a considerable time having elapsed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoens resolved to return to his native country. A ship, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and several gentlemen who were on board were desirous that Camoens should accompany them. But to prevent this, the governor ungenerously charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabra, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand ; and “ Camoens, says Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were sold together.” After an absence of sixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Lisbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the pestilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication for three years. At last, in 1572, he printed his *Lusiad*, which, in the opening of the first book, in a most elegant turn of compli-

ment, he addressed to King Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, says the French translator, was so pleased with his merit, that he gave the author a pension of four thousand reals, on condition that he should reside at court. But this salary, says the same writer, was withdrawn by Cardinal Henry, who succeeded to the crown of Portugal, lost by Sebastian at the battle of Alcazar. Though Henry was the great patron of one species of literature, yet the author of the *Lusiad* was utterly neglected by him, and, under his inglorious reign, died in all the misery of poverty. By some, it is said, he died in an almshouse. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of subsistence, which these houses provide. He had a black servant, who had grown old with him, who had long experienced his master's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to some writers, saved his master's life in the shipwreck, begged in the streets of Lisbon, for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents, which tend to erect the spirit of a degenerate age. To the eye of a careful observer, the fate of Camoens throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same despicable spirit, which suffered Camoens to depend on alms, sunk the kingdom of Portugal into the most abject vassalage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees were blind to the ruin which impended over them, Camoens beheld it with a pungency of grief which hastened his exit. In one of his letters he has these remarkable words: *Em sim accaberey à vida,*" &c. "I am ending the course of my life; the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." In this unhappy situation, in 1759, in his sixty-second year, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebastian, died Lewis de Camoens, the greatest literary genius ever produced in Portugal; a man equal in martial courage and honour to her greatest heroes. And he was buried in a manner suitable to the poverty in which he died. The *Lusiad* has been translated once into Latin, twice into Italian, once into French, four times into Spanish, and once into English, by Mr. Mickle. Rapin, however, has criticised it.





CHARLES XII.



CHARLES XII., king of Sweden, was born in 1682. By his father's will, the administration was lodged in the hands of the Queen-dowager Eleonora with five senators, till the young prince was eighteen; but he was declared major at fifteen, by the states convened at Stockholm. The beginning of his administration raised no favourable ideas of him, as he was thought both by Swedes and foreigners to be a person of mean capacity. But the difficulties that gathered round him soon afforded him an opportunity to display his real character. Frederick V., king of Denmark, Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, and Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, presuming on his youth, conspired his ruin almost at the same instant. Their measures alarming the council, they were for diverting the storm by negotiations; but Charles, with a grave resolution that astonished them, said, "I am resolved never to enter upon an unjust war, nor to put an end to a just one, but by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is fixed; I will attack the first who shall declare against me; and when I have conquered him, I may hope to strike a terror into the rest." The old counsellors received his orders with admiration; and were still more surprised, when they saw him on a sudden renounce all the enjoyments of a court, reduce his table to the utmost frugality, dress like a common soldier, and, full of the ideas of Alexander and Cæsar, propose those two conquerors for his models in every thing but their vices. The king of Denmark began by ravaging the territories of the Duke of Holstein. Upon this, Charles carried the war into the heart of Denmark; and made such a progress, that the king of Denmark thought it best to accept of peace, which was concluded in 1700. He next resolved to advance against the king of Poland, who had blocked up Riga. He had no sooner given orders for his troops to go into winter quarters, than he received

advice that Narva, where Count Horne was governor, was besieged by an army of a hundred thousand Muscovites. This made him alter his measures, and move toward the czar; and at Narva he gained a surprising victory, which cost him not above two thousand men killed and wounded. The Muscovites were forced to retire from the provinces they had invaded. He pursued his conquests, till he penetrated as far as where the diet of Poland was sitting; when he made them declare the throne of Poland vacant, and elected Stanislaus their king: then making himself master of Saxony, he obliged Augustus himself to renounce the crown of Poland, and acknowledge Stanislaus by a letter of congratulation on his accession. All Europe was surprised with the expeditious finishing of this great negotiation, but more at the disinterestedness of the king of Sweden, who satisfied himself with the bare reputation of this victory, without demanding an inch of ground for enlarging his dominions. After thus reducing the king of Denmark to peace, placing a new king on the throne of Poland, having humbled the emperor of Germany, and protected the Lutheran religion, Charles prepared to penetrate into Muscovy to dethrone the czar. He quickly obliged the Muscovites to abandon Poland, pursued them into their own country, and won several battles over them. The czar, disposed to peace, made some proposals; Charles only answered, "I will treat with the czar at Moscow." When this haughty answer was brought to Peter, he said, "My brother Charles still affects to act the *Alexander*, but I flatter myself he will not find in me a *Darius*." The event justified him; for the Muscovites, already beaten into discipline, and under a prince of such talents as Peter, entirely destroyed the Swedish army at the memorable battle of Pultowa, July 8, 1709; on which decisive day, Charles lost the fruits of nine years' labour, and of almost a hundred battles! The king with a small troop, pursued by the Muscovites, passed the Boristhenes to Oczakow in the Turkish territories: and from thence, through desert countries, arrived at Bender; where the Sultan, when informed of his arrival, sent orders for accommodating him in the best manner, and appointed him a guard. Near Bender, Charles built a house, and intrenched himself; and had with him eighteen hundred men, who were all clothed and fed, with their horses, at the expense of the grand signior. Here he formed a design of turning the Ottoman arms upon his enemies; and is said to have had a promise from the vizir of being sent into Muscovy with two hundred thousand men. While he remained here, he insensibly acquired a taste for books: he read the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, with the works of Despreaux, whose satires he relished, but did not much admire his other works. When he read that passage in which the author represents Alexander as a fool and a madman, he tore out the leaf. He sometimes played at chess: but when he recovered of his wounds, he renewed his fatigues in exercising his men; he tired three horses a day

and those who courted his favour were all day in their boots. To dispose the Ottoman Porte to this war, he detached about eight hundred Poles and Cossacks of his retinue, with orders to pass the Neister, and to observe what passed on the frontiers of Poland. The Muscovite troops, dispersed in those quarters, fell immediately upon this little company, and pursued them even to the territories of the grand signior. This was what Charles expected. His ministers at the Porte excited the Turks to vengeance; but the czar's money removed all difficulties, and Charles found himself in a manner prisoner among the Tartars. He imagined the sultan was ignorant of the intrigues of his grand vizir. Poniatowsky undertook to make his complaints to the grand signior. The sultan, in answer, some days after, sent Charles five Arabian horses, one of which was covered with a saddle and housing of great riches; with an obliging letter, but conceived in such general terms, as gave reason to suspect that the minister had done nothing without the sultan's consent; Charles therefore refused them. Poniatowsky had the courage to form a design of deposing the grand vizir; who accordingly was deprived of his dignity and wealth, and banished. The seal of the empire was given to Numan Cuproughly: who persuaded his master that the law forbade him to invade the czar, who had done him no injury; but to succour the king of Sweden as an unfortunate prince in his dominions. He accordingly sent him eight hundred purses, every one of which amounted to five hundred crowns, and advised him to return peaceably to his own dominions. Charles rejected this advice, threatening to hang up the bashaws, and shave the beards of any janisaries who brought him such messages; and sent word, that he should depend upon the grand signior's promise, and hoped to re-enter Poland as a conqueror with an army of Turks. After various intrigues at the Porte, an order was sent to attack this *head of iron*, as he was called, and to take him either alive or dead. He stood a siege in his house, with forty domestics, against the Turkish army; killed no less than twenty janisaries with his own hand; and performed prodigies of valour, on a very unnecessary and unwarrantable occasion. But the house being set on fire, and himself wounded, he was at last taken prisoner, and sent to Adrianople; where the grand signior gave him audience, and promised to make good all the damages he had sustained. At last, after a stay of above five years, he left Turkey; and, having disguised himself, traversed Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary, and Germany, attended only by one person: and in sixteen days' riding, during which time he never went to bed, came to Stralsund at midnight, November 21, 1714. His boots were cut from his swollen legs, and he was put to bed; where, when he had slept some hours, the first thing he did was to review his troops, and examine the state of the fortifications. He sent out orders that very day, to renew the war with more vigour than ever. But affairs were now much changed: Augustus had recovered the throne

of Poland; Sweden had lost many of its provinces, and was without money, trade, credit, or troops. The kings of Denmark and Prussia seized the island of Rugen, and besieged him in Stralsund, which surrendered; but Charles escaped to Carelskron. But while his country was threatened with invasion by so many princes, he, to the surprise of all Europe, marched into Norway with twenty thousand men. A very few Danes might have stopped the Swedish army; but such a quick invasion they could not foresee. Europe was yet more at a loss to find the czar so quiet, and not making a descent upon Sweden, as he had before agreed with his allies. This inaction was the consequence of one of the greatest designs, and at the same time the most difficult of any that were ever formed by the imagination of man. In short, a scheme was set on foot for a reconciliation with the czar; for replacing Stanislaus on the throne of Poland; and setting James II.'s son upon that of Britain; besides restoring the Duke of Holstein to his dominions. Charles, pleased with these grand ideas, though without building much upon them, gave his minister leave to act at large. In the mean time, Charles was going to make a second attempt upon Norway in 1718; and he flattered himself with being master of that kingdom in six months: but while he was examining the works at Fredericshall, a place of great strength, and which is reckoned the key of that kingdom, he was killed by a shot from the enemy, as has been generally believed; though it has been also reported, that he fell by the treachery of one of his own officers, who had been bribed for that purpose. Charles experienced the extremes of prosperity and of adversity, without being softened by the one, or disturbed by the other; but he was a man rather extraordinary than great, and fitter to be admired than imitated. He was honoured by the Turks for his rigid abstinence from wine, and his regularity in attending public devotion. As to his person, he was tall and of a noble mien, had a fine open forehead, large blue eyes, flaxen hair, fair complexion, a handsome nose, but little beard, and a laugh not agreeable. His manners were harsh and austere, not to say savage: and as to religion, he was indifferent towards all, though exteriorly a Lutheran, and a strong believer in predestination. A few anecdotes will illustrate his character. No dangers, however great, made the least impression upon him. When a horse or two were killed under him at the battle of Narva, in 1700, he leaped nimbly upon fresh ones, saying, *These people find me exercise.* One day, when he was dictating letters to a secretary, a bomb fell through the roof into the next room of the house, where they were sitting. The secretary, terrified lest the house should come down upon them, let his pen drop out of his hand: *What is the matter?* says the king calmly. The secretary could only reply, *Ah, sir, the bomb.*—*The bomb!* says the king, *what has the bomb to do with what I am dictating to you? Go on.* He preserved more humanity than is usually found among conquerors.

Once in the middle of an action, finding a young Swedish officer wounded and unable to march, he obliged the officer to take his horse, and continued to command his infantry on foot. The Princess Lubomirski, who was very much in the interest and good graces of Augustus, falling by accident into the hands of one of his officers, he ordered her to be set at liberty; saying, "He did not make war with *women*." One day, near Leipsic, a peasant threw himself at his feet, with a complaint against a grenadier, that he had robbed him of certain eatables provided for himself and his family. "Is it true, said Charles sternly, that you have robbed this man?" The soldier replied, "Sir, I have not done near so much harm to this man, as your majesty has done to his master; for you have taken from Augustus *a kingdom*, whereas I have only taken from this poor scoundrel *a dinner*." Charles made the peasant amends, and pardoned the soldier for his firmness: "However, my friend, (adds he,) you will do well to recollect, that if I took a kingdom from Augustus, I did not take it for myself." Though Charles lived hardly himself, a soldier did not fear to remonstrate to him against some bread, which was very black and mouldy, and which yet was the only provision the troops had. Charles called for a piece of it, and calmly eat it up; saying, "That it was indeed not good, but that it might be eaten." He wrote some observations on war, and on his own campaigns from 1700 to 1709; but the manuscript was lost at the unfortunate battle of Pultowa.





CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



CHRISTINA ALEXANDRA, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, was born in 1626; and succeeded to the crown in 1633, when only seven years of age. This princess discovered even in her infancy, what she afterward expressed in her memoirs, an invincible antipathy for the employments and conversations of women; and she had the natural awkwardness of a man with respect to all the little works which generally fall to their share. She was fond of violent exercises, and such amusements as consist in feats of strength and activity. She had also both ability and taste for abstracted speculations; and amused herself with language and the sciences, particularly that of legislature and government. She derived her knowledge of ancient history from its source; and Polybius and Thucydides were her favourite authors. As she was the sovereign of a powerful kingdom, most of the princes in Europe aspired to her bed. Among her suitors were the Prince of Denmark, the Elector Palatine, the Elector of Brandenburg, the King of Spain, the King of the Romans, Don John of Austria; Sigismund of Rokocci, Count and General of Cassovia; Stanislaus, King of Poland; John Casimir, his brother; and Charles Gustavus, Duke of Deux Ponts, son of the great Gustavus's sister, and consequently her first cousin. To this nobleman, as well as to all his rivals, she refused her hand; but she caused him to be appointed her successor by the states. Political interests, differences of religion, and contrariety of manners, furnished Christina with pretences for rejecting all her suitors; but her true motives were the love of independence, and a strong aversion she had conceived even in her infancy, from the marriage

yoke. "Do not force me to marry, (said she to the states,) for if I should have a son, it is not more probable that he should be an Augustus than a Nero." An accident happened in the beginning of her reign which gave her a remarkable opportunity of displaying the strength and equanimity of her mind. As she was at the chapel of the castle of Stockholm, assisting at divine service with the principal lords of her court, a poor wretch, who was disordered in his mind, came to the place with a design to assassinate her. This man, who was in the full vigour of his age, chose, for the execution of his design, the moment in which the assembly was performing what in the Swedish church is called an *act of recollection*; a silent and separate act of devotion, performed by each individual kneeling and hiding the face with the hand. Taking this opportunity, he rushed through the crowd, and mounted a balustrade within which the queen was upon her knees. The Baron Braki, chief justice of Sweden, was alarmed, and cried out; and the guards crossed their partisans, to prevent his coming further; but he struck them furiously on one side; leaped over the barrier; and, being then close to the queen, made a blow at her with a knife which he had concealed without a sheath in his sleeve. The queen avoided the blow, and pushed the captain of her guards, who instantly threw himself upon the assassin, and seized him by the hair. All this happened in a moment. The man was known to be mad, and therefore nobody supposed he had any accomplices: they therefore contented themselves with locking him up; and the queen returned to her devotion without the least emotion. One of the great affairs that employed Christina, while she was upon the throne, was the peace of Westphalia, in which many clashing interests were to be reconciled, and many claims to be ascertained. It was concluded in October, 1648. The success of the Swedish arms rendered Christina the arbitress of this treaty; at least as to the affairs of Sweden, to which this peace confirmed the possession of many important countries. No public event of importance took place during the rest of Christina's reign; for there were neither wars abroad, nor troubles at home. This quiet might be the effect of chance; but it might also be the effect of a good administration, and the great reputation of the queen; and the love her people had for her ought to lead us to this determination. Her reign was that of learning and genius. She drew about her, wherever she was, all the distinguished characters of her time; Grotius, Paschal, Bochart, Descartes, Gassendi, Saumaise, Naude, Vossius, Heinsius, Meibom, Scudery, Menage, Lucas, Holstenius, Lambecius, Bayle, Madam Dacier, Filicaia, and many others. The arts never fail to immortalize the prince who protects them; and almost all these illustrious persons have celebrated Christina, either in poems, letters, or other literary productions: which form a general mass of testimonials, that may be considered as a solid basis of reputation. Christina, however, may be justly censured with want of

taste, in not properly distinguishing merit ; particularly the superiority of Descartes, whom she disgusted, and at last wholly neglected. The rapid fortune which the adventurer Michon, known by the name of Bourdelot, acquired by her countenance and liberality, was also a great scandal to literature. He had no pretensions to learning ; and though sprightly, was yet indecent. He was brought to court by the learned Saumaise ; and, for a time, drove literary merit out of it, making learning the object of his ridicule, and exacting from Christina an exorbitant tribute to the weakness and inconstancy of her sex ; for with respect to this man, she showed herself to be weak and inconstant. At last she was compelled, by the public indignation, to banish this unworthy minion ; and he was no sooner gone, than her regard for him was at an end. She was ashamed of the favour she had shown him ; and, in a short time, thought of him with hatred and contempt. This Bourdelot, during his ascendancy over the queen, had supplanted Count Magnus de la Gardie, son of the constable of Sweden, who was a relation, a favourite, and perhaps the lover of Christina. M. de Motteville, who had seen him ambassador in France, says, in his memoirs, that he spoke of his queen in terms so passionate and respectful, that every one concluded his attachment to her to be more ardent and tender than a mere sense of duty can produce. This nobleman fell into disgrace because he showed an inclination to govern ; while M. Bourdelot seemed to aim at nothing more than to amuse ; and concealed, under the unsuspected character of a droll, the real ascendancy which he exercised over the queen's mind. About this time, an accident happened to Christina, which brought her into still greater danger than that which has already been related. Having ordered some ships of war to be built at the port of Stockholm, she went to see them when finished ; and as she was going on board, across a narrow plank, with Admiral Fleming, his foot slipping, he fell, and drew the queen with him into the sea, which in that place was near ninety feet deep. Anthony Steinberg, the queen's first equerry, instantly threw himself into the water, laid hold of her robe, and, with such assistance as was given him, got the queen ashore : during the time of this accident, her recollection was such, that the moment her lips were above water, she cried, " Take care of the admiral." When she was got out of the water, she discovered no emotion either by her gesture or countenance ; and she dined the same day in public, where she gave a humorous account of her adventure. But, though at first she was fond of the power and splendour of royalty, yet she began at length to feel that it embarrassed her ; and the same love of independence, which had determined her against marriage, at length made her weary of her crown. At last she resolved to abdicate ; and, in 1652, communicated her resolution to the senate. The senate zealously remonstrated against it, and were joined by the people ; and even by Charles Gustavus himself, who was to succeed her ; she yielded to their

importunities, and continued to sacrifice her own pleasure to the will of the public, till 1654, when she carried her design into execution. It appears by one of her letters to M. Canut, in whom she put great confidence, that she had meditated this project for more than eight years; and that she had communicated it to him five years before it took place. The ceremony of her abdication was a mournful solemnity, a mixture of pomp and sadness, in which scarce any eyes but her own were dry. She continued firm and composed through the whole; and as soon as it was over, prepared to remove to a country more favourable to science than Sweden was. Concerning the merit of this action, the world has always been divided in opinion; it has been condemned alike both by the ignorant and the learned, the trifler and the sage. It was admired, however, by the great Conde: "How great was the magnanimity of this princess, (said he,) who could so easily give up that for which the rest of mankind are continually destroying each other, and which so many throughout their whole lives pursue without attaining!" It appears, by the works of St. Evremond, that the abdication of Christina was at that time the universal topic of speculation and debate in France. Christina, besides abdicating her crown, abjured her religion; an act universally approved by one party, and censured by another; the Papists triumphed, and the Protestants were offended. No prince, after a long imprisonment, ever showed so much joy upon being restored to his kingdom, as Christina did in quitting hers. When she came to a little brook, which separates Sweden from Denmark, she got out of her carriage; and leaping to the other side, cried out in a transport of joy, "At last I am free, and out of Sweden, whither, I hope, I shall never return." She dismissed her women, and laid aside the habit of her sex: "I would become a man, (said she,) yet I do not love men because they are men, but because they are not women." She made her abjuration at Brussels: where she saw the great Conde, who, after his defection, made that city his asylum. "Cousin, (said she,) who would have thought, ten years ago, that we should have met at this distance from our countries?"—The inconstancy of Christina's temper appeared in her going continually from place to place: from Brussels she went to Rome; from Rome to France, and from France she returned to Rome again; after this she went to Sweden, where she was not very well received; from Sweden she went to Hamburgh, where she continued a year, and then went again to Rome; from Rome she returned to Hamburgh; and again to Sweden, where she was still worse received than before; upon which she went back to Hamburgh, and from Hamburgh again to Rome. She intended another journey to Sweden: but it did not take place, any more than an expedition to England, where Cromwell did not seem well disposed to receive her; and after many wanderings, and many purposes of wandering still more, she at last died at Rome, in 1689. Her journeys to Sweden, however had motives

of necessity; for her appointments were very ill paid, though the states often confirmed them after her abdication: but to other places she was led merely by a roving disposition; and, what is more to her discredit, she always disturbed the quiet of every place she came into, by exacting greater deference to her rank as queen than she had a right to expect, after resigning it; by her total non-conformity to the customs of the place, and by continually exciting and fomenting intrigues of state. She was, indeed, always too busy, even when she was upon the throne; for there was no event in Europe in which she was not ambitious of acting a principal part. During the troubles in France, by the faction called the *Fronde*, she wrote with great eagerness to all the interested parties, officiously offering her mediation to reconcile their interests, and calm their passions, the secret springs of which it was altogether impossible she should know. This was first thought a dangerous, and afterwards a ridiculous, behaviour. During her residence in France she gave universal disgust, not only by violating all the customs of the country, but by practising others directly opposite. She treated the ladies of the court with the greatest rudeness: when they came to embrace her, she, being in man's habit, cried out, "What a strange eagerness have these women to kiss me! Is it because I look like a man?" But though she ridiculed the manners of the French court, she was very solicitous to enter into its intrigues. Louis XIV., then very young, was enamoured of Mademoiselle de Mancini, niece to Cardinal Mazarine. Christina flattered their passion, and offered her service. "I would fain be your confidant; (said she,) if you love, you must marry." The murder of Monaldeschi is, to this hour, an inscrutable mystery. It is, however, of a piece with the expressions constantly used by Christina in her letters, with respect to those with whom she was offended; for she scarce ever signified her displeasure without threatening the life of the offender. "If you fail in your duty, (said she to her secretary, whom she sent to Stockholm, after her abdication,) not all the power of the king of Sweden shall save your life, though you should take shelter in his arms." A musician having quitted her service for that of the Duke of Savoy, she was so transported with rage as to disgrace herself by these words, in a letter written with her own hand: "He lives only for me; and if he does not sing for me, he shall not sing long for anybody." Bayle was also threatened for having said that the letter which Christina wrote, upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, was "a remain of Protestantism;" but he made his peace by apologies and submission. Upon the whole, she appears to have been an uncommon mixture of faults and great qualities; which, however they might excite fear and respect, were by no means amiable. She had wit, taste, parts, and learning: she was indefatigable upon the throne; great in private life; firm in misfortunes; impatient of contradiction; and, except in her lo

of letters, inconstant in her inclinations. The most remarkable instance of this fickleness is, that after she had abdicated the crown of Sweden, she intrigued for that of Poland. She was, in every action and pursuit, violent and ardent in the highest degree ; impetuous in her desires, dreadful in her resentment, and fickle in her conduct. She says of herself, that "she was mistrustful, ambitious, passionate, haughty, impatient, contemptuous, satirical, incredulous, undevout, of an ardent and violent temper, and extremely amorous ;" a disposition, however, to which, if she may be believed, her pride and her virtue were always superior. In general, her failings were those of her own sex, and her virtues those of the other sex.



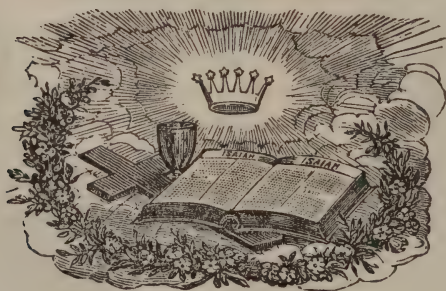


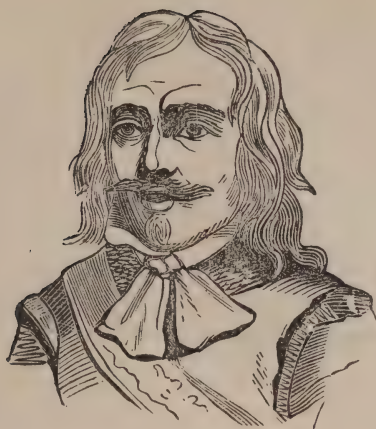
CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.



CONSTANTINE I., surnamed **THE GREAT**, the first emperor of the Romans who embraced Christianity. Dr. Anderson, in his *Royal Genealogies*, makes him not only a native of Britain, but the son of a British princess. It is certain that his father, Constantius Chlorus, was at York, when, upon the abdication of Dioclesian, he shared the Roman empire with Galerius Maximinus, in 305, and that he died in York, in 306; having first caused his son Constantine to be proclaimed emperor by his army, and by the Britons. Galerius at first refused to admit Constantine to his father's share in the imperial throne; but after having lost several battles, he consented in 308. Maxentius, who succeeded Galerius, opposed him: but was defeated, and drowned himself in the Tiber. The senate then declared Constantine *first* Augustus, and Licinius his associate in the empire, in 313. These princes published an edict, in their joint names, in favour of the Christians; but soon after Licinius, jealous of Constantine's renown, conceived an implacable hatred against him, and renewed the persecutions against the Christians. This brought on a rupture between the emperors; and a battle, in which Constantine was victorious. A short peace ensued; but Licinius having shamefully violated the treaty, the war was renewed; when Constantine totally defeating him, he fled to Nicomedia, where he was taken prisoner and strangled, in 323. Constantine, now become sole master of the whole empire, immediately formed the plan of establishing Christianity as the religion of the state; for which purpose, he convoked several ecclesiastical

councils : but finding he was likely to meet with great opposition from the Pagan interest at Rome, he conceived the design of founding a new city, to be the capital of his Christian empire. The glory Constantine had acquired, by establishing the Christian religion, was tarnished by the part he took in the prosecutions carried on by the Arians, towards the close of his reign, against their Christian brethren who differed from them. Seduced by Eusebius of Nicomedia, he banished several eminent prelates : soon after which he died, **A. D. 337**, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and thirty-first of his reign. Constantine was chaste, pious, laborious, and indefatigable ; a great general, successful in war, and deserving his success by his valour and genius ; a protector of the arts, and an encourager of them by his beneficence. If we compare him with Augustus, we shall find that he ruined idolatry, by the same address that the other used to destroy liberty. Like Augustus, he laid the foundation of a new empire ; but less skilful, he could not give it the same stability : he weakened the body of the state by giving it a second head in Constantinople ; and transporting the centre of motion and strength too near the eastern extremity, he left without heat, and almost without life, the western parts, which soon became a prey to the barbarians. The Pagans were too much his enemies to do him justice. Eutropius says, that in the former part of his reign he was equal to the most accomplished princes, and in the latter to the meanest. The younger Victor, who makes him to have reigned more than thirty-one years, pretends, that in the first ten years he was a hero ; in the twelve succeeding ones a robber ; and in the last ten a spendthrift. It is easy to perceive, with respect to these two reproaches of Victor's, that the one relates to the riches which Constantine took from idolatry, and the other to those with which he loaded the church.





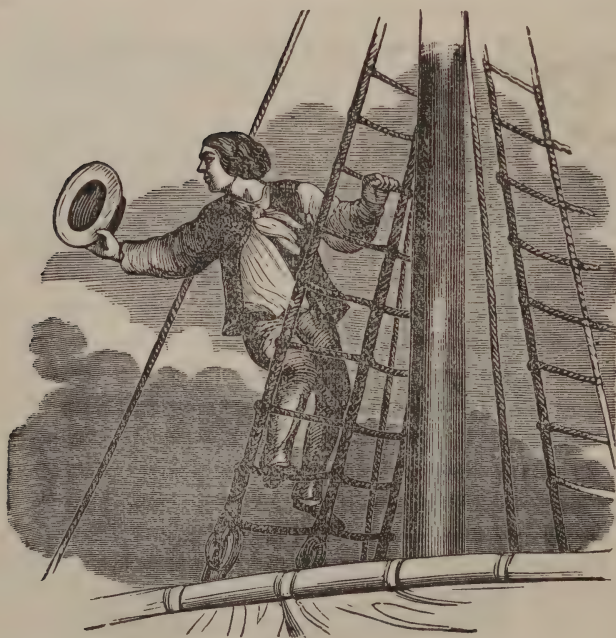
MICHAEL ADRIAN RUYTER.



MICHAEL ADRIAN RUYTER, a distinguished Dutch naval officer, born at Flushing, in Zealand, in 1607. He entered on a sea-faring life when he was only eleven years old, and was first a cabin boy. While he advanced successively to the rank of mate, master, and captain, he acquitted himself with ability and honour.

He repulsed the Irish, who attempted to take Dublin out of the hands of the English. He made eight voyages to the West Indies, and ten to Brazil. He was then promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and sent to assist the Portuguese against the Spaniards. When the enemy came in sight, he gave such proofs of valour as drew from the Portuguese monarch the warmest applause. His gallantry was still more conspicuous before Salee, in Barbary. With one single vessel he sailed through the roads of that place in defiance of five Algerine corsairs. In 1653, a squadron of seventy vessels was sent against the English under Admiral Van Tromp. Ruyter, who accompanied the admiral in this expedition, seconded him with great skill and bravery in the three battles which the English so gloriously won. He was afterwards stationed in the Mediterranean, where he took several Turkish vessels. In 1659, he received a commission to join the king of Denmark in his war with the Swedes; wherein he raised his fame higher than ever. The king of Denmark ennobled him, and gave him a pension. In 1661, he run ashore a vessel belonging to Tunis, released forty Christian slaves, made a treaty with the Tunisians, and

reduced the Algerine corsairs to submission. His country raised him to the rank of vice-admiral and commander-in-chief. He obtained a signal victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, in 1672, about the time of the conquest of Holland. Ruyter having thus made himself master of the sea, conducted a fleet of Indiamen safely into the Texel; thus defending and enriching his country, while it was the prey of hostile invaders. In 1673, he had three engagements with the fleets of France and England, in which his bravery was more distinguished than ever. But, in an engagement with the French fleet, off the coast of Sicily, he lost the day, and received a mortal wound, of which he died in a few days. His corpse was carried to Amsterdam, and a magnificent monument was there erected by the command of the states-general.





FRANCIS PETRARCH.



FRANCIS PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet, born at Arezzo, in 1304. He studied grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy, four years at Carpentras; whence he went to Montpellier, where he studied the law. His father and mother dying of the plague at Avignon, he returned to that city when twenty-two years of age to settle his domestic affairs, and purchased a country-house, in a

very solitary but agreeable situation, called Vaucluse; where he first saw the beautiful Laura, with whom he fell in love, and whom he has immortalized in his poems. He travelled into France, the Netherlands, and Germany; and at his return to Avignon, entered into the service of Pope John XXII., who employed him in several important affairs. Petrarch expected some considerable posts; but being disappointed, he applied himself entirely to poetry; in which he met with such applause, that in the same day he received letters from Rome and Paris, inviting him to receive the poetic crown. He preferred Rome, and received that crown from the senate and people on the 8th of April, 1341. His love of solitude at length induced him to return to Vaucluse; but, after the death of the beautiful Laura, Provence became insupportable to him, and he returned to Italy in 1352; when, being at Milan, Galeas Viceconti made him counsellor of state. Petrarch spent almost all the rest of his life in travelling to and from the different cities in Italy. He was archdeacon of Parma, and canon at Padua; but never received the order of priesthood. All the princes and great men of his time gave him public marks of their esteem;

and while he lived at Arcqua, three miles from Padua, the Florentines sent Boccace to him with letters, inviting him to Florence, and informing him that they restored to him all the estate of which his father and mother had been deprived during the dissensions between the Guelphs and Ghiblines. He died a few years after at Arcqua, in 1374. He wrote many works that have rendered his memory immortal ; printed in four volumes, folio. His life has been written by several authors ; particularly by Mrs. Susanna Dobson, in two volumes, 8vo.





JOACHIM MURAT.



JOACHIM MURAT was born in 1767. His father was the keeper of an humble country inn, who had once been steward to the wealthy family of the Talleyrands. From early youth, Murat was distinguished by his daring courage, and his skill in horsemanship. He was originally intended for the church, but having, in his twentieth year, run away with, and fought a duel for, a pretty girl of the neighbourhood, all his ecclesiastical hopes were crushed by the notoriety which this affair brought upon him. He therefore entered the army, made himself conspicuous by his revolutionary enthusiasm, and, in one month, fought not less than six duels! He soon gained promotion, and, in the affair of the Sections, made himself so useful to Bonaparte, that, when appointed to the command of the army of Italy, that general placed him on his personal staff. Shortly afterwards Murat was promoted to the rank of general of brigade; accompanied Napoleon in his Egyptian expedition; and returned with him to Paris, where he married Caroline Bonaparte, his patron's youngest sister. On the establishment of the Empire, he was created Marshal of France, and, in 1806, invested with the grand-duchy

of Berg and Cleves. In 1808, he entered Madrid with a formidable army, and sullied his reputation by his exactions and cruelties. He was afterwards appointed to the throne of Naples, but was rendered constantly uneasy by the system of jealous espionage pursued towards him by Napoleon. In 1812, he joined the emperor in his Russian expedition, and was placed over the whole cavalry of the grand army, in which position he rendered himself so conspicuous by his daring that the very Cossacks held him in respect and admiration. When the French reached the heights which overlook Moscow, Murat, glancing at his soiled garments, did not think them worthy of an occasion so important as that of entering the Sacred City. He retired, therefore, to his tent, and soon came out dressed in his most magnificent costume. His tall plume, the splendid trappings of his steed, and the grace with which he managed the animal, drew forth loud shouts of applause from the Cossacks who were under the walls of the city. As an armistice had been previously agreed upon, he remained for two hours in the midst of his new admirers, who pressed round him, and even called him their Hetman, so delighted were they with his courage and generosity. When Napoleon quitted Russia, Murat was left in command, but he was unequal to his trying duties, and returned dispirited to Naples, greatly to the emperor's dissatisfaction. In the German campaign of 1813, he fought nobly at Dresden and Leipsic, but, immediately after this last battle, deserted the imperial standard. On Napoleon's escape from Elba, Murat put an army of fifty thousand men in motion, in order, as he said, to secure the independence of Italy, but was defeated by the Austrians and English. After the battle of Waterloo, he wandered about for some months as a fugitive; but, being discovered, was seized, tried, and ordered to be shot, by Ferdinand, the then reigning king of Naples. When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the place of execution. He would not accept a chair, nor suffer his eyes to be bound. He stood upright, with his face towards the soldiers, and when all was ready, kissed a cornelian on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word thus: "Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!" Murat left two daughters and two sons; the elder of his sons is a citizen of the United States, and said to be a youth of very superior promise.

With respect to Murat's beauty, and the nobleness of his figure, which have been so much insisted on, said the Duchess of Abrantes, it is a point which will bear discussion. I do not admit that a man is handsome because he is large, and always dressed for a carnival. Murat's features were not good, and I may even add that, considering him as detached from his curled hair, his plumes, and his embroidery, he was plain. There was something of the negro in his countenance, though his nose was not flat; but very thick lips, and a nose, which, though aquiline, had nothing of

nobleness in its form, gave to his physiognomy a mongrel expression at least.

"Murat," said Napoleon, "is a good soldier—one of the most brilliant men I ever saw on a field of battle. Of no superior talents, without much moral courage, timid even in forming his plan of operations; but the moment he saw the enemy, all that vanished—his eye was the most sure, and the most rapid; his courage truly chivalrous. Moreover, he is a fine man, tall, and well-dressed, though at times rather fantastically—in short, a magnificent lazzarone. It was really a magnificent sight to see him in battle heading the cavalry."





SUWARROW.



ALEXANDER SUWARROW RIMNISKI, a Russian field-marshal, was born in 1730, of an ancient family. In 1742, he entered the army as a common soldier, and attained the rank of colonel in 1762, after having distinguished himself in the famous Seven Years' War. He displayed equal talents in fighting the confederates of Poland from 1769 to 1772, which brought on the first dismemberment of that state.

In 1774, he joined the army which Romanzow commanded against the Turks, and performed prodigies of valour. In 1783, he subdued the Kuban and Budziack Tartars, and was made commander-in-chief. In 1788, he caused the Turks to be attacked by the Russian fleet under the command of Paul Jones and the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, who defeated them twice. In the following year he was employed at the head of a detached body of Potemkin's army, besieged Ismael, took it, and put twenty thousand Turks to the sword, which procured him the name of the Butcher. In 1792, he

was appointed to act in Poland; marched to Warsaw, and forced the suburbs of Prague after a bloody assault, which decided the fate of that kingdom. For his conduct on this occasion, Catherine created him field-marshal. In 1799, he was sent into Italy against the French, and defeated Moreau at the passage of the Adda. A misunderstanding taking place soon afterwards between the courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna, Suwarrow received orders to separate from the Austrians and march into Switzerland, where Massena had just routed at Zurich the army that he was going to join. After many severe and doubtful conflicts, he arrived in Germany with the shattered remains of his army, which was his last exploit, the Russian troops having been recalled by their sovereign. On his arrival at St. Petersburg, he was rather coldly received by Paul, and died at his estate of Polendorff, in Esthonia, at the age of seventy-one. Born with great talent and vivacity, Suwarrow possessed considerable information, and spoke several languages with facility. He was master of great skill and finesse, and knew how to make them instruments of success. Catherine liked whatever was extraordinary; he therefore took care to announce his victories to her in a laconic style that delighted her. Having taken the town of Toutoukai, in Bulgaria, he wrote, "Glory to God! Praise to Catherine! The town is taken, and I am in it." He announced the capture of Ismael in these terms: "Madam, the proud Ismael is at your feet!" He frequently put his orders into verse, and sent his reports so to the empress. He never went into battle without kissing a little image of the Virgin or St. Nicholas, which he always carried about him. He used to tell his soldiers that all those who should be killed fighting would go to Paradise; and in the evening, after beat of drum, obliged his officers to recite a prayer before the soldiers. He was strict in service, and banished luxury from his camp. The soldiers adored him, but not so the officers, many of whom were his secret enemies—made so by his severe habits of discipline. He often changed his shirt in the middle of the camp, and wore sheepskin only. His frugal way of life enabled him to support all the fatigues of war. When he laid aside his sheepskin to put on the marshal's uniform, he took care to load himself immediately with all his honours and decorations, so as to be remarkable for the other extreme. He was bold, active, and had the art of attaching the soldiers to his destiny; but he has been reproached with shallow combinations and extreme cruelty.

Suwarrow, says Tweddell, is a most extraordinary man.—He dines every morning about nine. He sleeps almost naked; affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold; and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer is at ten degrees below freezing. A great deal of his whimsical manner is affected. He finds that it suits his troops and the people he has to deal with.



JACQUES LOUIS DAVID.



JACQUES LOUIS DAVID, a celebrated painter, elector of Paris in 1792, was one of the warmest friends of Robespierre. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. He contrived the Mountain on which Robespierre gave a public festival in the field of Mars. In 1794, he presided in the Convention. In 1800, the consuls made him the national artist, when he painted for the Hospital of the Invalids a picture of General Bonaparte. In 1805, he was appointed to paint the scene of the emperor's coronation. David was unquestionably the first French painter of the modern school; and this consideration had some weight in obtaining his pardon in 1794, when he had been accused of being a Terrorist. A swelling which David had in his cheeks, rendered his features hideous. He was a member of the Legion of Honour; and his daughter, in 1805, married a colonel of infantry.

In 1815, he was banished from France with those who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and took up his abode in Brussels, where he died December 29, 1825. Many anecdotes of his cruelty during the Revolution are related by his enemies, but they are not well authenticated; others, in proof of his patriotic magnanimity, are scarcely better established. He appears in truth to have been a man of narrow capacity, and of a warm but not malicious disposition.

David is said to have expressed a wish, that, if an Athenian were to revisit the earth, he might take him for a Greek painter. This is the key to his style, which is a servile imitation of the Greek sculptures. The "Rape of the Sabines" is considered one of the best of his works, which are chiefly at Paris. His portrait of Napoleon is well known.



CARNOT.

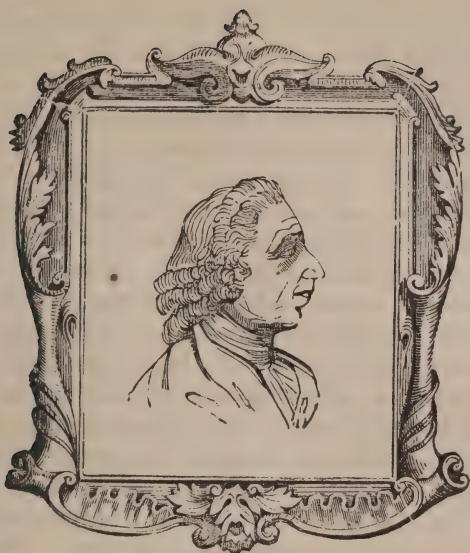


LAZARE NICHOLAS CARNOT was one of the first officers of the French army who embraced cordially and enthusiastically the regenerating views of the National Assembly. In 1791, he was in the garrison at St. Omer, where he married Mademoiselle Dupont, daughter of a merchant there. His political principles, the moderation of his conduct, and his varied knowledge, procured for him soon after the honour of a seat in the legislature, from which period he devoted himself wholly to the imperative duties imposed on him either by the choice of his fellow-citizens, or by the suffrage of his colleagues. The convention placed in the hands of Carnot the colossal and incoherent mass of the military requisition. It was necessary to organize, discipline, and teach. He drew from it fourteen armies. He had to create able leaders. His penetrating eye ranged through the most obscure ranks in search of talent united with courage and disinterestedness; and he promoted it rapidly to the highest grades. In 1802, Carnot opposed the creation of the Legion of Honour. He likewise opposed the erection of the consulate for life; but it was most especially at the period when it was proposed to raise Bonaparte to the throne that he exerted all his energy. He stood alone in the midst of the general defection. His conduct during the Hundred Days appears to me summed up completely in the memorable words which Napoleon addressed to him, on entering the carriage when

he was going to Rochefort, "Carnot, I have known you too late!" After the catastrophe of the Hundred Days, Carnot was proscribed, and obliged to expatriate himself. He died at Magdeburg in 1823, at the age of seventy years. It is true, he had ambition, but he has himself told us its character—it was the ambition of the three hundred Spartans going to defend Thermopylæ.

Carnot was a man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues, and easily deceived. When minister of war he showed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the ministers of finance and the treasury, in all of which he was wrong. He left the government, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire he never asked for any thing; but, after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was minister of the interior, and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, and a man of truth and probity.





JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.



HIS eminent philosopher was born at Field-head, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, in March, 1733. His father was engaged in the clothing manufacture, and was a Calvinistic dissenter; but the care of his education devolved on an aunt, (Mrs. Keighly,) by whom he was adopted almost from his infancy. She was a woman of exemplary benevolence and piety, and was neither unremitting nor unsuccessful in her endeavours to instil the same qualities into her nephew.

He received the first part of his education at several schools in the neighbourhood of Leeds, where he made considerable progress in the learned languages, including Hebrew, with a view of fitting himself for the ministry. His weak health threatened, for a time, to frustrate this intention, and he, in consequence, applied himself to the modern languages, in order to qualify himself for a merchant in Lisbon. His constitution, however, becoming renovated, he resumed his original purpose; and, in 1752, went to complete his course of theological studies at the dissenting academy, kept by Dr. Ashworth, at Daventry. On his entrance into this establishment, he was found to possess a considerably greater degree of knowledge

than might have been expected from his years, even with the studious habits by which they were accompanied, while his conduct was marked by a strict sense of religion, and displayed that vital spirit of piety, which even, in some degree, assimilated him to that class of Christians, from whose doctrines no one more widely deviated.

He remained at Daventry three years, pursuing, during that time, such a course of theological inquiry, as at length induced him to relinquish the orthodox system in which he had been educated, for that of Arianism. It was here, also, that he first read the works of Dr. Hartley, to whose theories he soon became a convert, and whose writings ever afterwards maintained a powerful influence over his whole train of thinking. On leaving Daventry, he accepted the charge of a small congregation at Needham Market, in Suffolk; but neither his style of preaching, nor the opinions which he held, were of a nature to render him a popular minister in this place. It is even said that the dissenting clergymen in the neighbourhood considered it a degradation to associate with him: and were afraid to ask him to preach, because the genteeler part of their audience always absented themselves when he appeared in the pulpit. Yet, many years afterwards, as he informs us himself, when his reputation was very high, and he preached in the same place, multitudes flocked to hear the very same sermons which they had formerly listened to with contempt and dislike. He passed, therefore, the three years of his pastorship at Needham in poverty, discountenance, and obscurity; but still pursuing his theological and scriptural researches with equal ardour and boldness. The consequence was, before he left Needham, a still further departure from the received systems, and, in particular, his total rejection of the doctrine of atonement.

In 1758, he appeared as a candidate for a meeting-house in Sheffield, but his trial-sermon was not approved of. In the following year, he removed to Nantwich, in Cheshire, where he officiated as minister, and also opened a school, in which he taught with indefatigable zeal. To the common objects of instruction, he added that of natural philosophy, and thus fostered in himself a taste for the pursuit of that science. In 1761, he published, for the use of his scholars, an English Grammar, on a new plan; and, in the same year, he was invited by the trustees of the Dissenting Academy at Warrington, to fill the post of tutor in the languages. He, soon after, married the daughter of a Mr. Wilkinson, an iron master near Wrexham, a lady who is said to have been of very good understanding, and great strength of mind.

His reputation, as a man of various knowledge and active inquiry, now began to extend itself, and he was not long in supporting his claim to it by his writings in various branches of literature and science. Of these, many related to his department in the academy, which included, besides philo-

logy, lectures on history and general policy. His ideas of government, of which we shall speak hereafter, were supported by him in *An Essay on Government*, which was followed by *An Essay on Education*, with some remarks in animadversion of a treatise on the same subject by Dr. Brown, of Newcastle. About the same time also appeared his *Chart of Biography*, an ingenious and highly commended work. He shortly after visited London; and, during his stay there, contracted an acquaintance with Dr. Franklin, Dr. Watson, Dr. Price, and Mr. Canton, by whom he was encouraged to pursue a plan he had formed of writing *A History of Electricity*. This work, which he published in 1767, relates to many new and ingeniously devised experiments of his own, besides containing a very clear and well arranged account of the rise and progress of electricity. It was received with great applause, both abroad and at home; was translated into foreign languages, and went through several editions. The Royal Society immediately admitted the author a member of their body; and about the same time, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

In 1767, he quitted the academy at Warrington, to become minister to a large congregation of dissenters at Leeds. This he found a very agreeable change; the liberality of his opinions met with no check from those over whom he presided; and pursuing his theological inquiries with renewed ardour, he became a convert to Socinianism. This change he attributed to a perusal of Dr. Lardner's letter on the Logos; and he evinced his sincerity and zeal by a number of publications on the subject. The labours of the closet did not hinder him from discharging his more active duties as a pastor; on the contrary, his personal efforts to instruct his flock were most assiduous, and, in particular, with regard to the younger portion.

But while he was thus rising into eminence among the dissenters, he was also following up those ideas and investigations, which ended in some of the most magnificent discoveries that have enlightened the world of science. A brewery at Leeds, which happened to adjoin his residence, first called his attention to the properties of that gaseous fluid then termed fixed air; respecting which he made a number of experiments, and at length succeeded in contriving a simple apparatus for impregnating water with it. He published an account of this in 1772; and, in the same year, encouraged by the success which his *History of Electricity* had met with, he published, by subscription, in one volume, quarto, *The History and Present State of Discoveries relating to Vision, Light, and Colours*. The performance, though one of great merit, fell short of the general expectations; and, fortunately for science, was received with a comparative coldness, which induced the author to confine himself to original researches of the experimental kind. For this he was eminently fitted; his inquiring and original turn of mind being impelled by all the ardour of genius, un-

shackled by too strict an acquaintance with those sciences, which, had he known them earlier, might, probably, have induced him to follow some beaten track. To his little knowledge of chemistry, at this time, he himself ascribes the originality of his experiments, and the subsequent discoveries to which they gave rise : one experiment led to another, till he, at length, arrived at that reputation which has insured immortality to his name ; but of which he himself spoke with a modesty not often to be met with among the most humble favourites of fame. "Few persons, I believe," he says, in his autobiography, "have met with so much unexpected good success as myself, in the course of my philosophical pursuits. My narrative will show that the first hints, at least, of almost every thing that I have discovered of much importance, have occurred to me in this way ; in looking for one thing, I have generally found another, and sometimes a thing of much more value than that which I was in quest of. But none of these expected discoveries appear to me to have been so extraordinary as that I am about to relate, viz., the spontaneous emission of dephlogisticated air from water containing green vegetating matter ; and it may serve to admonish all persons who are engaged in similar pursuits, not to overlook any circumstance relating to an experiment, but to keep their eyes open to every new appearance, and to give due attention to it, however inconsiderable it may seem."

Dr. Priestley appears to have commenced his experiments, with regard to fixed air, as early as 1768, and it was before the former year that he procured good air from saltpetre ; discovered the uses of agitation and of vegetation as means employed by nature in purifying the atmosphere, destined to the support of animal life ; and that air, vitiated by animal respiration, is a pabulum to vegetable life. Factitious air had also been procured by him in a much more extensive variety of ways than had been previously known, and he had been in the habit of using mercury, instead of water, for the purpose of many of his experiments. Of these discoveries, he gave an account in a paper read before the Royal Society, in 1772, together with an announcement of the discovery of nitrous air, and its application as a test of the purity or fitness for respiration of air generally. This paper obtained for him the Copleian medal, in presenting which to him, Sir John Pringle, the president of the Royal Society, said, "I present you, sir, with this medal, the palm and laurel of this community, as a faithful and unfading testimonial of their regard, and of the just sense they have of your merit, and of the persevering industry with which you have promoted the views, and thereby the honour, of this society ; and, in their behalf, I must earnestly request you to continue your liberal and valuable inquiries, whether by farther prosecuting this subject, probably not yet exhausted, or by investigating the nature of some other of the subtile fluids of the universe. These, sir, are, indeed, large demands ; but the Royal

Society have hitherto been fortunate in their pneumatic researches; and were it otherwise, they have much to hope from men of your talents and applications, and whose past labours have been crowned with so much success."

After Priestley had been engaged for six years in his ministry at Leeds, he accepted an offer made to him by Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) to reside with him in the nominal capacity of librarian, but, in reality, as a literary companion to his lordship. The offer was made in so handsome a manner, and upon such advantageous terms, to one whose family was fast increasing, that Priestley at once accepted it; and removed, in consequence, to a house at Calne, in Wiltshire, near his lordship's seat. His connection with this nobleman lasted for seven years; during which, he not only continued his investigations of the subject of his former researches, but greatly distinguished himself as a metaphysical and polemical writer. As the works which he wrote in this character probably led to his separation from Lord Shelburne, we shall, in this place, enumerate some of them. In 1775, he published, preparatory to his purpose of introducing to public notice the Hartleian theory of the human mind, his *Examination of the Doctrines of Common Sense*, as held by the three Scotch writers, Drs. Reid, Beattie, and Oswald. His edition of Hartley shortly afterwards appeared, in his preface to which he expressed some doubts of the immateriality of the sentient principle in man. He had previously, it should be observed, declared himself a believer in the doctrine of philosophical necessity. Opinions so favourable to infidelity brought upon him much obloquy; but, regardless of all consequences in the pursuit of truth, he pushed his inquiries more closely and assiduously than ever. These investigations terminated in his entire conversion to the material hypothesis, or that of the homogeneity of man's nature, and led to his publication, in 1777, of *Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit*, in which he gave a history of the doctrines concerning the soul, and openly supported the ideas he had adopted. It was followed by *A Defence of Unitarianism, or the simple Humanity of Christ*, in opposition to his *Pre-existence*, and of *The Doctrine of Necessity*.

The publication of these works was followed by a manifest coolness on the part of Lord Shelburne towards the subject of our memoir, but whether in consequence of the odium which the author incurred by them, or of the sentiments which they contained, is doubtful. To all appearance, however, the parties separated on amicable terms, and the public heard of nothing to the contrary; but yet, when, as Priestley informs us, he came to London, and proposed to call on the noble lord, the latter declined his visits. He also tells us, that during his connection with his lordship, he never once aided him in his political views, nor ever wrote a political paragraph. Lord Shelburne, he admits, treated him in every respect as he

could wish ; left him under no restraint with respect to his pursuits ; and occasionally took him with him in his excursions, one of which, in 1774, was a tour to the continent. The manners and society of a nobleman's house were not, however, quite congenial to one, whose tastes were simple, and whose address was plain and unceremonious ; yet, it must be confessed, that posterity is somewhat indebted to Lord Shelburne, for having afforded to Priestley opportunities of pursuing his scientific researches, which he could not have enjoyed as a dissenting minister. He allowed, also, Priestley to retain an annuity of £150, which was honourably paid to the last ; and, it is said, that when the bond for securing to him this sum was burnt at the riots of Birmingham, his lordship presented him, in the handsomest manner, with another. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to mention, that while Priestley was in Paris, with his noble patron, the celebrated infidel philosophers and politicians to whom he was introduced, told him, that he was the first person they had met with, of whose understanding they had any opinion, who was a believer in Christianity. Upon interrogating them closely, however, he found that none of them had any knowledge either of the nature or principles of the Christian religion !

In 1774—7, Dr. Priestley published, in succession, three volumes, entitled *Experiments and Observations on different kinds of Air*, which were afterwards extended, by him, to six octavo volumes. The important matter which they contained, has rendered the name of the author familiar in all the enlightened countries of Europe ; and their publication formed an era in that knowledge of æriform fluids, which is the basis of modern chemical science. His other works, relating to chemistry, are too numerous to mention ; and we shall therefore proceed with a detail of that part of his life in which he figured as a theologian and politician.

On leaving Lord Shelburne, Dr. Priestley removed to Birmingham, on account of the advantages he might derive there from able workmen, in pursuing his experimental inquiries. The defalcation of his income was supplied by a subscription among some noble and generous friends, which he, without hesitation, accepted ; considering it as more honourable to himself than a pension from the crown, which, it is said, might have been obtained for him, if he had desired it, during the brief administration of the Marquis of Rockingham, and the early part of that of Mr. Pitt. His stay at Birmingham had not been long, when he was unanimously appointed to the charge of the principal dissenting congregation in that town. He entered into the duties of his office with his accustomed zeal, performing them all without interrupting his philosophical and literary pursuits. Various theological works came, in succession, from his pen, and, in particular, his *History of the Corruptions of Christians*, and *History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ*. They gave rise, as he had anticipated, to much controversy, into which he entered, without reluctance, and in the

course of which he displayed neither anger nor spleen. When the dissenters renewed their application to parliament for the repeal of the test and corporation acts, he resorted to his pen in their behalf; and at the same time took the opportunity of declaring his hostility to all ecclesiastical establishments, which he regarded as inimical to the rights of private judgment, the propagation of truth, and the spirit of Christianity. He predicted their downfall in his publications on the subject, which at length caused him to be considered as the most dangerous and inveterate enemy of the established church in its connection with the state. The clergy of Birmingham were among the foremost in opposing the claims, so ably advocated by him in behalf of the dissenters, and displayed not a little irritation in repelling his attack upon their own rights. Priestley answered them in a series of familiar letters to the inhabitants of Birmingham, which added still more to the anger of his opponents, in consequence, no less, of the ironical style in which they were written, than of the matter which they contained. In this state of things, the party feeling that prevailed upon the subject received additional excitement from the circumstances of the French revolution: an event with respect to which people were yet most oppositely and powerfully influenced. The anniversary of the capture of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, had been kept as a festival, by the friends of the cause, and its celebration was announced to take place, at Birmingham, in 1791. The subject of our memoir declined attending the meeting, but in the riots which ensued, the populace marked him out as the object of their fury. They set fire to his house, from which he narrowly escaped with life, and destroyed his fine library, manuscripts, and apparatus, amidst the most brutal exultations. It was some time before he could reach a place of safety, being tracked in his flight with all the ardour of a blood-hound, and hunted like a proclaimed criminal. In aggravation of the circumstances of this outrage, which was attended with the conflagration of many other houses and places of worship, it appears, upon undoubted authority, that it was rather favoured than controlled by some whose duty ought to have led them to active interference for the preservation of the public peace. That they did not do so, however, is less surprising, than that party fury should have been specially directed against one who had made himself so conspicuous a champion on the opposite side, and who had directed his attacks without any regard to the dictates of caution or worldly policy. His appeal to government for indemnification from the loss which he had sustained, was not altogether in vain; though the compensation awarded him fell far short of what he had a right, in justice, to expect. He bore his calamity with great resignation, and had the satisfaction to witness the exertions of many to support him under it, who admired his virtue and talents, and regarded him as a sufferer for his principles. Removing to Hackney, he was shortly afterwards chosen

to succeed Dr. Price, as minister to the dissenting congregation of that place; and, at the same time, connected himself with the new dissenting college lately established there. Here, resuming his usual occupations, he passed some time in ease and serenity: no man, as it has been said of him, being ever blessed with a mind more disposed to view every event on the favourable side, or less clouded by care and anxiety. But the malignity of party dissension had not yet subsided, and public prejudice continuing to operate still strongly against him, he found himself and his family so much molested, that he, at length, determined to quit a country so hostile to his person and principles.

He chose America for the place of his retreat, and accordingly embarked for that country in the month of April, 1794. On his arrival, he took up his residence at the town of Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, where his first care was to get together a well-furnished library and chemical laboratory. This he effected, but not without great labour and difficulty, in consequence of the remote situation of his place of abode. He was soon after offered, but thought fit to decline, a chemical professorship in Philadelphia; but he was by no means idle at home. He pursued with ardour his philosophical experiments; but theology, which was always his favourite study, was the subject nearest his heart, and his sense of its importance increased with his years. He was not altogether free from the effects of political animosity, even in America, being regarded, by the government, with suspicion and dislike during the administration of Mr. Adams. Under that of Mr. Jefferson, however, he was treated in a friendly manner, and he survived all disquiet on that head. The greatest trials of his fortitude in the latter part of his life were his domestic calamities, which he bore in a manner worthy of his temper and his principles. Those which he most acutely felt were the death of his youngest son, a very promising young man, and afterwards of his truly estimable wife. He was himself suffering from a debility of his digestive organs, which at length brought on such a state of bodily weakness, as made it manifest he had not long to live. Of this, his disease gave decided warnings, in January, 1804, and the effect upon him was to cause him to lose no time in finishing the literary tasks in which he was engaged, and particularly in preparing for the press some works in which he was greatly interested. Among these were, a continuation of his Church History, and Notes on all the Books in the Bible, which he learned with great satisfaction that his friends in England had raised a subscription to enable him to print, without any risk to himself. Like a man setting his affairs in order, previously to a long journey, he is represented to have continued, to the last hour of his life, giving, with the utmost calmness and self-collection, directions relative to his posthumous publications, intermixed with discourses expressive of the fullest confidence in those cheering and animating views of a future existence, that the Chris-

tian faith opened to its disciples. He died on the 6th of February, 1804, so quietly, that those who sat beside him did not perceive the last moment of his existence. Aware, possibly, that the solemn period was at hand, and unwilling to shock his children, who were sitting by his bedside, by his departure, he had taken the precaution of putting his hand before his face.

Dr. Priestley is to be considered in the quadruple character of a philosopher, theologian, metaphysician, and politician. Of his philosophical writings, those containing his *Observations on Air* are the most important, though not so popular as his *History of Electricity*. This, however, Dr. Thomson, in his *Annals of Philosophy*, gives good reasons for not thinking deserving of the great reputation which it acquired for its author. The chief merit he awards to it, is that of collecting, in one view, the scattered facts which were spread through a great variety of preceding books, and which, at that time, it was difficult to obtain. Dr. Priestley's two principal discoveries in electricity were, that charcoal is a perfect conductor of electricity; and that all metals may, without exception, be oxydized, by passing through them a sufficiently strong electrical charge. He made no additions nor improvements to the theory of electricity; while so many have taken place since his history appeared, that his work in no degree represents the present state of that science. His *History of the Discoveries relative to Light and Colours*, has added nothing to his reputation; his deficiency in mathematical knowledge unfitted him for such a work, and his treatise on the subject, had he not distinguished himself in other departments, would scarcely have brought him into notice. Of his *Elementary Treatise on Electricity and Natural Philosophy*, and his book on perspective, it will suffice to say, that they are written in a very lively and entertaining manner, and well calculated for enticing young men to their respective studies.

We now come to consider his discoveries in pneumatic chemistry, of which, however, it will be incompatible with the design of this work to give any thing but a general outline. The first of his great discoveries was nitrous gas, the properties of which he ascertained with great sagacity, and almost immediately applied it to the analysis of air. Its assistance was most material in all subsequent investigations, and it, in a great measure, led the way to our present knowledge of the constitution of the atmosphere. His next grand discovery was oxygen gas, which was accounted as one of the most important revolutions in chemistry. This substance, however, is said to have been previously discovered by Scheele; and Lavoisier likewise laid claim to it; but the French philosopher was undoubtedly preceded by Priestley, who showed Lavoisier the method of procuring it during the year 1774, a considerable time before his pretended discovery was made. We are likewise indebted to Dr. Priestley for the

discovery of most of the other gaseous bodies at present known, and for the investigation of their properties. Among these may be mentioned sulphuric acid, fluoric acid, muriatic acid, ammoniacal, carburetted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and nitrous oxide. It was he who first discovered the acid produced when the electric spark is taken for some time in common air; a fact which led afterwards to the knowledge of the constituents of nitric acid, which contributed so essentially to the establishment of the new chemical doctrine. To him also we are indebted for a knowledge of the great decrease of bulk which takes place when electric sparks are passed through ammoniacal gas; to say nothing of his curious experiments on the freezing of water; on the amelioration of atmospherical air, by the vegetation of plants; on the oxygen gas given out by them in the sun; and on the respiration of animals. "To enumerate, indeed," as Mr. Kirwan says, "Dr. Priestley's discoveries, would be to enter into a detail of most of those that have been made within the last fifteen years. How many invisible fluids, whose existence evaded the sagacity of foregoing ages, has he made known to us? The very air we breathe he has taught us to analyze, to examine, to improve: a substance so little known, that even the precise effect of respiration was an enigma, until he explained it. He first made known to us the proper food of vegetables, and in what the difference between them and animal substances consisted. To him pharmacy is indebted for the method of making artificial mineral waters, as well as for a shorter method of preparing other medicines; metallurgy, for more powerful and cheap solvents; and chemistry, for such a variety of discoveries as it would be tedious to recite—discoveries which have new-modelled that science, and drawn to it, and to this country, the attention of all Europe. It is certain, that, since the year 1773, the eyes and regards of all the learned bodies in Europe have been directed to this country by his means. In every philosophical treatise his name is to be found; and in almost every page they all own that most of their discoveries are due either to the repetition of his discoveries, or to the hints scattered through his works." This is, undoubtedly, true; for Lavoisier availed himself of all the discoveries of Priestley, repeated and arranged them, and, by means of them chiefly, and of the discoveries of Mr. Cavendish, succeeded in establishing his peculiar opinions. Priestley, it should be added in this place, continued, till the end of his life, an advocate for the phlogistic theory; and, the year before his death, published a curious paper, in which he summed up all his objections to the Lavoisierian theory.

As a theologian, Dr. Priestley may rank among the most zealous opponents of atheism, as well as of trinitarian Christianity. He considered Moses and Jesus Christ as divine instructors, endowed with the power of working miracles, in order to prove the truth of their mission, and who each inculcated the system of morality best suited to the particular times

in which they lived. He denies the sacred historians to have been inspired; but, considers, upon the whole, the evidence of their fidelity and veracity to be so strong, that it would be a greater miracle to admit the possibility of their accounts being forgeries, than to admit the truth of the Christian religion. Christ, he considers as a mere man, and, in consequence, denies the immaculate conception, together with the doctrine of the atonement, of election, and reprobation, and of the eternity of a future punishment. He believed in the existence of a God, infinite in wisdom, power and goodness, and considered the system of the universe the best possible; the apparent imperfections and the evil which exists in it being necessary to produce the greatest possible quantity of happiness. These opinions he proposed and defended in various publications, written for the most part hastily, and marked rather by force and acuteness, than by accuracy or profundity. His conversion to Unitarianism is one of the proudest boasts of his followers; but though no man could be more sincere in his conversion, he has not left the grounds of the adoption of this system less disputable, or more generally convincing than before.

As a metaphysician, he is chiefly distinguished as the strenuous advocate of Dr. Hartley's theory of association, upon which he founded the doctrine of materialism and of necessity as legitimate inferences. Dr. Aikin, and other of his biographers, give him credit for treating these abstruse subjects with great perspicuity and acuteness, qualities which characterize the chief portion of his writings. We join not the cry which they raised against him, but cannot forbear deprecating the manner in which he has treated Dr. Reid, in his *Examination of the Doctrine of Common Sense as held by Drs. Reid, Oswald, and Beattie*. He has there commented upon the writings of the former in a tone quite at variance with his usual moderation, and by no means proper towards one who was, beyond all doubt, a better mathematician and metaphysician, and whose doctrines, on the above subject, he is generally allowed to have failed in his attempts to overthrow.

His political principles were similar to those afterwards advocated by Godwin; he was an advocate for the perfectibility of the human species, or, at least, its continually increasing tendency to improvement. In his *Essay on the First Principles of Civil Government*, he lays it down as the foundation of his reasoning, that it must be understood, whether it be expressed or not, that all people live in society for their mutual advantage; so that the good and happiness of the members,—that is, the majority of the members of any state,—is the great standard by which every thing relating to that state must be finally determined; and though it may be supposed that a body of people may be bound by a voluntary resignation of all their rights to a single person, or to a few, it can never be supposed that the resignation is obligatory on their posterity, because it is manifestly contrary

to the good of the whole that it shall be so. From this first principle he deduces all his political maxims, and he never afterwards wavered or varied in his opinions on the subject. Though, however, he approved of a republic in the abstract, yet considering the habits and prejudices of the people of Great Britain, he laid it down as a principle that their present form of government was best suited to them.

In summing up the character of Dr. Priestley, as a whole, we cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. Kirwan, which have been adopted by almost all the doctor's biographers:—"He was a man of perfect simplicity of character, laying open his whole mind and purposes on all occasions, and always pursuing avowed ends by direct means, and by those only. In integrity and true disinterestedness, and in the performance of every social duty, no one could surpass him. His temper was easy and cheerful, his affections were kind, his dispositions friendly. Such was the gentleness and sweetness of his manner in social intercourse, that some who had entertained the strongest prejudices against him, on account of his opinions, were converted into friends on personal acquaintance. Of the warm and lasting attachment of his more intimate friends, a most honourable proof was given, which he did not live to be made acquainted with. It being understood, in England, that he was likely to suffer a loss of £200 in his annual income, about forty persons joined in making up a sum of £450, which it was intended to be continued annually during life. No man who engaged so much in controversy, and suffered so much from malignity, was ever more void of ill-will towards his opponents. If he were an eager controversialist, it was because he was much in earnest on all subjects in which he engaged, and not because he had any personalities to gratify. If, now and then, he betrayed a little contempt for adversaries whom he thought equally arrogant and incapable, he never used the language of animosity. Indeed, his *necessarian* principles coincided with his temper in producing a kind of apathy to the rancour and abuse of antagonists. In his intellectual frame were combined quickness, activity, acuteness, and the inventive faculty which is the characteristic of genius. These qualities were less suited to the laborious investigations of what is termed erudition, than the argumentative deductions of metaphysics, and the experimental researches of natural philosophy. Assiduous study had, however, given him a familiarity with the learned languages, sufficient, in general, to render the sense of authors clear to him, and he aimed at nothing more. In his own language, he was contented with facility and perspicuity of expression, in which he remarkably excelled."

To this account of Mr. Kirwan, we may add some particulars from Dr. Thomson's Biographical Memoir. He was an early riser, and always lighted his own fire before any one else was awake; and it was then that he composed almost all his works. His powers of conversation were very

great, and his manners in every respect extremely agreeable ; these were, however, perfectly simple and unaffected ; and he continued all his life as ignorant of the world as a child. Of vanity, he is said to have possessed a more than usual share ; but was rather, perhaps, deficient in pride. He allowed himself but little recreation ; for his favourite amusement was playing on the flute, an instrument on which he performed tolerably well ; and he generally recommended music as a relief to the studious. It was his constant practice, another of his biographers says, to employ himself in various pursuits at the same time ; whereby he avoided the languor consequent upon protracted attention to a single object, and came to each, in turn, as fresh as if he had spent an interval of entire relaxation. This effort he pleaded as an apology to those who apprehended that the great diversity of his studies would prevent him from exerting all the force of his mind upon any one of them ; and, in fact, he proceeded to such a length, in every pursuit that interested him, as fully to justify, in his own case, the rule which he followed.

We shall conclude our memoir with a sketch of the merits of its subject, by the late eminent Professor Playfair ; an authority so valuable should not be omitted, especially as it has not before been adduced by any of the biographers of Priestley. "On the whole," says Mr. Playfair, "from Dr. Priestley's conversation, and from his writings, one is not much disposed to consider him as a person of first-rate abilities. The activity, rather than the force, of his genius, is the object of admiration. He is indefatigable in making experiments, and he compensates, by the number of them, for the unskilfulness with which they are often contrived. Though little skilled in mathematics, he has written on optics with tolerable success ; and though but moderately versed in chemistry, he has done very considerable service to that science. If we view him as a critic, a metaphysician, and a divine, we must confine ourselves to a more scanty praise. In his controversy with Dr. Reid, though he has said many things that are true, he has shown himself wholly incapable of understanding the principal point in debate ; and when he has affirmed that the vague and unsatisfactory speculations of Hartley have thrown as much light on the nature of man, as the reasonings of Sir Isaac Newton did on the nature of body, he can hardly be allowed to understand in what true philosophy consists. As to his theology, it is enough to say that he denies the immateriality of the soul, though he contends for its immortality, and ranges himself on the side of Christianity. These inconsistencies and absurdities will, perhaps, deprive him of the name of a philosopher, but he will still merit the name of a useful and diligent experimenter."



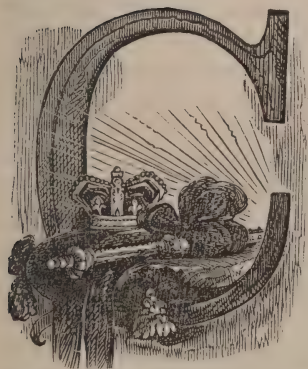
ANTHONY VANDYCK.



ANTHONY VANDYCK, a celebrated painter, born at Antwerp, in 1599. After giving several early proofs of his excellent genius, he became the disciple of the illustrious Rubens. From this celebrated master he received not only instruction in his art, but was by his generosity enabled to go to Rome. Having stayed a short time there, he removed to Venice, where he attained the beautiful colouring of Titian, Paul Veronese, and the Venetian school, which appeared from the many excellent pictures he drew at Genoa. After having spent a few years abroad, he returned to Flanders, with so noble, so easy, and natural a manner of painting, that Titian himself was hardly his superior; and no other master could equal him in portraits. He then went to England, where his superior genius soon brought him into great reputation; and above all, he excelled in portraits, which he drew with an inconceivable facility, and for which he charged a very high price. For some of them he received four hundred guineas a piece. He soon found himself loaded with honours and riches. He married a daughter of Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gowry. His house was so frequented by persons of the greatest quality, that it rather resembled the court of a prince than the lodgings of a painter. He died in 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's. It was said he left £40,000.



ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.



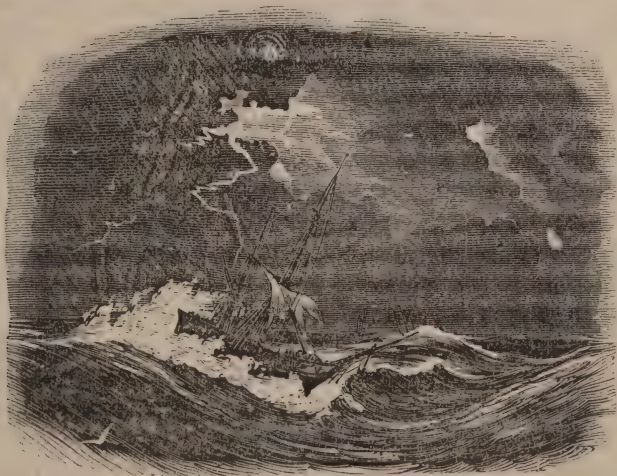
CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD was born on the 26th of September, 1750, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At the age of eleven he was sent to sea, as a midshipman, under the care of Captain, afterwards Admiral Braithwaite, who was the son of his mother's sister, and who seems to have taken extraordinary pains in giving him nautical knowledge. After serving some years with this relation, he sailed with Admiral Roddam. In 1774, during the American war, he went to Boston with Admiral Graves, and, in 1775, was made a lieutenant by him, on the day of the battle of Bunker's Hill, when Collingwood, with a party of seamen, supplied the British army with what it required. In 1776, he took the command of the *Hornet* sloop, and soon after met, at Jamaica, with his favourite companion, Horatio Nelson, who was then lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*. Collingwood says, in one of his interesting letters: "We had been long before in habits of great friendship, and it happened here, that as Admiral Sir P. Parker, the commander-in-chief, was the friend of both, whenever Nelson got a step in rank, I succeeded him: first in the *Lowestoffe*, then in the *Badger*, into which ship I

was made commander in 1779, and afterwards in the *Hinchinbroke*, a twenty-eight gun frigate, which made us both post-captains.

Although Nelson, who was a younger man, always kept a remove ahead of him, and came in for a much larger share of fame or popularity, Collingwood never had a feeling of jealousy towards his friend, whose merits he was always the first to extol, and whom he loved to the last hour of his life. Nelson, on his part, seems to have had a greater affection for Collingwood than for any other officer in the service.

In 1780, Nelson was sent, in the *Hinchinbroke*, to the Spanish main, with orders to pass into the South Sea, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan, and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon—a physical impossibility which no skill or perseverance could surmount. Nelson caught the disease of the climate, and his life was with difficulty saved by sending him home to England. Collingwood, who succeeded him at the San Juan river, had many attacks: his hardy constitution resisted them all, and he survived the mass of his ship's company, having buried, in four months, a hundred and eighty of the two hundred men who composed it. Other ships suffered in the same proportion. In August, 1781, Collingwood was wrecked in the middle of a dreadful night in the *Pelican*, a small frigate which he then commanded, on the rocks of the Morant-keys, in the West Indies, and saved his own and his crew's lives with great difficulty. His next appointment was to the *Sampson*, sixty-four. In 1783, he went to the West Indies in the *Mediator*, and remained with his friend Nelson on that station till the end of 1786. He then returned, after twenty-five years' uninterrupted service, to Northumberland, "making," as he says, "my acquaintance with my own family, to whom I had hitherto been, as it were, a stranger." In 1790, he again went to the West Indies, but a quarrel with Spain being amicably arranged he soon returned, and seeing, as he says, no further hope of employment at sea, he "went into the north and was married." In 1793, the war with the French Republic called him away from his wife and two infant daughters, whom he most tenderly loved, though he was never afterwards permitted to have much of their society. As captain of the *Barfleur*, he bore a conspicuous part in Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June, 1794. In 1797, he commanded, with his usual bravery, and almost unrivalled nautical skill, the *Excellent*, seventy-four, in Jarvis's victory of the 14th of February, off Cape St. Vincent. In 1799, he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral. The peace of Amiens, for which he had long prayed, restored him to his wife and children for a few months in 1802, but the renewed war called him to sea in the spring of 1803, and he never more returned to his happy home. The constant service made him frequently lament that he was hardly known to his own children; and the anxieties and wear and tear of it shortened his valuable life. Passing over many less brilliant but still very important services,

Collingwood was second in command in the battle of Trafalgar, fought on the 21st of October, 1805. His ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, was the first to attack and break the enemy's line, and, upon Nelson's death, Collingwood finished the victory, and continued in command of the fleet. He was now raised to the peerage. After a long and most wearying blockade of Cadiz, the Straits of Gibraltar, and adjacent coasts, during which, for nearly three years, he hardly ever set foot on shore, and showed a degree of patience and conduct never surpassed, he sailed up the Mediterranean, where his position involved him in difficult political transactions, which he generally managed with ability. The letters to foreign princes and ministers, the despatches of this sailor who had been at sea from his childhood, are admirable even in point of style. Completely worn out in body, but with a spirit intent on his duties to the last, Collingwood died at sea on board the *Ville de Paris*, near Port Mahon, on the evening of the 7th of March, 1810. In command he was firm but mild—most considerate of the comfort and health of his men, averse to flogging and all violent and brutal exercises of authority; the sailors called him their father. As a scientific seaman and naval tactician he had few, if any equals, and in action his judgment was as cool as his courage was warm. His mind was enlightened to an astonishing degree, considering the circumstances of his life; he was liberal and kind-hearted, and all his private virtues were of the most amiable sort. His letters to his wife on the education of his daughters are full of good sense and feeling.





TRAJAN.



ARCUS ULPIUS TRAJANUS, a Roman emperor, born in Italica, in the Spanish province of Bætica, was the son of Trajanus, a distinguished Roman commander, under Vespasian. He accompanied his father in a campaign against the Parthians, and also served on the Rhine, where he acquired so high a character, that when the excellent

and aged Nerva came to the throne, he adopted him, and raised him to the rank of Cæsar, in 97, being then in his forty-second, or, according to some, in his forty-fifth year, and of a most dignified appearance and commanding aspect. His elevation immediately curbed the insolence of the pretorian guards; and Nerva dying a few months after, he peaceably succeeded to the throne. He was at that time in Germany, where he remained for more than a year, to settle a peace with the German states, and, in 99, set out with a numerous escort to Rome. After a liberal largess to the soldiers and people, he took measures for supplying the capital with corn; in which he was eminently successful. He then proceeded to punish and banish the pernicious tribe of informers, and to reduce some of the most odious of the taxes, and showed the most praiseworthy solicitude to fill the most important posts with men of talent and integrity. Like Augustus, he cultivated personal friendships, and visited his intimates at their houses with entire confidence, and as a private person. His palace was open to his friends and to all who chose to enter it, and his audiences were free to all the citizens. At his table were always some of the most respectable Romans, who indulged in the ease of mixed conversation. Although his

early military experience had prevented him from acquiring the accomplishments of learning, he was sensible of its importance, and founded libraries; and, under his patronage, the studies were revived which had suffered from the persecution of Domitian. His virtues procured for him, by the unanimous voice of the senate, the title of Optimus. In the third year of his reign, he accepted of a third consulship; and during his possession of this magistracy, the celebrated panegyric upon him was pronounced by Pliny, which is still extant. In the following year, a war broke out with Decebalus, king of the Dacians, whom he subdued. He then returned to Rome, and enjoyed the honours of a triumph, with the name of Dacicus. The two following years he passed at Rome, and in the last of them, 103, Pliny was made governor of Pontus and Bithynia, which circumstance gave rise to a series of official letters between him and Trajan, which, beyond any rhetorical panegyric, afford proof of the liberal spirit of the government. Among these are the famous epistles respecting the Christians, whom he directs Pliny not to search for, but to punish, if brought before him; and on no account to listen to anonymous charges. In 104, Decebalus renewed the war with the Romans, which immediately called out the warlike emperor, who, with a view to form a road for his troops, constructed a bridge over the Danube, which was deemed one of the greatest works of antiquity. He then marched into Dacia, and reduced the capital of Decebalus, who, in despair, killed himself; and Dacia became a Roman province. His passion for war—the only fault which can be charged on Trajan as a sovereign—exhibits him, for the remainder of his reign, rather as a victorious commander, engaged in distant expeditions for the enlargement of the empire, than as a sovereign ruler. The disposal of the crown of Armenia led, in the first instance, to a contest with Chosroes the Parthian, of which war the reduction of Armenia to a Roman province was the result. The succeeding Eastern campaigns of Trajan, and the renewal of the war with Parthia, cannot be detailed in summaries of this nature. The year 114 is said to be that in which he dedicated the magnificent forum which he built in Rome, and erected the column sculptured with his exploits, which still remains under his name. In a final campaign in the East, after giving a king to the Parthians, he laid siege to Atræ, the capital of an Arabian tribe, but was obliged to withdraw to Syria. In the following year, 117, he proposed returning into Mesopotamia, but was attacked by a paralytic disorder, attended by a dropsy, which induced him to repair to Italy, leaving the army under the command of Adrian. He had proceeded no farther than Selinus, in Cilicia, when he died. The empress Plotina took advantage of his last moments to secure the adoption of Adrian for his successor, not without some suspicion of a gross deception. Trajan died in his sixty-fourth year, after a reign of nearly twenty years.

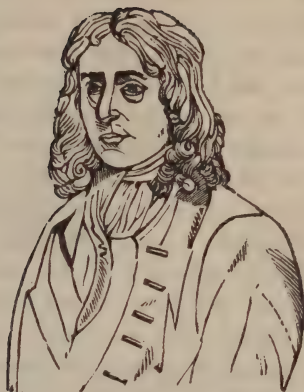


TITUS.



TITUS VESPASIANUS, a Roman emperor born A. D. 40, was the eldest son of the emperor Vespasian. He was educated at the court of Nero, with Britannicus, and was the intimate friend of that unhappy prince. Titus first served as a tribune in Germany and Britain, and won general favour and esteem by his courtesy of manners, his courage, and his military genius. After his return to Rome, he occupied himself with the practice of law, and managed several cases with much skill. While yet quite young, he married the daughter of a Roman knight, and, on her death, united himself in a second marriage with a noble Roman lady, whom he repudiated, after she had borne him a daughter. He then served as a questor with reputation, and, on the expiration of his term of office, accompanied his father in the war against the Jews as commander of a legion. When Galba ascended the throne, Titus was sent by his father to declare his adhesion to the new emperor, but, on the way, received the news of his assassination. On the death of Otho, Vespasian determined to possess himself of the throne; and Titus was left to conduct the war in Judea. He took Jerusalem, (A. D. 70,) after a siege, during which it had been the scene of the most shocking sufferings and cruelties. The temple was destroyed in spite of his exertions to save it. In some respects, Titus displayed much humanity; but it is impossible to justify the crucifixion, by his orders, of

hundreds of the captives. After paying a visit to Egypt, he returned to Rome, which he entered in triumph, and was associated by his father in the government of the empire. His conduct thus far, if we may believe the accounts of Suetonius, had been marked by the most shameless excesses. He had chosen his associates among the most abandoned of the youthful courtiers, and indulged in the gratification of every impure desire and unnatural vice. From one so little accustomed to restrain his passions, the Roman people anticipated nothing but the misrule of a second Caligula or Nero; but, on ascending the throne, (79,) Titus disappointed these gloomy prognostications, and, relinquishing his vicious habits and debauched companions, became the father of his people, the guardian of virtue, and the patron of liberty. His reformation appeared to be sincere and perfect: the unworthy and dissolute youth assumed the character of the enlightened and munificent sovereign of a vast empire. All informers were banished from his court, and even severely punished; a reform took place in judicial proceedings; and the public edifices were repaired, and new ones erected for the convenience of the people. The memorable exclamation of Titus, "*Perdidi diem*," (I have lost a day,) which he is said to have uttered one day when no opportunity had occurred for doing any service or granting a favour to any one of his subjects, has been considered as strikingly characteristic of his sentiments and behaviour, which procured for him the title of *Amor et deliciæ generis humani*, (the delight of mankind.) Two senators having engaged in a conspiracy against his life, he not only pardoned them, but also admitted them to his friendship. During his reign, there was a conflagration at Rome, which lasted three days; the towns of Campania were desolated by an eruption of Vesuvius; and the empire was visited by a destroying pestilence. In this season of public calamity, the emperor's benevolence and philanthropy were most conspicuously displayed. He comforted the afflicted, relieved the sufferers by his bounty, and exerted all his care for the restoration of public prosperity. The Romans did not long enjoy the benefits of his wise and virtuous administration. He was seized with a violent fever, and, retiring to a country house which had belonged to his father, he there expired, lamenting with his latest breath the severity of his fate, which removed him from the world before he had perfected his plans for the benefit of his grateful subjects, whose sorrow for his loss was heightened by their apprehensions arising from the gloomy and unpromising character of his brother Domitian, who was even suspected of having hastened the catastrophe which was to contribute to his own elevation to imperial power. Titus died, A. D. 81, in the forty-first year of his age, after reigning two years.



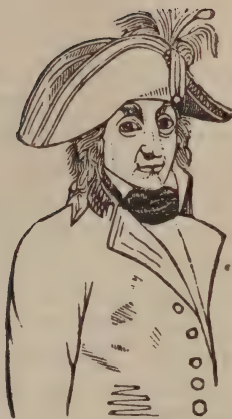
WILLIAM DAMPIER.



WILLIAM DAMPIER was born in 1652, of a Somersetshire family. He went early to sea, served in the war against the Dutch, and afterwards became overseer of a plantation in Jamaica. He thence went to the Bay of Campeachy with other logwood cutters, and remained there several years. He kept a journal of his adventures and observations on that coast, which was afterwards published; "Voyages to the Bay of Campeachy," London, 1729, with a "Treatise on Winds and Tides." Dampier, besides being a bold seaman, had also studied navigation as a science. In 1679, he joined a party of buccaneers, with whom he crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and having embarked in canoes and other small craft on the Pacific ocean, they captured several Spanish vessels, in which they cruised along the coast of Spanish America, waging a war of extermination both by sea and land against the subjects of Spain. In 1684, Dampier sailed again from Virginia with another expedition, which doubled Cape Horn, and cruised along the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, making depredations upon the Spaniards. From the coast of Mexico they steered for the East Indies, touched at New Holland, and after several adventures in the Indian Seas, Dampier went on shore at Bencoolen, from whence he found his way back to England, in 1691, when he published his "Voyage round the World," a most interesting account, and which attracted considerable attention. His abilities becoming known, he was appointed commander of a sloop of war in the king's service, and was sent on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas.

Dampier explored the west and north-west coasts of New Holland, surveyed Shark's Bay, and gave his name to a small archipelago east of North-west Cape. He also explored the coasts of New Guinea, New Britain, and New Ireland, and gave his name to the straits which separate the two former; on his homeward voyage he was wrecked on the Isle of Ascension. He at last returned to England in 1701, when he published the account of this voyage. In 1707, he published a "Vindication of his Voyage to the South Seas in the ship *St. George*," with which he had sailed from Virginia in his former marauding expedition. Dampier went to sea again till 1711, but the particulars of the latter part of his life are little known. He ranks among the most enterprising navigators of England. He was acquainted with botany, and was possessed of considerable information and general knowledge. His style of narrative is vivid, and bears the marks of truth. His voyages were published together in ~~two~~ ^{three} volumes, 8vo, London, 1697—1709.





MARSHAL AUGEREAU.



PIERRE FRANCOIS CHARLES AUGEREAU, Duke of Castiglione and Marshal of France, was born of humble parents, (his father was said to be a fruiterer,) in Paris, on the 11th of November, 1757. He first enlisted in the French carabineers, and from thence entered the Neapolitan service. He obtained his discharge

in 1787, but continued to reside at Naples, where he gave lessons as a fencing-master. When the French were exiled from Italy, in 1792, Augereau volunteered into the revolutionary armies of his country, and joined that which was intended to repel the Spaniards. As all the officers had emigrated, Augereau rose rapidly, and became in a short time adjutant-general. It may be observed, that Dugoumier, appointed to command the army of the Pyrenees, proceeded from the capital to his head-quarters on foot, so that the want of birth or wealth was no obstacle to Augereau. During 1794, he distinguished himself by the capture of an important foundery, and by extricating a division which, under another officer, had fallen into a dangerous position. Augereau received two wounds on this occasion. Soon after, the army was divided, and Augereau was put in command of one division. He was then removed to a more important scene of warfare in Italy, and became one of the chief instruments in executing the first bold manœuvres of Bonaparte. It was under Augereau that the French carried the passes of Millesimo, in the spring of 1796; at Dego he again rendered eminent service; and again, Augereau's brigade, with himself at its head, rushed upon the bridge of Lodi, and finally car-

ried it in the teeth of the enemy's batteries. He was foremost in the advance into the Venetian territories ; and being despatched to repel the hostilities of the Papal troops, he took Bologna. At Lugo, unfortunately, he was driven by the desperate resistance of the inhabitants to those excesses that rendered the name of Frenchmen execrable in Italy. He gave up the village to plunder and massacre.

The field of battle was Augereau's proper sphere ; away from it, he descended into the rank of common men ; and yet it was not merely as a subordinate general, or as an executor of his commands, that he rendered good service to Bonaparte. Ardent as this young commander was, he felt that the French had advanced too far, and that it was prudent for the present to retire before the fresh army under Wurmser, which Austria was pouring into Italy. Augereau combated the idea of retreat with all his energy ; he represented the spirit of the army as invincible, and he at last decided Bonaparte to attack, instead of retiring. The consequence was the battle and victory of Castiglione, of the glory of which Augereau reaped the greater part. It also procured him the title which he afterwards enjoyed as grandee of the French empire.

The most brilliant action of this campaign, so rich in feats of heroism and generalship, was the battle of Arcole, which took place in the middle of November. The object was to pass a bridge, defended not only by batteries of cannon, as that of Lodi had been, but also by overhanging walls and houses, from which the enemy sent a shower of fatal musketry. The French had been several times repulsed, when Augereau, seizing a standard, bore it upon the bridge, followed by a column, which nevertheless was unable to advance against the grape-shot and musketry. He was unable to effect the passage over the bridge, but still he was rewarded by a decree of the Directory, granting to him, in commemoration of his bravery, the standard that he had borne on the occasion.

In the following year, 1797, the attention and interest of the French army were withdrawn from the foreign enemy, and fixed upon the parties which disputed for supremacy at home. The Directory was menaced by the royalists, as well as in a great measure by the friends of constitutional government, who now began to rally to the cause of royalty in despair of realizing their ideas under a republic. But this party, among its other imprudent acts, committed the great mistake of making the armies hostile to it. Bonaparte was accused for his conduct towards Venice, and was treated as an accomplice of the Directory. The general replied by offering his services to the Directory, and by sending addresses from his soldiery in favour of republicanism. In the camp of the army of Italy, Augereau was so loud in his execrations of royalty, and so extreme in his revolutionary ideas, that Bonaparte, at once to get rid of him, and to provide the Directory with a useful agent, sent him to Paris. Here he continued his

one of vaunting and violence amidst the feasts and honours with which he was welcomed, and he was soon named military commander of the district which included the capital. The very nomination was enough to warn the opposition that the Directory meditated violent measures, and they accordingly endeavoured to obtain the dismissal of Augereau. The *coup d'état*, or revolution of Fructidor, was planned by Barras, and ably executed by Augereau; the guard of the Legislative Body was driven from its post; the Tuileries, where the Assembly sat, was invested; the members hostile to the Directory were seized; and a most infamous act of illegality and injustice was consummated with the utmost skill and success.

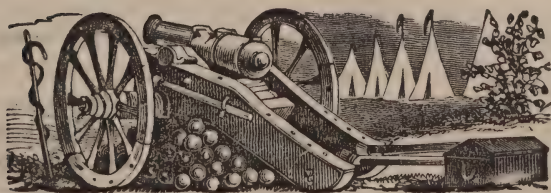
Augereau was rewarded for this important service by the command of the army on the German frontier. Here he surrounded himself with the most furious Jacobins, and displayed so dangerous a spirit, that the Directory was obliged to deprive him of the command, and remove him to Perpignan. Augereau found his way to Paris, and was there on Bonaparte's return from Egypt. It is much to Augereau's honour, that, discontented as he was with the Directory, and connected as he had been with Bonaparte, the latter could not count upon his assistance in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. Bernadotte and Augereau were the only generals whom Bonaparte dared not summon to his side. Augereau was at St. Cloud; for he had been elected deputy to the Cinq Cents, and anxiously hoped that the representative body and the republic would triumph over the military usurper. While the result of the struggle was doubtful, he approached Bonaparte, and said, "Well, you have brought yourself into a pretty dilemma." "Augereau," rejoined Bonaparte, "remember Arcole; my fortune seemed more desperate there; yet I retrieved it then, and shall now!" He was right; the usurpation was completed, and Augereau obliged to submit with the rest.

Bonaparte mistrusted his old comrade too much to appoint him again to the army of Italy. During the campaign of Marengo, Augereau commanded a division, for the most part Dutch, on the Lower Rhine, where he had hard fighting and little glory. After the treaty of Luneville, he retired to a property which he had been enabled to purchase near Melun. He was intrusted with no important employ until 1805, when, with the new dignity of marshal, he commanded the division of the great army which reduced the Voralberg. In 1806, he was engaged in the battle of Jena, and commanded the division which subsequently took possession of Berlin. The terrible winter campaign which ensued undermined the health, but added to the glory, of Augereau. In the advance through Poland, he was frequently engaged, and commanded the left of the French at Eylau. His division, which was ordered to attack the centre of the Russians, advanced for that purpose, when a thick shower of snow covered both armies, and totally prevented Augereau from seeing. He missed, in

consequence, the desired direction, (so say the partisans of Napoleon,) but his fault was remedied by the quickness of his commander, as well as by his own courage; though seized with sudden illness and fever, Augereau had himself tied upon his horse, and remained to the last in the action, though he was wounded.

After the battle of Eylau, he was obliged to retire for the recovery of his health. In the years 1809 and 1810, he commanded in Catalonia, where he showed but little mercy to the Spaniards. Considering Augereau as a veteran general, Napoleon, instead of taking him to Russia in 1812, left him to form a corps of reserve at Berlin. But here the Cossacks found him in 1813, and it was with some difficulty that he escaped. Notwithstanding his age, Augereau took part in the campaign of Saxony, and made a valiant stand near Leipzig, defending a wood against superior forces. In 1814, he was intrusted with the defence of the south-east of France against the Austrians, when he occupied Lyons, and organized its defence. At first he repulsed them in several combats; but at length, aware of their prodigious superiority of force, as well as of the diminishing resources of Napoleon, he made a capitulation, and retired to the south.

Napoleon considered his conduct on this occasion as little short of treachery; and it is certain that, of all the marshals, Augereau was the least attached to a master who was so much his junior, and who, by his usurpation, had blasted the ambition of the republican general. Augereau made his peace with the Bourbons, was confirmed in his dignities, and created a peer. On the return of Napoleon in 1815, Augereau kept aloof. Louis XVIII. being a second time restored, Augereau reappeared, when the painful task was imposed upon him of being one of the council to try Marshal Ney. His vote of condemnation on his brother soldier is the greatest blot upon Augereau's memory in the eyes of the French. He did not long survive, being brought to the grave by a dropsy in June, 1816.





MARSHAL NEY.



MICHEL NEY, duke of Elchingen, prince of Moscow, marshal and peer of France, grand-cross of the Legion of Honour, knight of St. Louis, and of several orders in foreign countries, was born in 1769, at Sarre Louis, in the department of the Moselle. He was of humble origin, and, at an early age, entered the military service. From a private hussar, he rose by degrees to the rank of captain, in 1794, when his courage and military skill were observed by General Kléber, who gave him the command of a corps of five hundred men, and, in 1796, appointed him adjutant-general. He soon surpassed the expectations which he had excited, and, in 1796, at the battle of Rednitz, was made general of brigade. Notwithstanding his rank, his impetuous courage often led him to expose his person like a private soldier. He contributed essentially to the victory of Neuwied, in 1797. After a valiant defence, he was taken prisoner at Diernsdorff; and, on his liberation, in 1798, was made general of division. As such, he commanded on the Rhine in 1799, and, by an able diversion at Manheim, contributed to the victory of Massena, at Zurich, over the Russians under General Korsakoff. Ney also distinguished himself under

Moreau, particularly at Hohenlinden. In 1802, he was sent ambassador to the Helvetic republic. In 1805, he commanded in the camp at Montreuil, and was appointed by Napoleon marshal of the empire and grand-cross of the Legion of Honour. He opened the campaign of 1805 against Austria, by a brilliant victory at Elchingen, (whence he received his title, Duke of Elchingen,) and brought about the capitulation of Ulm. He occupied the Tyrol, and marched on to Carinthia, when he was stopped in his career by the peace of Presburg. In 1806 and 1807, he fought at Jena, and, after the capture of Magdeburg, at Eylau and Friedland. In 1808, he maintained his high reputation in Spain. Napoleon recalled him, but kept him at a distance till the commencement of hostilities against Russia, when he received the chief command of the third division of the imperial forces. At the battle of Moscow, Napoleon gave him the well-deserved title of *le brave des braves*, (bravest of the brave.) After the burning of Moscow, he led the van of the army, and, by his masterly conduct, prevented its utter destruction. On this occasion, his ability was, perhaps, more strikingly manifested than at any former period. The emperor made him Prince of Moscow, and Alexander confirmed the title on his visit to Paris, in 1814. In the spring of 1813, Ney re-organized the army which had conquered at Lützen and Bautzen, and marched with it to Berlin; but was met at Dennewitz by Bulow, and defeated. He was now obliged to retire to Torgau, but soon took the field again; chased the Swedes from Dessau, and fought with his wonted valour at Leipsic, where he received a wound, and afterwards at Hanau. When the enemy entered France, he disputed every step of their progress. Brienne, Montmirail, Craonne and Chalons-sur-Marne are shining names in the history of his battles. When Paris was taken, and the emperor was vacillating, Ney was the first who ventured to suggest to him that the contest would soon assume the character of a civil war, unless it were brought to a speedy termination. Thus he had an important influence upon Napoleon's abdication. After this event, Ney took the oath of allegiance to the king, was made a peer, and received the cross of St. Louis, and the command of the cuirassiers, dragoons, chasseurs, and light-armed lancers. He enjoyed the most marked distinction at court, and appeared to be entirely devoted to the Bourbons. When Napoleon landed, on his return from Elba, Ney collected a considerable force, was appointed its commander, and, with many assurances of his zeal and fidelity to the king, marched against the invader. But soon noticing the desertion of his soldiers, and their inclination for Napoleon, he regarded the cause of the Bourbons as lost; and, receiving an invitation from the late emperor, he joined him at Lyons, on the thirteenth of March, and thus opened his way to Paris. In the war of 1815, Napoleon gave him the command of his left wing, which engaged with the English at Quatre-Bras. The charge made by General Gou

gaud, from the lips of Napoleon himself, that Ney's conduct in this engagement was the cause of all the disasters of the campaign, has been fully refuted by Gamot, by means of a copy of the written orders which the marshal received on that fatal day. At Waterloo, he led the attack on the enemy's centre, and, after five horses had been killed under him, remained last upon the bloody field. His clothes were full of bullet holes, and he fought on foot till night, in the midst of the slain. After the defeat, he returned to Paris, where he entered the chamber of peers, and publicly contradicted the assertion of Davoust, the minister of war, that sixty thousand men had arrived under the walls of Guise, declaring, in plain terms, that all was lost. On the return of the king, Ney was included in the decree of July 24, 1815. For a considerable time, he remained concealed in the castle of a friend at Aurillac, in Upper Auvergne. During an entertainment given by his friend, one of the guests observed a splendid sabre. The account of it reached the ears of the sub-prefect, and it was immediately recognised as the sabre of Ney. The castle was searched, the marshal taken, and imprisoned on the fifth of August. Ney might have escaped with ease, but he was confident of acquittal. He was brought before a court-martial, which declared itself incompetent to take cognisance of his case, on the tenth of November. His trial was therefore referred to the Chamber of Peers, where the minister, the Duke de Richelieu, was eager for his punishment. His advocate was Dupin. The twelfth article of the capitulation of Paris, signed July 3, 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favour; but Wellington affirmed that this was not the true construction of the article. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Marshal Davoust, who had made the treaty, and who explained it in favour of Ney, he was sentenced to death on the eighth of December, by a hundred and sixty-nine votes against seventeen. With the calmness which had distinguished him through the whole trial, he listened to the sentence; but when the person who read it came to his title, he interrupted him—"What need of titles now? I am Michel Ney, and soon shall be a handful of dust." When the assistance of a priest was offered him, he replied, "I need no priest to teach me how to die; I have learned it in the school of battle." He permitted, however, the curate of St. Sulpice to accompany him to the scaffold, and compelled him to enter the carriage first, saying, "You mount before me now, sir, but I shall soonest reach a higher region." On the 7th of December, 1815, at nine o'clock, A. M., he was shot in the garden of Luxemburg. When an attempt was made to blindfold him, he tore away the bandage, and indignantly exclaimed, "Have you forgotten that for twenty-six years I have lived among bullets?" Then, turning to the soldiers, he solemnly declared that he had never been a traitor to his country, and, laying his hand upon his heart, called out, with a steady voice, "Aim true. France for ever! Fire!"



JOHN HORNE TOOKE.



JOHN HORNE TOOKE was born in Westminster, in 1736. His father was a poulterer, who had acquired considerable property. John, the third son, was educated both at Westminster and Eton, whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1756, he had entered himself of the Inner Temple; but, at the request of his family, he consented to be ordained, and was inducted to the chapelry of New Brentford, which his father had purchased for him. Three years afterwards, he accompanied, as travelling tutor, the son of Mr. Elwes of Berkshire, in a tour to France. On his return, he took a warm share in politics, in behalf of Mr. Wilkes, to whom, on a second visit to Paris, he was personally introduced. When he returned to England, he resumed his clerical functions, and obtained some distinction in the pulpit, until the return of Wilkes plunged him again into politics. He was the principal founder of the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights; and, in 1770 and 1771, a public altercation took place between Messrs. Wilkes and Horne, on account of the attempts made by the former to render the society instrumental to the discharge of his private debts. It was through his means that two printers of the newspapers were, in 1771, induced to violate the orders of the House of Commons, by publishing their debates, which brought on those proceedings which terminated in a

defeat of the House, and the unopposed practice of such publication ever since. The same year also witnessed his contest with Junius, in which, in the general opinion, he came off victor. In 1773, he resigned his clerical gown, and shut himself up in retirement, with a view to study for the bar; and it was by affording legal advice to Mr. Tooke of Purley, in his opposition to an enclosure bill, and defeating the same by a boldness of stratagem peculiarly in character, that he acquired the good will, and ultimately shared in the fortune, of that gentleman. He was a warm opponent of the American war, and was prosecuted for sedition for the wording of a resolution, by which the Constitutional Society voted £100 to the widows and children of the Americans who fell in the battle of Lexington. For this obnoxious paragraph he was tried at Guildhall, in 1777, on which occasion he defended himself with his characteristic spirit and acuteness, but was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and a fine of £200. In 1779, after having fully prepared for the bar, he applied for admission to the society of the Inner Temple, and was refused, on the ground that he was still a priest, and ineligible—a decision which destroyed all his future views in this profession. In 1780, he published a keen review of Lord North's administration, in a pamphlet entitled *Facts*; and in 1782, a *Letter on Parliamentary Reform, with a Sketch of a Plan*, which did not embrace the principle of universal suffrage. About this time, he became the avowed friend of Mr. Pitt, then also favourable to parliamentary reform, and a vehement opponent to Mr. Fox, for his coalition with Lord North. In 1786, he appeared in a character more important to his lasting reputation than that of a subordinate politician, by the publication of an octavo volume, entitled *Epea Pteroenta*, or the *Diversions of Purley*, which he afterwards extended to two volumes quarto. This celebrated work contains those ideas concerning grammar, and the formation of words, of which the germ had appeared in a letter to Mr. Dunning some years before. Of these, one of the most prominent was the derivation of prepositions and conjunctions from verbs and nouns, and, in consequence, assigning them a determinate meaning, often different from that which had been arbitrarily given to them. The knowledge of language and logical acuteness which he displayed in this performance, raised him to a high rank as a philologist. In 1788, he published *Two Pair of Portraits*, the figures in which were the two Pitts, and the two Foxes, of the past and present generation, the preference being given to the Pitts. In 1790, he offered himself as a candidate for Westminster, in opposition to Mr. Fox and Lord Hood, when he distinguished himself by a strong vein of humour, in his daily addresses to the populace; and, although he failed, he received one thousand seven hundred votes, without solicitation or corruption. In the year 1794, he was apprehended and committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, founded on the presumed objects of the corresponding

societies to overthrow the constitution. His trial, with that of the other parties accused at the same time, holds a conspicuous place in the historical annals of a period rendered so remarkable by the excitement produced by the French revolution. The trial of Mr. Tooke, although made interesting by the ease, self-possession, and acuteness displayed by the accused, was deprived of much political importance by the previous acquittal of Hardy insuring his own. From this time, however, he was more cautious in his company, and seems to have declined the visits of persons of violent characters and principles at Wimbledon. After the death of Mr. Tooke of Purley, he had taken his name, in consequence of inheriting a portion of his fortune. In 1796, he again offered himself for Westminster, and failed; and in 1801, he accepted a seat for Old Sarum, on the nomination of Lord Camelford. His parliamentary career was neither long nor distinguished; but an attempt to exclude him, on the ground of ordination, was turned aside by the minister, Mr. Addington, who substituting a bill to determine the future ineligibility of persons in that predicament, the political life of Mr. Tooke closed with the dissolution of parliament in 1802. In 1805, he published a second part of the *Diversions of Purley*, which is chiefly dedicated to etymology, and adjectives and participles, and their formation; but also abounded, like the former, with various satirical strictures on literary characters of note. He died at Wimbledon, in 1812, in his seventy-seventh year. His latter days were cheered by easy circumstances, and the attention of numerous visitors, whom he treated with great hospitality, and amused with his conversation, which was singularly pleasant and lively, although, at the same time, he would often make his guests objects of his satire, which he would cover with the most imperturbable countenance. At the same time his manners were polished. He manifested a libertinism, in his habits and discourse, very unbecoming his profession. As a scholar, he possessed considerable learning; but his knowledge of modern languages was more considerable than of Greek and Latin: his acquaintance with the Gothic was very extensive. He was never married, but left natural children, to whom he bequeathed his property.





JOHN OPIE.



JOHN OPPY, or OPIE, the son of a carpenter in the parish of St. Agnes, near Truro, in Cornwall, was born there in 1761. At an early age he displayed a superior understanding, and being sent to the village school, became the wonder of his instructors and playmates. It is said that at the age of ten he could master Euclid, and at twelve set up an evening school, and taught writing and arithmetic. He had previously indicated a strong love for art, to which his attention was first called by seeing a companion draw a butterfly. He copied it with success; and afterwards meeting with the picture of a farm-house, was not content till he had procured canvas and colours, and produced from memory a tolerable resemblance of it. He then tried his hand a portrait, and succeeded in making so good a likeness of his

father, that the latter began to regard his son's preference of the pencil to the hammer with less harshness than usual. He subsequently painted the portraits of all his family; and his talents at length attracting the notice of the celebrated Dr. Wolcot, then a physician at Truro, he was taken into his house, but in what capacity is doubtful. The doctor, however, encouraged and employed his abilities; sat for his own portrait to him, and recommended him several sitters in the neighbourhood. At the age of nineteen he returned home in a handsome dress, with twenty guineas in his pocket; gave the money to his mother, and, avowing his intention of commencing artist in London, proceeded immediately to the metropolis. He arrived in London on the 25th of November, 1782, when he is said to have been "a rude clownish boy, with lank, dark hair, and a green feather." He was placed, by Wolcot, to lodge with Hearne, the engraver, in St. Martin's Lane, who finding him visited as a sort of wonder, by many people of distinction, observed, that he ought to be a little more fashionable in his appearance. "No, no," replied Wolcot; "you may depend upon it, in this wonder-gaping town, that all curiosity would cease if his hair were dressed, and he looked like any other man; I shall keep him in this state for the next two years at least." The popularity of the "Cornish Wonder," as he was called, was almost instantaneous; the nobility flocked to his house in such crowds, that he jocularly observed to Northcote, "He must place cannon at the door to keep the multitude off from it."

He now called himself Opie, instead of Oppy, (though we may here observe, that one of his biographers says the former was his proper name;) took a house in Orange Court, Leicester Fields, and studied hard to improve his style, in which he perceived many defects, though the public, as yet, saw none. He also acquired some knowledge of French and Latin, and increased his fortune by marrying a well-portioned but ill-tempered woman, from whom he at length obtained a divorce. He alluded to this circumstance in one of his witty sayings, while passing St. Giles's Church, where his marriage ceremony had been performed. "I was married at that church," he exclaimed to a friend of avowed skeptical opinions, who was walking with him; "And I," said his companion, "was christened there." "Indeed!" replied the painter, "it seems they make unsure work at that church, for it neither holds in wedlock nor in baptism."

Portrait painting was Opie's chief occupation on his first arrival in the metropolis, and, among others, he executed an admirable head of Charles Fox; but it was his murder of James the First of Scotland, Jephtha's Vow, and other historical performances, exhibited by him at Somerset House, that obtained him an admission to the Academy in 1786. He was subsequently enrolled among the academicians; and on the ejection of Barry, he became a candidate for the professorship of painting, but yielded it, without opposition, to Fuseli. It was, however, unanimously given to

Opie, when Fuseli became keeper. In his official situation, he delivered four lectures on design, invention, *chiaro-scuro*, and colouring. They were more to the purpose than a previous course, which he had delivered at the Royal Institution; and the late Bishop of Durham observed to him, after reading them, "You were known before as a great painter, Mr. Opie; you will now be known as a great writer also."

In his thirty-seventh year, he married a lady well known in the literary world, and in whom he found an intelligent friend and companion. His popularity, but not his reputation, was diminished, when he was attacked by a lingering and singular disease, accompanied by long and frequent fits of delirium, in one of which he expired, on the 9th of April, 1807. After his body had undergone dissection, it was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Opie had a rough, peasant-like countenance, but a fine forehead and intellectual eye; and, in general, wore a look of melancholy, amounting almost to moroseness. Though his manners were not polished, they were neither vulgar nor ill-bred; and no man seems better to have understood how to mingle independence with respect towards his worldly superiors. He was totally free from weakness and vanity; possessed a most retentive memory, a fine sense of moral feeling, great strength and originality of mind; and, to use the words of his widow, "often made observations, originating in the native treasures of his own mind, which learning could not teach, and which learning alone could not enable its possessor to appreciate." Horne Tooke said of Opie, that he crowded more wisdom into a few words than almost any man he ever knew; and Sir James Mackintosh gave it as his opinion, that had he turned his powers of mind to the study of philosophy, he would have been one of the first philosophers of the age. It was said of him in his profession, that while many painted to live, he lived to paint; and that while others got forward by steps, he proceeded by strides. The only taint, perhaps, upon his character, is a want of sufficient gratitude to his patron, Dr. Wolcot, of which Opie seems to have been guilty; though it is said, in excuse for him, that Wolcot justly offended him by the manner in which he spoke to others of the obligations under which the artist lay to him.

As an artist, his characteristics have been described by West in language which will not admit of alteration. Having observed that Opie's conception of his subject was original, and his arrangement of it ideal, he proceeds. "He painted what he saw in the most masterly manner, and he varied little from it. He rather bent his subject to the figure, than the figure to his subject. That may be said of Opie, which can only be truly said of the highest geniuses, that he saw Nature in one point more distinctly and forcibly than any painter that ever lived. The truth of colour as conveyed to the eye through the atmosphere, by which the distance of

every object is ascertained, was never better expressed than by him. He resigned himself unwillingly to fancy; yet examples are not wanting, both in historical subjects and in portraits, in which he added to the subject before him with felicity. His pictures possessed, in an eminent degree, what painters call breadth. They were deficient in some of the more refined distinctions which mark the highly-polished works of Raffaëlle, Titian, and Reynolds; but they displayed so invariable an appearance of truth, as seemed sufficient to make a full apology, if it had been wanted, for the absence of all the rest."

Besides his Lectures on Painting at the Royal Academy, which were published after his death, with a memoir by his widow, he wrote a memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for Wolcot's edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters.





GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS II., the greatest monarch of Sweden, was a son of Charles IX., (who ascended the Swedish throne upon the deposition of Sigismund,) and a grandson of Gustavus Vasa. He was born at Stockholm, in 1594, and received a most careful education. At the age of twelve, he entered the army, and, at sixteen, directed all affairs, appeared in the state council, and at the head of the army, obeyed as a soldier, negotiated as a minister, and commanded as a king. In 1611, after the death of Charles IX., the estates gave the throne to the young prince, at the age of eighteen, and, without regard to the law, declared him of age; for they saw that only the most energetic measures could save the kingdom from subjection, and that a regency would infallibly cause its ruin. The penetrating eye of Gustavus saw in Axel Oxenstiern, the youngest of the counsellors of state, the great statesman, whose advice he might follow in the most dangerous situations. He united him to himself by the bands of the most intimate friendship. Denmark, Poland, and Russia were at war with Sweden. Gustavus, unable to cope at once with three such powerful adversaries, engaged, at the peace of Knared, in 1613, to pay Denmark one million of dollars, but received back all that had been conquered from Sweden. After a successful campaign, in which, according to his own confession, his military talent was formed by James de la Gardie, Russia was entirely shut out from the Baltic by the peace of Stolbowa, in 1617. But Poland, although no more successful

against him, would only consent to a truce for six years, which he accepted, partly because it was in itself advantageous, partly because it afforded him opportunity to undertake something decisive against Austria, whose head, the Emperor Ferdinand II., was striving, by all means, to increase his power, and was likewise an irreconcilable enemy of the Protestants. The intention of the emperor to make himself master of the Baltic, and to prepare an attack upon Sweden, did not admit of a doubt. But a still more powerful inducement to oppose the progress of his arms, Gustavus Adolphus found in the war between the Catholics and the Protestants, which endangered at once the freedom of Germany, and the whole Protestant church. Gustavus, who was truly devoted to the Lutheran doctrines, determined to deliver both. After explaining to the estates of the kingdom, in a powerful speech, the resolution he had taken, he presented to them, with tears in his eyes, his daughter Christina, as his heiress, with the presentiment that he should never again see his country, and intrusted the regency to a chosen council, excluding his wife, whom, however, he tenderly loved. He then invaded Germany in 1630, and landed, with thirteen thousand men, on the coasts of Pomerania.

On the 24th of June, when he entered the mouth of the Oder, his little squadron bore only sixteen troops of cavalry, and a few regiments of foot, which altogether amounted to not more than eight thousand men. With this small force, however, he made himself master of the islands of Usedom and Wollin, and pressed Bogislav, the Duke of Pomerania, so warmly, that he was compelled to agree to a treaty by which the town of Stettin was put in possession of the conqueror, and the whole country placed at his disposal.

The army of Gustavus was reinforced by the arrival of six English (or rather Scottish) regiments, under the conduct of the Duke of Hamilton, and he provided himself with money by raising a contribution of fifty thousand rix-dollars in Pomerania. The fortress of Wolgast, which fell into his hands, furnished him with arms and ammunition, of which latter he began to be much in want. He next made himself master of the towns of Anclam and Stolpe, and thus opened for himself a road into the province of Mecklenburg. The attack of the Austrians under General Götz on the Pomeranian town of Pasewalk, and the frightful cruelties perpetrated upon the inhabitants so near the Swedish army, exasperated the troops to the highest degree. Gustavus now resolved to prosecute his campaign with increased vigour. He divided his force into four parts. One division, under the Duke of Lauenburg, was ordered to the relief of Magdeburg; General Bauditz was sent to make an attack upon Kolberg; Horn was left with a garrison in Stettin; and Gustavus Adolphus himself encamped at Ribbenitz in the duchy of Mecklenburg. While lying there he received a letter written by the emperor Ferdinand, containing proposals

for peace, in which he made the most advantageous offers to the Swedish king, including the possession of Pomerania. Gustavus, however, replied, that he had not entered Germany for his own aggrandizement, but to protect his fellow-protestants. He therefore rejected these proposals, and continued to make himself master of the towns and fortresses of Pomerania and Mecklenburg. By the end of February, 1631, in the course of only eight months, he had already taken eighty fortified places; but the towns of Rostock and Wismar yet remained in the hands of his enemies. The emperor beginning to feel the danger which threatened him from Pomerania, sent against him Field-marshal Tilly, at the head of the Imperial army. With varying fortunes, Gustavus and Tilly struggled for victory; the Swedes suffered many defeats; yet the success which usually attended the arms of Tilly, seemed to abandon him after he had delivered up the inhabitants of the town of Magdeburg to be plundered and murdered by his infuriated soldiers. The army of Gustavus pressed forward into the heart of North Germany. His forces continually increased, and the persecuted Protestants hastened to join his standard. His generals also, who had been acting separately, were victorious. Colberg, Werben, Königsberg, fell into the hands of the Swedes; General Pappenheim, whom Tilly had despatched with four regiments to protect Prussia, suffered a decisive defeat near Magdeburg; and Gustavus, collecting all his forces together, marched into the territories of the elector of Saxony. On the 1st of August, 1631, the Swedish army encamped near Wittenberg, where Gustavus received Count Arnheim, the ambassador of the elector. Through him a treaty was quickly concluded, by which the Saxon dominions were opened to the king of Sweden, and the whole military power of the electorate placed under his command; while at the same time the elector promised to provide the army with ammunition and provision, and to conclude no peace with Austria without the consent of the king of Sweden. Immediately on concluding this treaty, Gustavus prepared to encounter Tilly, who had advanced against him to Eilmarschen. On the 7th of September, 1631, they met on the plains of Leipzig. The collected force of the king of Sweden, to which the Saxon troops under Arnheim were joined, amounted to about forty thousand men; Tilly's army was somewhat more numerous. The victory was long doubtful between the two contending armies, led by two of the greatest military commanders of their time; but the enthusiasm of the Swedes, animated by the eloquence as well as the example of their heroic king, at length overpowered the Imperial troops, who fought only for fame or plunder. Tilly's defeat was complete; more than a third of his army remained upon the field of battle, and the remainder owed their safety to his firmness and military talents, which were displayed in a most difficult and admirably conducted retreat.

All Germany was now open to the Swedes, and Gustavus hastened for-

wards in an uninterrupted course of conquest. To his first ally, the landgrave of Hesse, he made over the country on the Weser, and to the elector of Saxony he promised part of Bohemia. He himself took possession of the beautiful district which lies between the Rhine and the Main. But the progress of the Swedish arms excited the jealousy and apprehension of the whole German population. Even among the Protestants the national feeling was strong enough to make them lament the establishment of a foreign dominion upon the German soil. Gustavus also, whether justly or not, does not appear, was accused of having designs on the Imperial crown. His allies became lukewarm, and the inhabitants everywhere viewed the Swedes with dislike. Upon the defeat of Tilly at Leipzig, and the Saxon army making itself master of Bohemia almost without opposition, the Emperor Ferdinand became excessively alarmed, and called on Wallenstein, whom he had some time before dismissed, through the intrigues of the papal party, to oppose Gustavus in the field. Wallenstein, the most extraordinary man of his time, had scarcely received his commander's staff, when he drove the Saxons out of Bohemia, and threatened his adversary Gustavus Adolphus, who in the mean time had obtained a second victory over Tilly on the Lech, in which that general lost his life. Wallenstein took up a strong position in the neighbourhood of Nürnberg, by which he cut off all succours from the king of Sweden, and frustrated his plan of penetrating along the Danube through Bavaria into Austria. In fruitless attacks upon the camp of Wallenstein, and through hunger and disease, in the course of seventy-two days, Gustavus lost thirty thousand men. At length Wallenstein moved towards Saxony, and on the 1st of November, 1632, he offered battle to his opponent at Lutzen. The day of the date of the battle is, however, differently stated by different authorities.

Gustavus opened the battle of Lutzen to the sound of music, with Luther's hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." He himself sang the words, and the army followed in chorus. He led the attack in person, descended at the critical moment from his horse, and killed the foremost of the enemy with a lance. While heading a second attack on horseback against the enemy's cavalry, a ball struck him from behind, and he fell. The horse, without its rider, flying through the Swedish ranks, announced the death of the king; but Duke Bernhard of Weimar crying out to the Swedes that the king was made a prisoner, inflamed them to such a degree, that nothing could resist their impetuosity, and after a frightful carnage the enemy was forced to retreat. The Swedes gained a victory, but with the loss of their king, whose body was found naked and bleeding upon the field. A strong suspicion of the crime of assassination rests upon his cousin the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who at the moment of his fall was near him, and who shortly afterwards entered the Austrian service.

Thus ended the life of Gustavus Adolphus, one of the best men who

ever wore a crown. He was simple and moderate in his private life, wise in the administration of civil affairs, and a most able commander. He died esteemed by all, even by his enemies, but lamented by no one, not even by those whom he had saved. The Catholics rejoiced over the fall of their powerful adversary; and the Protestants, who now thought themselves strong enough without his help, were glad to be freed from a master whom they envied and suspected. But the war still raged for sixteen years after his death, and Germany, groaning beneath the cruelties of a profligate soldiery, had frequent occasion to regret the memory, and to wish for the moderation and the discipline observed by the Swedish soldiers of Gustavus.

Gustavus Adolphus married, in 1621, Maria Eleanora, the sister of the Duke of Mecklenburg, by whom he had one daughter, Christina, who was his successor.



PRINCE METTERNICH.



T times less agitated than those we live in, the deposition of Prince Metternich, by a popular tumult, would in itself be regarded by all Europe as a revolution of no ordinary importance. That event has now occurred, as the inevitable consequence of changes of still greater moment, and it augurs well for the future progress of Germany, for the reform of Austria, and for the peace of the world. The last beam of the old system has given way; or, to speak more respectfully of so experienced a statesman, Prince Metternich has been compelled to retire from a contest which he can no longer wage with the world, or even with the public opinion of the pacific inhabitants of Lower Austria.

The fortunes and the policy of the Imperial house of Austria have more than once been identified with the characters of those supreme servants of the state, whose ministerial functions have been extended to the utmost limits of absolute power, and protracted beyond the ordinary duration of

human life. But of these illustrious ministers, who have lived in the long and secure administration of one of the greatest empires of the earth, none ever retained that high and responsible position amidst events of such infinite magnitude and variety, or with so unlimited a control, as Clement, Prince of Metternich. Indeed, while the changes and perils of the most extraordinary half century in the history of mankind have rolled to and fro upon the tides of time, the spectacle of that old man, whose reign commenced when our fathers were still young men, seated in immutable decrepitude at his wonted seat, seemed the sole remaining thing of an age that is past, and was itself the Empire in the eyes of a younger race. That, too, is gone—the oldest minister of the oldest court has been driven from office—even the cabinet of Austria must be renewed; the future alone will show how great the deliverance, or how real the void which it has sustained. At this moment we shall confine ourselves to an imperfect retrospect of the statesman's life, which belongs henceforth to the domain, not of politics but of history.

Prince Metternich was born at Coblenz, on the 15th of May, 1773, of an ancient house, which had in former ages given more than one elector to the archbishoprics of Mayence and Treves, and of a father who served with some distinction in the diplomacy of Austria. He entered early into the service of the empire, and filled some office of ceremony at the coronation of Leopold II. His diplomatic career commenced at the Congress of Rastadt, and he rose in it with such rapidity, that in 1806, after the conclusion of the peace of Presburg, he was selected for the important post of Austrian ambassador in Paris. Upon the declaration of war in 1809, his departure was impeded until a short time before the battle of Wagram, but he hastened to join the Imperial Court, which had taken refuge at the fortress of Comoru in Hungary. Three days after that memorable defeat, Count Stadion retired from the office of minister of foreign affairs. Metternich was selected to succeed him in that high office, and he conducted the negotiation with Champagny, which purchased a respite for the empire, at the price of an archduchess. Metternich completed the work he had begun, and conducted the second empress of the French to Paris. If any thing can aggravate the humiliation of that transaction, it is the conviction which the court of Austria must even then have had that this sacrifice was made in vain. The young minister seems, indeed, to have had no sympathy with those wiser and more patriotic statesmen of Northern Germany, who were at that time preparing the regeneration of their country, by a thorough reform of its social condition. The task of Stein and Hardenberg was not one to be attempted by a Metternich. But he knew Napoleon; he hated the representative of the French revolution; he distrusted his insatiable ambition; he alternately endeavoured to check and to resist it; his most cherished friend and adviser was Gentz, the mortal

enemy of France; and the decisive impulse given by Metternich to the policy of Austria in the parley of Dresden and the conferences of Prague, was the inevitable signal of the Emperor Napoleon's downfall. The 10th of August, 1813, had been assigned as the period within which France might accede to the liberal offers of the Three Powers. That fatal hour passed by, and Count Metternich spent the self-same night in framing the Austrian declaration of war. A month later the grand alliance was signed at Toplitz, and before October had closed, the Emperor Francis raised him to the dignity of a prince of the empire upon the field of Leipzig.

In the conferences and negotiations which accompanied the invasion of France by the allied armies, Prince Metternich took a prominent and active part. He signed the Treaty of Paris, and soon afterwards proceeded on a mission to England, where the University of Oxford hastened to confer on him an honourable degree. This was, we believe, the only occasion on which he visited this country, and his doctor's hood was the only honour he received from it; for in the course of his long and prosperous career, it is recorded that he received every principal decoration which the munificence or servility of Europe could bestow, except those of the Bath and the Garter.

Upon the opening of the Congress of Vienna, Prince Metternich, who was then in the forty-second year of his age, was unanimously chosen to preside over its deliberations, as much out of deference to his personal abilities, as from respect to the Imperial court. He may be said to have assumed, at that important conjuncture, the species of presidency in the diplomatic affairs of Germany and of Europe, which he has retained, by the courtesy of cabinets, until the close of his career, and which at certain periods of his administration extended to a real predominance over the leading states of Europe. But he who should seek for the key to this protracted influence, and this unusual deference in the force, wisdom, or political supremacy of the Austrian minister, will search in vain for the grandeur of the system which he upheld as the great qualities which might qualify a man for so conspicuous a part in the government of mankind.

The spirit of Prince Metternich, which was not uncongenial to the narrow mind of the Emperor Francis, whom he served, was cautious, timid, and defensive. His incessant counsellor was fear. The brilliant triumphs of 1814 and 1815 could awaken in his breast no active courage, though in passive endurance he was not deficient; and the enthusiasm with which Europe hailed its deliverance from the yoke of France, suggested no feelings in his mind but a profound mistrust of every display of popular power. Engrossed by these apprehensions, rather than by any large design for the reconstruction of political society in Europe, we cannot wonder that the work of the Congress of Vienna bore no traces of a master mind. The promise of constitu

tional liberty and of national unity which were introduced into the act of the German confederation, had been suggested by the patriotism of men like Prince Hardenberg, who were not prepared to forsake the policy which had just freed their common country. The hatred of constitutional government and the denial of all popular rights, which were the result of prejudice or fear with Metternich, were matured into a system by his more eloquent and energetic adviser, Gentz. As far as we can judge from the records of diplomacy which have found their way into the broad stream of history, it was in Councillor Gentz that the thinking powers of Prince Metternich resided. With that singular individual the maintenance of the principles of absolute government, and the sacred standard of legitimate authority, was a worship. He had espoused this cause with the energy of a devotee; and there can be little doubt that his intelligence was the guiding principle of that mystical alliance suggested originally by the visionary genius of Alexander, but soon turned by the Austrian cabinet into an active league against every principle of political improvement. In Carlsbad, where the German press was fettered, and the representative system denounced as a criminal folly—in Troppau, where the resolutions of the northern courts were declared in all their audacious opposition to the rights of free and independent states—in Laybach, where this declaration was put in force against the parliament of Naples—in the subsequent persecutions which afflicted Italy, and consigned to the Spielberg many of her noblest sons—at Verona, where the enterprise of the Holy Alliance was consummated by the invasion of Spain—the policy of Metternich held an indisputable supremacy over the councils of Europe. For it must even be added, that from 1814 to 1822, England herself had allowed her foreign policy to be wholly guided by the system of the Austrian cabinet, and the ministers of that country were degraded into the abettors of a policy they must have despised. The accession of Mr. Canning to office broke this lamentable bondage, and England recovered her independent voice to protest against the abuses which had hitherto been committed with impunity in the councils of Europe.

The first important event which occurred after this change, was the struggle for the independence of Greece, and the intervention of the Christian powers in favour of that gallant people. Of those powers, Austria was not one, and in those memorable achievements, Prince Metternich bore no part. His sympathy was avowedly on the side of Ibrahim Pacha, for without distinction of race or creed, the Austrian cabinet was prepared to crush every insurrection in blood. The events of the war which ensued between Russia and Turkey, perhaps, inspired him, though in a much fainter degree, with other apprehensions; and an army was collected on the eastern frontier of the empire. Yet the Russians were allowed to outflank Austria between the Black Sea and the Hungarian frontier, to hold

for a considerable time the fortresses of the Lower Danube, to establish their ascendancy in Moldavia and Wallachia, and finally, by the treaty of Adrianople, to master the mouths of that river, which is the artery of the Austrian dominions. The fact that these prodigious changes were effected by Russia, without so much as an indignant remonstrance from those who had succeeded to the power of Maria Theresa and Kawnitz, but without inheriting their firmness and foresight, is one of the most important, and probably lasting stains upon the administration of Prince Metternich.

A far more momentous event was, however, approaching, which at once turned all the apprehensions of the cabinet of Vienna in the direction of France, and restored the three Northern Courts to their closest intimacy. In 1830, the power of the French Revolution broke forth once more with sudden and irresistible intensity. Three days achieved its triumph, and even the representative of Austria acknowledged the accession of the Citizen King. The first exclamation of Francis, when the intelligence of that great and sudden revolution reached him in the groves of Luxemburg, was, "Alles ist verloren;" and "all is lost," seemed from that moment to become the maxim of his minister, who, acknowledging that the current of human affairs ran against him, was at last prepared to play out his game to the last extremity, and to secure his personal power as long as he had energy to wield it. Probably Prince Metternich was one of the first politicians in Europe, who correctly measured the character of the new king of the French. Not blinded like Nicholas by personal animosity, nor affected by the virtuous distrust of the court of Berlin, Prince Metternich soon learned that the influence of Louis Philippe was not to be exercised in direct opposition to his own, and a species of tacit understanding arose between Austria and France, based on the real though secret purposes of the king's policy. The events which agitated Europe in consequence of the revolution of July met, of course, a strenuous resistance from the Austrian minister. Italy was occupied by his troops; in Poland he had for an instant carried on a negotiation with the insurgent patriots, but their speedy defeat placed him again in the catalogue of their foes; in the Low Countries the diplomacy of Austria laboured to support the pretensions of the king of Holland; in Spain, she thought it worth while to expend incredible sums to enable Don Carlos to carry on a desperate contest in the name of legitimacy; in Germany, measures were taken in conjunction with Prussia, to crush every symptom of popular excitement and national independence. But during the whole of this important period, the policy of Austria was steadily opposed by that of the Western Alliance; and although the peace of the world was not broken, every object which the Liberal party in Europe had sought to attain was gradually approached, and Austria saw the rising tide of constitutional freedom destroy the barriers on which she fondly rested the welfare of the world.

In reality, this long series of defeats, and this steady adherence to the losing cause, had greatly and deservedly lowered the political consideration which Prince Metternich enjoyed. Men may govern by strong prejudices and a narrow creed, but to be great they require weapons of a higher temper, and a wider range. So long a dominion and so little magnanimity were never before united in a man who was supposed to have owed his fortune to his own abilities. He was everywhere, and in all things below his proper position. In Germany the decline of Austrian influence was no less perceptible than in the general relations of Europe. Without any extraordinary powers of intellect or force of character, Prussian princes undertook, and Prussian ministers accomplished, all those leading arrangements which have given life and unity to the German nation; while the diet of the German Confederation, pompously presided over by the genius of Austria, became the inanimate thing that the diet of the Empire had been before it.

Among the striking signs of the present day, none is more remarkable than the universal consciousness of the German people, that to them at least Prince Metternich has been an unfaithful servant. He held the primacy of Germany but in name, and his administration more effectually destroyed the German ascendancy of the house of Austria, than the battle of Austerlitz or the Confederation of the Rhine. Nor was his continual decline compensated by a vigorous and successful government of the internal provinces of the empire. Their vast natural resources and the industry of the people have indeed, in some respects, triumphed over the inertness of the government. The Danube was opened by Count Szecheny, to the Anglo-Hungarian steamboats; and Baron Kubeck enabled a railroad company to connect Trieste with Prague, and pierce the great chain of the Scyrian Alps. But these works rarely met with encouragement from the chancellor of the empire; except in the case of Trieste, which he looked upon with especial favour and interest, he did nothing for the interests of Austria. The various provinces of the empire were neither drawn together by closer ties to the hereditary states, after the policy of Joseph, nor gratified by local administrations and reforms in accordance with their usages, their languages, and their laws. Yet, in spite of these precautions and this resistance, the latter years of Prince Metternich's administration have witnessed the revival of all the national tendencies which he sought to extirpate or control. Magyar, the Czech, the Pole, and the Lombard, speak in their several tongues the same language of independence; and it would be idle to pretend that Prince Metternich has the wisdom or the strength to give unity to those motley and heterogeneous dominions. In reality the Austrian government is become in these latter days an administration of anonymous and irresponsible agents, working under the imposing shelter of a few august names, but equally devoid in their own persons of talent and dignity.

The great and rapid events of the last few months have completed the dissolution of that system in which, and for which, Prince Metternich lived. The accession of Pius IX. to the Papal throne, shook to its centre the ascendancy of Austria in Italy, and the feeble attempt at an act of vigour in Ferrara roused the indignation, not only of Italy, but of Europe. The cause of Italian reform prospered. One by one, the courts which had existed for twenty-five years upon Prince Metternich's favour, and those most nearly connected with the Imperial family, crept into the sunshine of popularity, and at length Naples itself sealed by a bloodless revolution the principles of constitutional government. From that moment the whole Italian policy of the Austrian cabinet was confined to the defence of Lombardy. Meanwhile, in its own provinces, formidable traces occurred of that spirit which the atrocious massacres of Galicia had not quelled; and the empire seemed drifting before the storm. At that moment—it was but yesterday—the earth opened and engulphed the monarchy of France. The whole of Europe was rent by the convulsion. A life of new perils begins, and Prince Metternich is warned, by an unwonted disturbance in the very streets and suburbs of Vienna, to relinquish a power which neither his age nor his principles enabled him to sustain.

In the course of his long life, of all statesmen who occupy a prominent rank in political history, none has ever enjoyed a power more undisturbed by outward perils. Prince Metternich has had to fear neither the caprices of a master, nor the intrigues of rivals, nor, till now, the reaction of popular discontent; and the proverbial instability of ministerial office was converted for him into a seat hardly less secure than the throne of the Cæsars. After forty years of this unlimited sway, he leaves an empire by so much in arrear of the rest of Europe—impoverished in its finances—divided in its provinces—and not obscurely threatened in its most important possessions; for while he has been opposing an incessant and immoderate resistance to those influences which he regarded as present evils, he has allowed all the future calamities which can threaten a state to accumulate in the horizon. Posterity, more enlightened hereafter by the ultimate consequences of his policy, will judge him with greater severity than his contemporaries; for there was about his person, while he lived, a singular dignity of manner which might be mistaken for greatness.

The servile deference which had so long been paid him in the society of Vienna, and his conventional position among the cabinets of Europe had inflated his personal pretensions far beyond his actual rank or his real eminence, and men at last paid to his age the respect they would willingly have refused to his character.



SIR HENRY VANE.



SIR HENRY VANE, eldest son of Sir Henry, the secretary of state to Charles I., was born 1612. From Westminster school, he removed to Magdalen hall, Oxford, and afterwards visited Geneva. He displayed on his return sentiments so hostile to the church, that to avoid his father's displeasure he came to New England, 1635, when he was chosen governor of Massachusetts, but went back to Europe two years after. He soon after married, and by his father's interest obtained the place of treasurer of the navy with Sir William Russel, but a quarrel with the Earl of Strafford, who had assumed in a new created title the name of their family seat, engaged the father and the son in measures of opposition to the government. Eager to ruin his political enemy, Vane united with Pym and the more violent members of the Commons, and during the civil wars he ably promoted the views of the republicans, and assisted at the conferences with the king at Uxbridge and in the Isle of Wight. Though he disapproved of violence offered to the king's person, he accepted afterwards of a seat at the council board, but his opposition to Cromwell's usurpation was so determined that he was sent a prisoner to Carisbrook castle. At the restoration, though both houses voted for an act of indemnity in his favour, his conduct to Strafford, and the perseverance

with which he had supported the republican cause, were not forgotten, and therefore he was arraigned and condemned on pretence of having compassed the late king's death. He was beheaded on Tower-hill, 14th of June, 1662, and suffered with great firmness and resignation. He is represented by Clarendon as a man of deep dissimulation, of quick conception, and great understanding; but Burnet speaks of him as a fearful man, whose head was darkened in his notions of religion. From his fanatical mode of preaching, he and his adherents were called Seekers, and in his writings, which were on moral and theological subjects, he clothed his thoughts in such affected language that his meaning was almost unintelligible. In political knowledge and liberality of opinion, both on politics and religion, he was far in advance of the age in which he lived. His only son Christopher was created Baron Barnard by King William, and he is the ancestor of the present Darlington family.



THE END.





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